THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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Volume 200, Number 26

DEC. 24
1927

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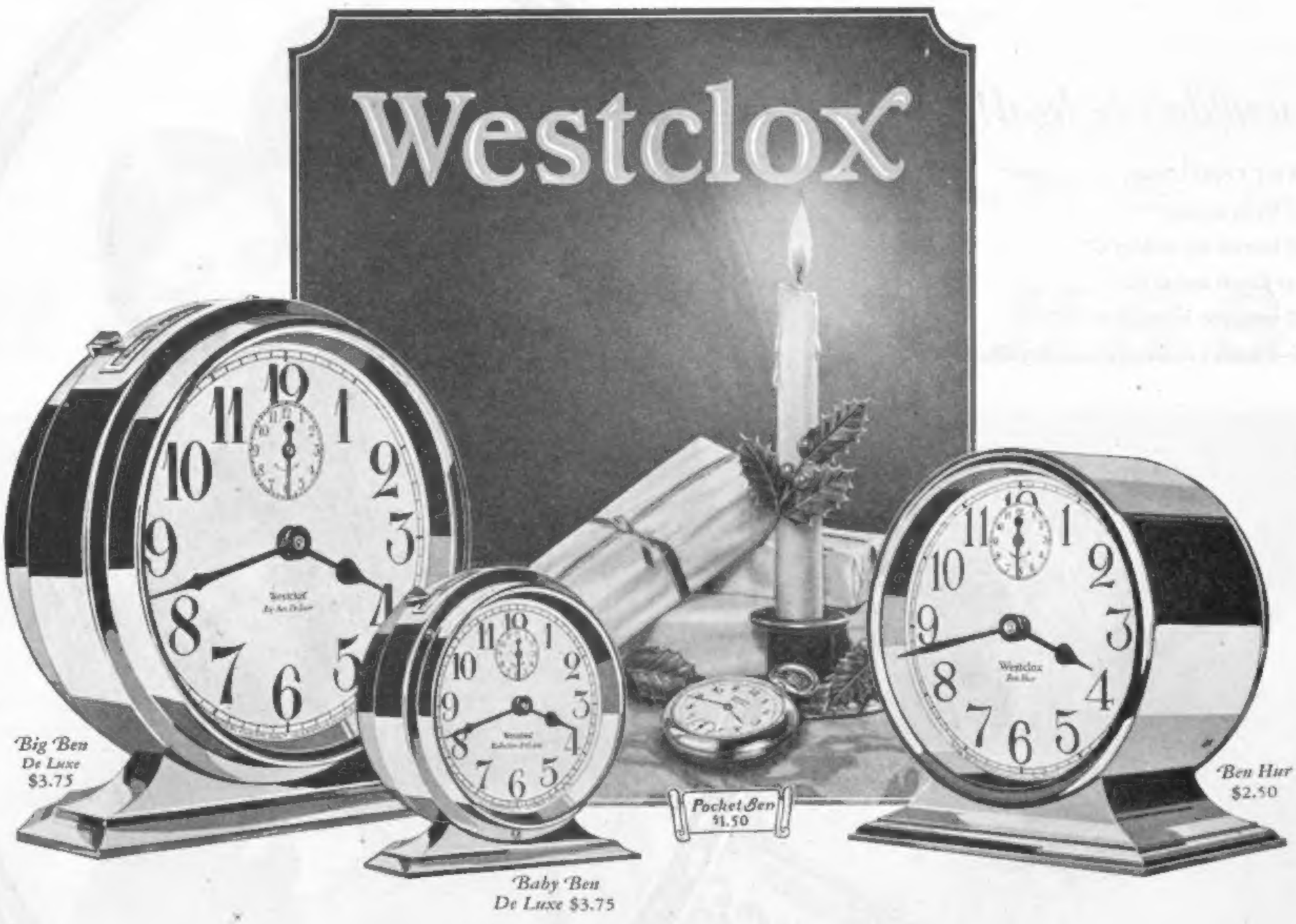

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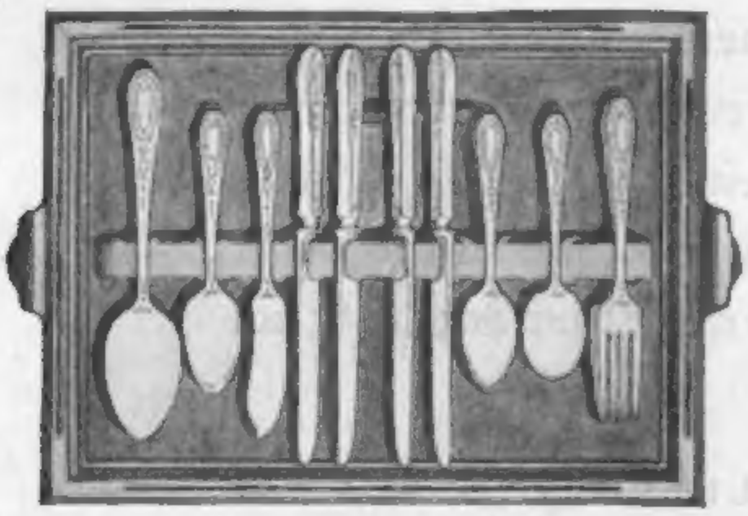

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THE HUMAN CHASE

The Quality of Mr. Solomon's Smile Became a Trifle More Sardonic. "A Pretty Humor," He Murmured

THE MASKED TRINITY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SEATED alone in his private office, Detective Inspector Absolom, of Scotland Yard, came at last to a decision over which he had pondered for some time. He laid down the letter which he had been reading and rang the bell.

"Send Brett to me," he directed the commissionaire who answered it.

"Certainly, sir."

Philip Brett followed hard upon the summons—a pleasant-looking young man of slim but athletic build, curiously clear gray eyes, sunburned skin and firm but sensitive mouth. He was utterly unlike any recognized type of detective; but then Absolom, with his well-tailored clothes and close-cropped military mustache, carried few suggestions of Scotland Yard in his own personality.

"Sit down, Brett," he invited. "Anything pressing on today?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

The inspector glanced down the columns of a ledger which stood by his side.

"Good," he remarked. "I sent for you, Brett, to have a little private chat. Five years you've been in the service, I see," he went on. "You've handled a good many cases—most of them successfully. Nothing very big though. Not your fault, I dare say. That's just luck. Are you ambitious?"

"Yes, sir," was the quiet reply.

"Character A1," the inspector proceeded. "Not a single black mark. That's good. Plenty of pluck apparently. You took Holland single-handed, didn't you, and got a bullet in your arm? Not much physique ——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," the young man interrupted. "I was in my school team at Rugger, and cricket, and I've four or five cups for rowing. I can box a bit too."

The inspector nodded approvingly.

"That's all to the good, of course," he admitted. "There's something else I'd like to be sure about. Went to a public school, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"West End tailor," he continued, glancing at the other's well-cut tweed suit. "Rooms in Down Street, eh? Correct?"

"Yes, sir," Philip Brett acknowledged. "I have a small private income, left me two years ago. If I had known that it was coming, I might have stayed in the army.

As it is, I like my work too much to give it up, and I have simply made myself a little more comfortable."

The inspector glanced back at the ledger and closed it. He leaned across the desk. "There's a big job going," he confided. "There are half a dozen young men I ought to give it to before you, but they don't just fit it. For one thing, they're too easily recognizable. The trouble with most of my staff is that whatever clothes they wear, you can't mistake 'em—look all the time as though they were made up for a crook play. Read this."

Detective Philip Brett stretched out his hand for the letter and studied it carefully:

HOTEL DE PARIS, MONTE CARLO, September 2d.

Dear Mr. Detective Inspector Absolom: How unkind of you to hurry me away from Monte Carlo. I had just succeeded where every mathematician has failed—in evolving the really perfect system. In a month the Casino would have closed its doors.

I will take what I hope you will not think a mean revenge. I will visit you in London. You shall know the exact date of my arrival as soon as I have made my plans.

Your police system, Mr. Absolom, would have been a great credit to Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII; today, do you mind my suggesting that you are just a little old-fashioned? These blundering inquiries, these awkward, ill-dressed sleuth hounds—so out of the picture, my dear sir. They might wear Scotland Yard upon their caps, like a tourist guide. If ever I decide to retire, I shall offer you the services of my own staff. Believe me, you would learn something then of the real art of espionage.

I have many names to draw from—some of which I have made famous—but I will content myself by signing this with the name which appears most often in your terribly erroneous descriptions of me.

MATTHEW.

There was the faintest possible change in Brett's face as he reached the signature—a quick indrawn breath, a flash of those ordinarily mild blue eyes. His chief noticed it and approved.

"The letter came by this morning's post," the latter observed. "I have been wondering whether it was a hoax."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," was the confident reply. "That letter's genuine enough."

"Why do you think so?"

"I've studied this man and his methods," Brett confided. "He's an amazing character, but he has his weaknesses, like the rest of us. If ever we catch him—and we shall catch him, sir—it will be through this one trait in his character—his vanity."

The inspector nodded thoughtfully.

"Something in that," he admitted.

"They say he's a man with few pleasures in his life," the young detective went on. "This is one of his greatest—to mock and flout his pursuers. He'll never deny himself that. He's had the most marvelous career of any criminal in history, but some day or other he'll fall into line, he'll do like every one of the others—he'll make the one small mistake. Then we shall get him."

There was a curious, almost a feverish note of anticipation in Brett's last words. The inspector looked across at him curiously.

"Keen on the job, eh, Brett?" he inquired.

"Mr. Absolom," the detective replied—and if his physique was somewhat the physique of a youth, his voice now was the voice of a man—"there's no criminal in the world I'd rather bring in than Matthew."

"There is another matter now to discuss," the inspector proceeded, adjusting his pince-nez and studying a memorandum block by his side. "In no less aristocratic a neighborhood than Number —— Belgrave Square there exists a gaming house where baccarat and chemin de fer are played for very high stakes. The place calls itself a mixed bridge club and exists under the name of the Wanderers', but I doubt whether there's a rubber a week played there."

"Is this a matter of a raid, sir?"

"God bless my soul, no!" was the emphatic reply. "No spot in London likely to be so useful to us at the present moment. On the contrary, we want people to feel that they are safe there. Some day or other a very big fish may wander in. That will be the time for the gaff, eh?"

"But surely, sir," the other ventured, "they must feel that it's touch and go all the time with them?"

The inspector shook his head gently. "They're gaining confidence every day. As a matter of fact, the management are very generous. We're taking very large bribes from them."

"Bribes!"

"The Police Orphanage was the richer last week by a hundred pounds; the three constables on the beat are receiving five pounds a week each, the inspector ten, besides occasional gratuities. The money is regularly handed in, of course, but the management of the club have no idea of that. They think they have the police in the hollow of their hands."

"I see," Brett murmured.

"This is where you commence your campaign," his chief explained. "You'll have to join that club, and you'll have to cut out Down Street altogether for the present. There's a small suite already taken for you at the Milan Hotel in the name of Walsh—Andrew Walsh. You are one of the banking firm of Sydney. You have plenty of money, but you're modest about it—plenty of money, but very few friends in London. You have also a very charming lady companion who will join the club at the same time."

Brett looked a little doubtful.

"I can manage everything else, sir," he confided—"I can even play chemie a bit, but the lady ——"

"She will be provided for you, of course."

The inspector touched a bell, muttered a word of instruction, and a moment or two later a young woman was shown into the room. She was quietly but exceedingly well dressed, and her smile, as she greeted the inspector, was most attractive.

"This is Mr. Brett," the latter said—"Lady Muriel Carter." They shook hands, and Brett's vague misgivings began to disappear. "Lady Muriel will help you about joining the club," her sponsor explained. "You'll have to lose a little money there, of course. The treasury will honor all your chits. When you are in, don't be afraid of losing a little."

"May I ask you one thing, sir?" Brett ventured. "Why are you so sure that our man will come to this club?"

His chief smiled. "No one can be sure of anything, of course," he admitted, "but I am letting the club rip on in the hope, and I think it's worth while for you to bank on it too. The fact of it is, our man is immune from every form of weakness except gambling. We know he was in London last year, but we couldn't get at him. We tried him with the most beautiful women in the world, and they might as well have been maids-of-all-work. But there's one thing his records show: Wherever in the world there has been gambling on a great scale—at the Travelers' Club in Paris, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Madrid, Florida, Buenos Aires—sooner or later Matthew has paid one of his furtive visits, there is a sensational loss or a sensational win: but before we can lay our hands on him he has disappeared. They are talking already about a young Argentine having lost twenty thousand pounds in Belgrave Square the other night. That's the sort of gossip will bring him.

"By the bye," he added, looking at his watch, "my time is up. You will find a packet of visiting cards in your room, and your number is —— Savoy Court. Have your clothes moved in with as little fuss as possible. You'd better dine somewhere publicly tonight with Lady Muriel. She'll arrange it."

"Ciro's at nine," the young lady decided.

"I'm not a member," Brett told her.

"I'll put your name down," she promised. "See you in the lobby."

At Ciro's, soon after they had taken their places at a very desirable table, Lady Muriel pointed out two people on the other side of the room. The man was dark, tall, with masses of gray hair brushed smoothly back from a not unintelligent but too low forehead. His companion, who, from the perfection of her gown and jewelry, appeared to be a Frenchwoman, talked more to the maître d'hôtel than to her friend, and seemed bored with the whole proceeding.

"That's the man we want to get in touch with," Lady Muriel confided—"Colonel Braund, the secretary of the Wanderers' Club. The woman with him is the Comtesse Riga. Our friend, Inspector Absolom, would probably regard her as one of the decoys of the place. I believe, as a matter of fact, though, that she is exceedingly wealthy and gambles because she loves it."

"You don't know either of them, I suppose?" Brett inquired.

"Not yet," she admitted, "but things are

(Continued on Page 71)

"I Don't Notice Anything Particular," He Murmured. "Rather More People, Perhaps, But Very Few Strangers"

The Crab and the Sunbeam

"The Dinner Here," Said Albert, "is Good—Barring the Pie"

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

IN OUR little town up in rural Connecticut lives a man by the name of Albert Ambler who runs a small store down near the railroad station. He sells newspapers, magazines, post cards, pencils, tobacco and penny candy. Shortly after I moved to Greenleaf I went into his store to buy a cigar. He was busy—swatting flies. Seeing me, he desisted and turned a melancholy eye my way.

In his old-fashioned show case he had four boxes of unhappy-looking cigars. I picked out a ten-cent one of an unfamiliar brand and said, "How are these? Pretty good?"

"Nope," he said. "But some folks seem to be able to smoke them."

"Have you any better ones?" I asked.

"Nope," he said. "The others are even worse."

I took the cigar, nevertheless, and as he picked up my dime I remarked that it was a singularly clear and sunny day.

"It'll prob'ly rain before morning," he said.

The cigar was, I thought, rather good.

Next day I went into his store to get a newspaper for myself and a lollipop for my seven-year-old son, who had broken a long-standing record by voluntarily washing his neck.

"I see the Yankees won the pennant," I remarked.

"It was their turn," said Albert Ambler as he hunted through his stock for a strawberry lollipop.

"You mean you think the race wasn't on the level?" I asked.

"Fixed," he said, handing me the lollipop.

"Why do you say that?"

"Every year the owners get together and cook up which team is going to win," he said.

"How do you know that?"

"It stands to reason," he said. "Be careful of the stick."

"What stick?"

"In the lollipop."

"It's for my little boy," I told him.

"How old is he?"

"Seven."

"H'm—that was Floyd's age."

"Your son?"

"My cousin Mabel's boy. I'm not married, thank God. . . . Yes, Floyd was just seven. I warned Mabel too."

"What about?"

"The stick. Floyd swallowed it."

"I think I'll take lemon balls," I said.

He took back the lollipop and counted out some lemon balls.

"If he swallows one," he said, "and it sticks in his throat, hold him out of the window by the heels and shake him. That's what they did to the little Brophy girl last spring."

As his store was a short walk from my house, I used to drop in there once in a while. I prevailed upon Albert to stock my favorite newspaper and pipe tobacco.

Of the newspaper he said, "You can't believe a word you read in any of 'em. They just print things to fill up space"; and of the tobacco, "They're all the same. Different names on 'em, that's all. Made of alfalfa, mostly, anyhow."

I ventured to doubt this and asked Albert why he thought so.

"Wall Street," he said. I pressed him for details. "You can't trust anybody these days," he said, "not any farther than you can throw an elephant."

I asked him if he was going to the big barbecue our local chamber of commerce was giving.

"Not me," he said. "I'd be sure to pick up a bum clam, or I'd get watermelon all over my best pants."

His answer, when I entered his shop and said "Well, how are you today?" never varied. It was always: "Just able to sit up and wait for the undertaker."

I asked him once how his business was getting along.

"I've picked my room in the poorhouse," he said.

"How long have you been at this stand?" I inquired.

"Sixteen years—since I was a kid."

"Do you own this building?"

"If you can call it a building. Shack fits it better. Yep, I own it."

"Any mortgage on it?"

"Nope. Banks ain't crazy."

"And you live upstairs, so you haven't any rent to pay."

"Yep—if you can call it living. Every night all the freight cars in America rattle by under my window. They've all got square wheels. I ought to sleep with a bill of lading sewed on my nightshirt."

"You seem to have a lot of trade."

"Oh, yes, I do a big business—in postage stamps."

"I saw you going into the bank the other day."

"The only reason I'd have for going into a bank is to fill my fountain pen," said Albert Ambler.

One morning when I went into his store Albert was poring over a booklet. He was so engrossed that he did not

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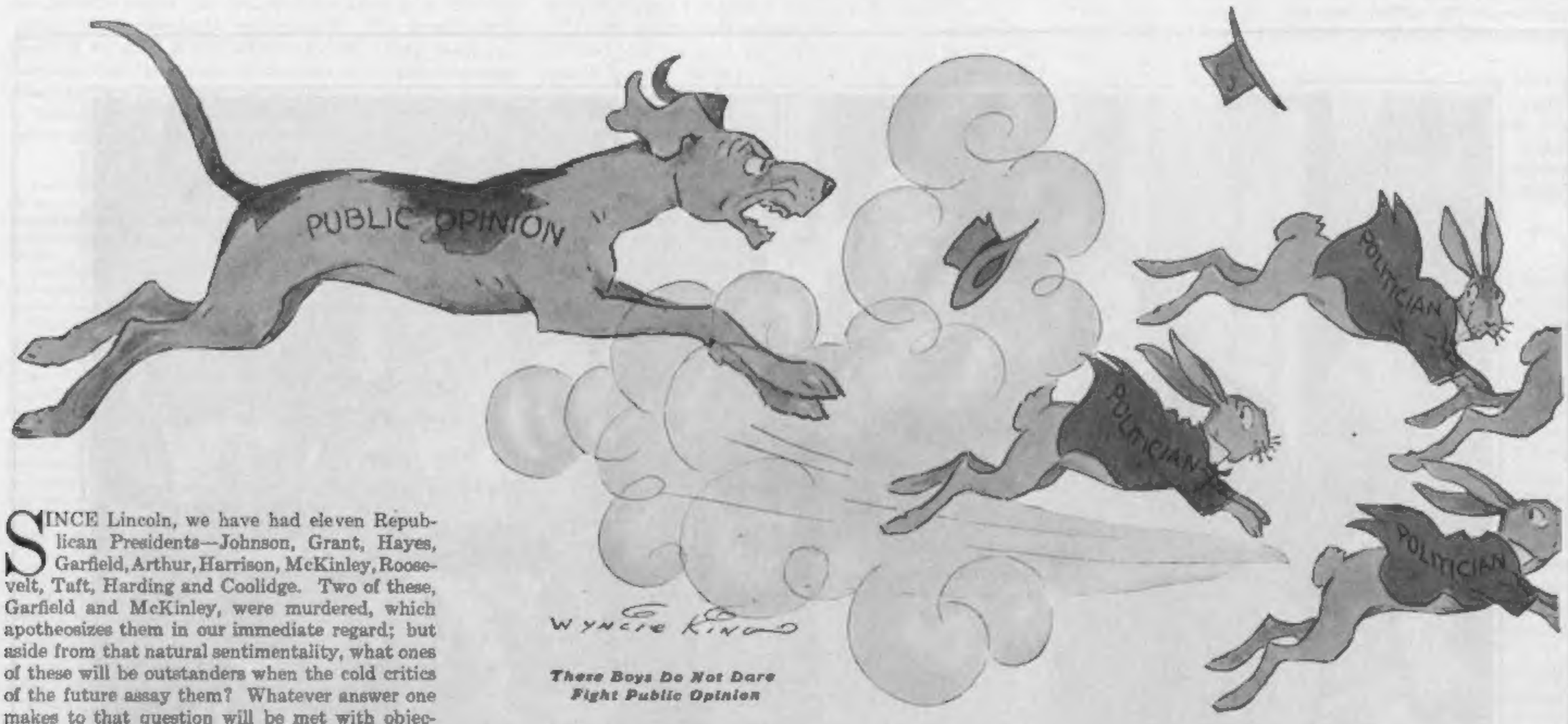
WHY NOT PICK A GOOD ONE?



There Boys Do Not Dare Fight Public Opinion

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

SINCE Lincoln, we have had eleven Republican Presidents—Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Harding and Coolidge. Two of these, Garfield and McKinley, were murdered, which apotheosizes them in our immediate regard; but aside from that natural sentimentality, what ones of these will be outstanders when the cold critics of the future assay them? Whatever answer one makes to that question will be met with objections, for we haven't our perspectives on straight as yet, being too close to the lot at the present time; but the chances are that when the authoritative historical analyses are made, Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge will emerge high among the topsiders.

It will take time to decide that point with final warrant, but it is clearly enough established now to those who can separate prejudice and partisanship from fact with even approximately the vision of the historians of fifty or a hundred years from now. This view is especially interesting at the moment, because we are now at the beginnings of another presidential campaign, with a national convention to come next June and an election next November. Also, due to the refusal of President Coolidge to run again, we have a political landscape all cluttered up with candidates for the nomination and a political machine with hundreds of Old Guard hands on the levers.

The theory of our plan for the nomination of Presidents is perfect. Each of our states and other political divisions selects delegates to meet at a certain central point upon a certain date, there to deliberate over the governmental necessities of the country and select a man as a candidate for President who shall be most eminently fitted of all men in the party represented by the delegates to cope with those necessities and handle them to the best interests of all the people. That is the theory. It is impossible for all the people in any party to have a voice directly. So they delegate their authority, select tried and representative and presumably true men to speak for them in convention assembled and take what they get with such enthusiasm as they can muster.

Changeless in the Midst of Change

LOOKING at the situation in one light, there isn't much else to do. This is a great and far-flung country and this centralization of its presidential nominating politics, which are national in scope, must be allowed if there ever are to be candidates to contest the election. More or less recently we evolved the presidential primary as a means for giving the people ampler chance to express their presidential preferences than the old caucus-for-delegates plan allowed; but this, in its convention expression, did not help much. Not all the states take advantage of it, and the delegate still remains the delegate and the politician is still the politician. So far as that goes, we are right where we were seventy-five years ago.

That means that the politicians run the national conventions. It means that party politics dominate national considerations. It means that availability surpasses ability in determining results. It means that nominations are made primarily for the political benefits of the men who make them, are based on the urgent political desire of the party in power to remain in power and the party out of power to get in power, are manipulated with the sole idea of securing a candidate who has political strength rather than mental and executive and patriotic strength, and political strength is measured in terms of inoffensiveness rather than terms of competence. It means that political geography and political exigency and political usefulness and usability outweigh all other considerations. It means what a list of our Presidents, since we began to have Presidents, will prove to anyone familiar enough with the political history of our country to interpret its simple lesson.

Look them over in view of how they were nominated, why they were nominated, what manner of men they were and what they did. And look over the list of the men who ran against them as representatives of the principal opposition. Then compare those two lists with a list of contemporaneous men of presidential size and capacity, from real and not solely political measurements, who never could get within a thousand miles of even a presidential nomination, to say nothing of the actual presidency. There is historical proof of these assertions in abundance.

The man who said that the only two certain things are death and taxes was wrong. There are three certain things, and the third is politics. Politics is a fixed, immovable, archaic, invariable, immutable quantity in this country. It never changes. We have made vast progress in every line save one. Hark back to the first year of this century, say—which isn't much of a historical hark as such things go—and we find in those few years almost incalculable progress in production, in distribution, in transportation, in wealth, in science, the arts, in standards of living, in methods of amusement—in every direction save one. Politics is the one static institution in America. It never moves or changes. It is the same sort of performance now it was a hundred years ago, with the politicians using the same instruments, playing the same tunes and actuated by the same motives.

Also, it is the most important institution in America, because, as we operate, politics is government and government transcends all else. In as much as we are an adaptable and forward-looking people, the natural assumption would be that we would adapt our politics to our progress. We do not. Neither the methods nor the motives of our politicians have changed since we first began to have them. These important features of our national life have not seen a ray of light since the days of Henry Clay.

Their ideas are fixed. Their obsessions are incurable. Their fetishes are historical. Their fears have the same old excitements. Their timidities have the same causes that made the politicians shiver a century ago. Their compromises have the same inciting reasons. Their appeals for support have not altered. They are afraid of the farmer vote, the labor vote, the racial vote, the religious vote and every other sort of vote their cowardices can segregate into a class vote, which is the bugbear that always sends them truckling, beset with the same apprehensions that frightened their political forefathers decades ago. They seek to palliate every symptom of unrest with some quack remedy, and shudder over anything that seems like an unpopular decision however just. They are exactly the same sort of opportunists, gallery players, compromisers and tax eaters they always have been, regardless of the enormous change in the thought and action of our people, of new conditions, of our civic and economic advance and necessities and the expansion of the need for business instead of purely political government.

Wallflowers at the Convention

LET me revert to the statement made at the beginning of this article: When final historical judgment is passed on the government of this country, Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge will be held high among our Presidents from Lincoln until now, and cap that with a further assertion that cannot be denied: Neither Theodore Roosevelt nor Calvin Coolidge could have been or would have been nominated for President in the original instance by any Republican National Convention whatsoever. Coming as a candidate for the presidential nomination at Philadelphia in 1900, Roosevelt would have received no consideration from the politicians who were running the convention, and coming as a candidate for the presidential nomination at Chicago in 1920, Coolidge received no consideration from the politicians.

Of course, there was a political situation against Roosevelt if he had tried to get the Republican nomination for President in 1900. President McKinley, by all political precedent, was entitled to his renomination. But even so, the politicians utterly refused to nominate Roosevelt for Vice President until Thomas C. Platt, of New York, made them nominate him. The politicians could not see

Roosevelt at all. They did not think him fitted for the vice presidency, even. He did not jibe with their political ideas or with their politics.

Mark Hanna was running the McKinley show at Philadelphia and most of the politicians were doing as he said. President McKinley had given Hanna full authority, and the two had decided that a useful and agreeable running mate for McKinley would be Dolliver, of Iowa, or some such man. Roosevelt was governor of New York at the time, and very low in the esteem of Thomas C. Platt, the Republican boss of the state—very low. Platt wanted to be rid of Roosevelt, so he planned an elimination of the objectionable governor that was simple as it would be efficient. Platt decided to nominate Roosevelt for Vice President.

This was not because Platt thought Roosevelt would be a good Vice President or a good President in case he was called to serve as President, nor was it because Platt thought Roosevelt was a good governor and deserved promotion. Platt didn't think Roosevelt was good for anything, nor did many of the Republican politicians who were working with Hanna. What Platt wanted was to be rid of Roosevelt, and here was a chance to saw him off on the national ticket.

Hanna protested. He had no higher regard for Roosevelt than Platt had. Hanna refused. He told Platt that Roosevelt could not be named. That was flat. Neither he nor President McKinley wanted Roosevelt tailed on the ticket, and though he was sorry to turn down an old friend like Platt, these were the circumstances and the Roughrider was definitely out. Platt insisted and explained how essential it was to his political peace and prosperity to have Roosevelt out of New York and tucked away in the innocuous vice presidency. Hanna continued obdurate. Nothing doing.

Politicians With Defective Foresight

AS SOON as he was certain that Hanna would not listen to reason, Platt determined on action. He called on his old friend Matt Quay and told his story. Quay listened sympathetically. Hanna was arrogant and a newcomer to Republican national politics. These old cronies were not accustomed to having their wishes disregarded, and they were veterans in the game before Hanna was known outside of Ohio. Quay could understand perfectly how objectionable an objectionable governor might become to a state boss, and he said that anything Platt might decide to do in the way of getting rid of Roosevelt would be all right with him and have his hearty coöperation. Wherefore they fixed up a little job on Hanna.

That job pertained to the Southern representation in that convention and future Republican National Conventions. A resolution was prepared. It asked innocently how many Republican votes there were in the Southern states and how many Republican electoral votes might be expected, and if it was true that there were mighty few Republicans down there, as statistics seemed to show, and not a chance in the world of getting any electoral votes, how come there were so many Southern delegates in this convention howling for McKinley when they represented nothing in the way of party organization, voting population or strength in the electoral college?

Hanna had all the Southern votes in his pocket, and he had planned to make the convention a grand triumphal indorsement of McKinley and himself. He did not want the thing all gummed up with this troublesome question, and after wriggling about for a day or so, he capitulated. He went to Platt and Quay and asked them to be reasonable.

"Be reasonable yourself," they told him. "This young man Roosevelt is a fine fellow and will make an excellent candidate for Vice President. You understand that we do not want to influence your judgment any, nor hamper your actions as grand mogul and major-domo of this convention, but unless you change your mind and nominate Roosevelt, we fear we shall have to mar the harmony and joyousness of the occasion by insisting upon a ventilation of this Southern representation business."

The circumstances were set before President McKinley by long-distance telephone. It was explained to him that unless he consented to the nomination of Roosevelt, his ratification convention would have a smear on it over this Southern representation business, and he consented. Thus, at the proper time, Governor Roosevelt of New York was nominated for Vice President to run with President McKinley, with the forced assent of Mark Hanna and to the complete satisfaction, at the moment, of Boss Platt and Boss Quay. Not being readers of the future, the two bosses knew nothing of what was coming, else they would have kept Roosevelt in New York permanently. As it was, it seemed like a good job of elimination expeditiously done.

Now that is how Theodore Roosevelt stood in 1900 with the politicians of the Republican Party as a fit man for President. They did not concede him fitness for the vice presidency even. They could not see him at all save as a menace to the peace of Boss Platt, and only then when clubbed into that angle by Boss Platt himself. Undoubtedly there are a considerable number of people in the United States who think the politicians were right, but that isn't the general view, nor will it be the historical view. In fact, the politicians were merely political, which is all they ever are no matter what the circumstances.

It was similar with Coolidge. There was no political boss apparent who wanted to get rid of Coolidge, and he came to the Republican National Convention of 1920 as the candidate of Massachusetts, where he had been governor and had held many other offices. He had twenty-eight instructed delegates from Massachusetts out of a total of thirty-five delegates from the state. The seven others went to Wood on the first ballot. So even Massachusetts did not give the President full faith and credit.

A Lesson in Political Geography

THE candidates before that convention included Senator Harding, who was nominated, Gen. Leonard Wood, Gov. Frank O. Lowden, Senator Hiram Johnson, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Senator La Follette, Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania, and a dozen or so others. As I have said, the politicians did not even canvass the abilities of Coolidge as a presidential nominee. He never was considered in that light. His highest vote was on the first ballot, when he got thirty-four votes and from that high spot he dwindled to five votes on the tenth ballot, when Harding was nominated.

Then Coolidge was picked for Vice President, not because the politicians gave a hoot what sort of Vice President or possible President he would be but because their brand of politics demanded an Eastern running mate for a Westerner nominated for President. That is the accepted and precedented way to shapeup a ticket according to the prevailing politico-geographical fetish.

The point is that a grudge nominated Roosevelt for Vice President in 1900 and geography nominated Coolidge for Vice President twenty years later. Those were the actuating political reasons, not the good of the country, nor service to the people, nor capacities of the men named. Similar actuating political reasons could be ascribed to other presidential and vice presidential nominations in the past. The further point

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It is the Same Sort of Performance Now it Was a Hundred Years Ago

THE FAIR-HAIRED BOYS

"You're So Funny, Darling. You Always Talk as Though Your Man Could be Beaten"

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

JIMMY FURLONG, staff correspondent of the News, walked briskly through the lobby of the state capital's most ancient hotel, leaned over the clerk's desk and examined the register. No names of any interest. In fact this whole building that sprawled over half a block of ground at the foot of Capitol Hill appeared to be asleep. Hotels sometimes do that in state capitals when the legislature is not in session and the campaign for governor not yet opened.

"Hello, Bob," Jimmy said, addressing the house officer who stood near by philosophically operating a toothpick. "What do you know?"

Bob drew nearer before answering, then he raised his eyebrows and lowered his voice, not for secrecy but emphasis. Bob was imparting first-rate news.

"Seven-o-four and five were reserved today," he announced.

Immediately Jimmy was all attention. "Weaver?" he asked.

"Yep. Old Tree-Full-o'-Owls will be here tonight."

"Great stuff!" Jimmy exclaimed. "I've been getting darned tired of this." He indicated the almost deserted hotel lobby. "Let's go up and look at the layout."

Bob nodded assent and they went upstairs together. Seven-o-five was a large drawing-room; servants were moving extra chairs into it. Seven-o-four was a bedroom; servants were moving the bed out of it and installing in lieu thereof a large round table covered with green cloth. Sometimes the visitors to seven-o-four and five liked to play cards; in fact there had been games that lasted through a whole session of the legislature. Back of seven-o-four, other servants were busy in other rooms, unlocking and unbolting intervening doors so that at a moment's notice this suite could be extended through the whole length of the corridor—twelve rooms.

"They've made laws and governors and senators here," Jimmy remarked.

"Yep," Bob agreed, "and sunk 'em, too."

"I'll say they have! In other words, Bob, we stand upon ground that is not only historic but hysteric."

"You said it, Jimmy! Here's where the fair-haired lads romp around."

II

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY miles from the state capital, Forrest Weaver was eating luncheon in the pleasant dining room of his suburban home. Across the table from him sat his wife, whom he always called mother and loved very much as though she really were his mother.

"I wish you'd pack my bag, mother," he said.

"How many collars?" she asked. Collars were the index; with their number determined, the rest was simple arithmetic.

"Eight," he answered.

"Eight!" That was the maximum.

"Yes, mother."

"Isn't it early for the campaign to open?"

"Yes, it is kind of early, but I want to size up the layout."

"I won't see much of you then for the next four months."

"No, mother." He rose and kissed her.

"Are you going to elect Dave Larkin?"

"I don't know. There's a new candidate just bobbed up—Randle, the attorney-general. I'm going to look him over before I decide."

"Well, darling, I hope you don't like him. I'm for Dave Larkin." She smiled apologetically for expressing an opinion in the presence of an expert, but nevertheless added: "I think he'd make a wonderful governor."

"Why, mother?" Weaver asked the question seriously. On such matters he valued his wife's opinion highly, but for reasons that were not exactly complimentary. She knew almost nothing about state affairs, and it was his opinion that the same was true of 90 per cent of the voters. Her political convictions were based largely upon first impressions of the candidates, and these impressions were rarely changed by events.

"I'm for him," she answered, "because he's been so good to his sister's children and so nice to his old father. He's nice to everybody, and—and he's just nice. I like him. I thought you made him secretary of state to put him in line for governor."

"I did, mother."

"Well, then, he'll be governor, won't he?"

"I hope so."

"You're so funny, darling. You always talk as though your man could be beaten. . . . I'll hurry the bag along. The car is still out front. I think I'll drive you to the station myself. Don't forget to call me up every night."

"I won't forget, dear."

Half an hour later Forrest Weaver was on board an express train bound for the state capital with eight collars in his bag. And when Forrest Weaver set forth thus accoutered the making of a new governor had begun whether anyone else knew it or not.

III

AT NINE o'clock that evening the bag with its eight collars was stowed in a bedroom somewhere back of seven-o-four and Forrest Weaver was lounging in an enormous upholstered chair in seven-o-five; in other words

he had mounted his throne. Across the little center table, with its pitcher of ice water, sat his chief lieutenant, Carlton Hudson, whose title was assistant state auditor, but whose principal function was to keep his ears open for the information, advice and benefit of Forrest Weaver, to whom he owed his present position as well as the two preceding ones. Clerks attended to the state's auditing, for this was a science with which Carlton Hudson was not even casually acquainted. He was a former football player—now about forty pounds overweight—who had learned in college the art of making people like him, and not much else. His pleasant rotund countenance, booming voice and hearty greetings were welcomed wherever men gathered. Life was still a football game to Carlton Hudson; if you were knocked down, you got up and started over. If you knocked the other fellow down, it was without malice.

"What do the wise boys up on the hill think?" Weaver asked.

"They think it's Randle in a walk."

"What do you think?"

"I can't see anyone but Randle."

"All right, Carlton, let's take an inventory of that promising young patriot and see what he's got." Weaver raised his left hand with the fingers spread apart so that he could count the points as they were enumerated.

"First," said Carlton, "he looks like a governor." Weaver nodded assent and pressed his thumb across the palm of his hand for Point One. "Second, he makes a whale of a good speech, direct, vigorous." Down came the index finger for Point Two. "Third, he's absolutely honest." Forrest Weaver stared blandly and waited. "Isn't that a point?" Carlton asked.

"Not necessarily. We're talking politics, you know. It might be a point or it might not. It isn't something you can see, like his face, or hear, like his speeches."

"All right; then, fourth, he's a darned able lawyer." Again he waited for Weaver to lower another finger. Weaver turned his head slowly from right to left, indicating that the point was not valid. Carlton was ready to argue the matter. "The whole gang up on the hill take their hats off to him as a great legal mind," he said.

Weaver smiled and lowered a finger. "What kind of a lawyer Randle is makes no difference," he explained. "We've had some great governors who were rotten lawyers, and vice versa. But if the gang take off their hats to him, that's a point, no matter why they take off their hats. It would still be a good point if they took off their hats because he had purple whiskers."

Carlton laughingly nodded agreement and continued: "Fifth, he's intrepid and fearless by nature."

Weaver moved the counting over to his right hand and brought down his thumb.

"That's bad," he said. "A good politician is a natural-born pussy-footer, Carlton. If he can appear to be fearless, that's fine; but if he actually is fearless, that's dynamite. Give me an entire administration of fearless men and I'll show you either tyranny, revolution, or more probably both. The people justly fear fearless men."

"All right then, next point: He's got wealthy relatives. And they're not looking for anything much politically. His father-in-law wants to see him governor and will put up one hundred thousand dollars. Get me? One hundred thousand dollars!"

"I get you, Carlton. That's a lot of money. It calls for more fingers than I've got left. There's no possible mistake about the hundred thousand?"

"None whatever."

"Anything more?"

"Yes; he's ambitious, healthy, wants to set an example of public service as a career for wealthy young men, and he's anxious to know what you think of him."

"Anxious to know what I think of him, eh? That's the best point you've made yet. He evidently knows a little about politics, even if he never has been through a campaign. I'm usually afraid of fellows like Randle who land in important offices by appointment without having gone through a campaign. So he wants to know what I think of him—well, suppose I thought mighty highly of him and undertook to make him governor, could he later take advice from that kind of a friend?"

"I'm not sure, Weaver. One time he might and the next not. He's got lots of self-confidence."

"I was afraid of that. Still, with a campaign fund of one hundred thousand to begin on, there ought to be quite a little nutriment in just putting him over. We might not have to offer much advice later."

"That's what I was thinking. And I believe he's a winner. He's got everybody buffaloed. They're so sure he's going to win that he's darn near got the race sewed up before it starts."

Weaver pondered this a moment and then asked abruptly, "Is Wainwright in the other room?"

Carlton nodded. Wainwright was called in. He was chief clerk under the secretary of state, but his first allegiance went to Weaver. Dave Larkin, his chief, came second.

"We've been talking about Randle," Weaver announced. "What do you think of his chances?"

"I think he'll win. He's a very outstanding man—impressive. All the newspaper boys give him the breaks."

"Does he handle the newspaper boys well?"

"Why, he doesn't handle them at all, and they like that. He just goes ahead and makes news. It's damn good political strategy, if you ask me. There's a lot to him, including a campaign fund of one hundred thousand iron men. That listens powerful to me."

"Your advice, then, would be for us to ride with Randle?"

"It certainly is."

"You're sure about the hundred thousand?"

"Absolutely."

"Father-in-law is to put it up?"

"That's right."

"Is Goforth in seven-o-four?"

"Yes."

Goforth was called in. He held a position in the Department of Health—one selected for him with great care, because Weaver might at times wish to have reports from various parts of the state and this position called for much travel.

"We've been talking about Randle," Weaver explained. "What seems to be the impression about his chances?"

"That he'll win hands down."

"What do you think?"

"I think it's a cinch."

"Why should it be such a cinch this early?"

"Well, he's making more stir than anyone else; more people talk about him; most of them speak approvingly; and when the fight really starts in earnest he's there with one hundred thousand berries. Believe me, that's an armful of berries."

"You don't think there's any possible doubt about the berries?"

"None whatever."

Weaver pondered this for a few moments, and then raising his eyes gazed long and inquiringly at his three lieutenants. One by one he impaled them so that they could not look away. Finally he said:

"This is the first time you three have ever picked the same man. It's not only the first time since we've been working together but it is the first time since you were born. I've always been able to depend on you three for about all the varieties of political bias or prejudice I ever heard of. And now you're all for the

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"What are You Doing?" Randle Demanded Angrily, at the Same Time Rising

Daughter of a King, Mother of a King—Helen of Greece

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

MADAME, votre fils est mon Roi"—"Madam, your son is my king."

This same phrase in which Châteaubriand saluted the Duchess of Berry in 1830, and thus declared to all France his adherence to the legitimist cause, might be addressed today by the millions of the Rumanian people to Helen of Greece whom, like an untouched blossom, a charming creation as yet spared by the vicissitudes of life, I met one day on the shores of a Swiss lake in the beautiful springtide.

It was the year which witnessed the close of the Great War. I was passing through Zurich in order to visit in her seclusion that extraordinary personality, the Duchess of Coburg, formerly Duchess of Edinburgh, only daughter of the Czar Alexander II of Russia, daughter-in-law of Queen Victoria by her marriage to the Queen's second son, Prince Alfred, and mother to the Queen Marie of Rumania. Russian by her birth, English by her marriage, she became German by the accession of her husband to the ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg. The duchess well deserves that one day the story of her life shall be written, since, although she has not played a great rôle in history, she was one of the great and forceful personalities in Europe.

She belonged to a type of humanity which has now totally disappeared; she was a Romanoff, every inch of her, and at that a Romanoff such as was possible only to the czarevnas, daughters of Peter the Great. She was a Russian antedating the constitution, a Russian antedating the Duma, a Russian of Holy Russia, autocratic and theocratic.

But that is another story. I wished only to say that it was when going to visit the Duchess of Coburg that I first met, quite incidentally, the beautiful and gentle girl who was destined to come and live in Rumania for our good fortune, but, alas, not for her own.

I had gone to Zurich to carry a letter to the Duchess of Coburg from her eldest daughter, Queen Marie of Rumania. In haste to deliver my message, I lost no time in telephoning to the lady in waiting to ascertain at what hour on the following day I could be received by the duchess.

Her Imperial Highness

THE Russian revolution had robbed her of her appanage and the war had completed the ruin of her German dowry, and thus the unfortunate daughter of Czar Alexander II was now forced to live on the outskirts of the town of Zurich, in one of those second-rate hotels of which visitors, as an excuse and measure of consolation for their being there, generally explain that they are so much less noisy than a first-class hotel. I had to wait some considerable time before I was put into telephonic communication with the lady in waiting. It is probable that the telephone was very far removed from the living rooms in the Hotel X—naturally, in order to insure more freedom from noise!

At last I heard a very low and subdued voice—one of those voices of the court which are recognizable among a thousand others. It was Frau von X, the lady I had asked for. I inquired after the health of the duchess. Announcing that I was the bearer of a letter from the queen, I asked when I might be received by Her Royal Highness. I then heard the soft voice become suddenly sharp, as if it had curdled, just as milk into which by mistake someone had let fall a drop of lemon juice:

"Her Imperial Highness will receive you at five o'clock for tea."

The word "imperial" sounded through the telephone like the crack of a whip. What an unpardonable mistake I had committed against etiquette! I had said "Her Royal Highness" instead of "Her Imperial Highness"! I was at once made aware of my error. The lady in waiting, fierce guardian of tradition, had corrected me, and in no uncertain manner. For, if I were not rightly informed, might I not very likely in my ignorance recall to life that old grievance, that old quarrel, which had alienated from England the heart of Queen Victoria's daughter-in-law? Warned, I would be sure to avoid touching the sensitive point; I would not reopen the old wound. It was solely this distinction between an Imperial Highness and a simple Royal Highness, which she alone wished to insist on, that originally made life as impossible for the Duchess of Edinburgh at Windsor Castle as at Buckingham Palace. The wife of the second son of Queen Victoria, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, found herself always refused this title, this precedence which she claimed as daughter of an autocrat.

Princess Helen of Rumania and Her Sister, Princess Irene of Greece, Draped as Greek Statues With the Help of Their Uncle, Prince Nicolas of Greece. Above—Princess Helen. At Right—Princess Irene

When she first arrived at the court of England she wished to arrogate to herself the right to take precedence of everyone—even of the Princess of Wales. There was no question of according her the first place, nor even of giving her the second, which would have permitted her to take precedence of the daughters of the queen; and the etiquette peculiar to a court where a woman has equal rights to the throne did not fail to exasperate the Duchess of Edinburgh by denying her the privilege of holding even that second place which she was ready to condescend to.

Queen Victoria, however, had small mercy on the pride of this daughter of all the czars, in revolt against English etiquette, so constitutionally unassailable. There is an old story of a carriage being obliged to turn back and return to the state entrance of Buckingham Palace on the occasion of a court ball. It is certain that the duchess joyfully left this atmosphere, and when the opportunity arose, she urged her husband to accept the vacant throne of the Duchy of Coburg, to enter the federation of German princes and by this action renounce the title of an English prince and the command of the British Grand Fleet, which he then held.

The profane in dynastic matters might well have thought that the Duke of Edinburgh had sacrificed the substance for the shadow. But the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna was able at last to enjoy the delights of being above everyone and able to insist upon being called Her Imperial Highness to her heart's content, while her husband and her children remained simple Royal Highnesses.

As I drove up the hill overlooking Zurich where the hotel of the duchess was situated, I repeated mentally to myself over and over again, "Your Imperial Highness, Your Imperial Highness," in order to be certain not to forget at the critical moment that fatal qualifying word—especially today, after the simultaneous collapse of all the empires of Europe. The hotel which sheltered the daughter of all the czars was one of those edifices in natural wood where everything creaks—the chairs, the tables, the woodwork, and even the footsteps of the servants carrying the dishes.

A Europe Without Emperors

I WAS introduced by Frau von X, the lady in waiting, into a salon of very modest aspect. Set out on a round table, the samovar, the tea service and a dozen empty cups awaited the guests, unknown to me, but whose number astonished me. After a minute the Duchess of Coburg made her entrance. The misfortunes of time had in no degree diminished that air of displeasure which was the characteristic mien of the Romanoffs.

What was most remarkable—she succeeded in maintaining this appearance continuously. Small of stature, stout, with an insignificant face, she was saved from the commonplace only by the air which never deserted her. Notwithstanding this cross air, she was very polite to her guests and well versed in the art of conversation.

The way in which the Great War had finished, with the fall of the emperors, Russian, German and Austrian, though it exasperated her, had not really astonished her. From that special point of view from which she judged the world, the Duchess of Coburg was not in the wrong. She had always passionately regretted that her nephew, the Emperor of Russia, Nicolas II, had not remained allied to the two other emperors—his brothers, according to the fiction of monarchy. To punish all three of them for having made war amongst themselves—in other words, for having made war against the principle upholding them—God had permitted this abomination: A Europe without Emperors!

The Imperial race—her own race—was about to disappear as completely as have those examples of the great antediluvian fauna whose remains are objects of curiosity in the museums of the world. This little old lady, in the shabby salon of a small Swiss hotel, the last representative of a finished race, assumed in my eyes a kind of pathetic grandeur.

After she had read the letter from her daughter, with sundry shakings of her head, for she disapproved of her politics as favoring the cause of the Allies, she spoke to me of Isvolsky—the Russian minister, whom she detested—and of Bethmann-Hollweg, whom she detested

equally; of Tchirsky and Berchtold; of all the former ministers or ambassadors of the emperors, whom she considered, one and all, to have been unfaithful servants and the real factors of this disastrous war. She disapproved of the way her grandson Carol had been brought up. I know she had quarreled with the king on the question of the education of the young prince.

At this point of the conversation, as the clock struck half-past five, the door of the little salon opened and the lady in waiting introduced the invited guests of the duchess. They came in, their number justifying that of the empty cups at which I had wondered. There were King Constantine of Greece, then in exile, and his wife, Queen Sophie, sister of the Kaiser, also in exile; there were the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, younger daughter of the Duchess of Coburg and her husband, a Bourbon—both at the moment also in exile and belonging to that great family which during two centuries has lost the throne of France, the throne of Naples, the throne of Parma and the throne of the two Sicilys, after the elder branch of the family had also lost the throne of Spain. Then came Prince Nicolas of Greece, exiled like his brother, with his wife, the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia, first cousin to the late Czar Nicolas II.

Finally came a charming and fresh band of young people—Prince George of Greece, then Duke of Sparta, who shared the exile of his parents with all his brothers and sisters except Alexander, the second son, who remained in Athens under the protection of the Allied guns, to act as king, as he said himself, while awaiting that restoration of his father which he wished for as a good son. There was Prince Paul, youngest son of King Constantine, and the young princesses, Helen and Irene, Constantine's two daughters.

Sovata, a Bathing Place in Transylvania, Where the Royal Family Spend Their Holiday

As they entered the little salon of the duchess it was as if a flood of light accompanied them. By what miracle of influence by environment had Queen Sophie of Greece, a German princess married to King Constantine, a Dane, been able to bear these two splendid daughters, these true Greeks, whose faces and bodies recalled so absolutely the statues in the most beautiful museum in the world, that on the Acropolis? I was at the same time astonished and enchanted.

This resemblance was so well known in their family that Prince Nicolas, who is very artistically endowed and a quite remarkable master of stagecraft, often amused himself by presenting his two nieces in antique draperies in *tableaux vivants*. These living statues were the admiration of the privileged few who were given the opportunity of seeing them.

Princess Helen of Rumania and Her Son

What was still more strange in their case was that each one of the two princesses represented in her features a different period of Greek art. Irene, the younger, was the reincarnation of the classic period—that of Phidias, with the profile in which the line runs, unbroken, from top of forehead to tip of nose; while her sister Helen charmed the art connoisseur by her perfect resemblance to the Korai, those beautiful young girls of the Acropolis whose wonderful smile haunts ever afterward those who have once seen them. The uneven charm of archaic Greek art is all contained in that smile of which the secret was lost to the Greek sculptors after the fifth or sixth century before Christ.

A Bond of Sympathy With Helen

DRAWN by simple artistic predilection, my attention and my sympathy went out to Princess Helen from this very first meeting. She belonged to that period of Greek art which I had always liked best. She had the smile—the wonderful, unforgettable smile of the Korai!

As I took leave of the Duchess of Coburg she asked me whether I should still be in Zurich the next day. There was to be a wonderful concert in the *Kursaal*. The Queen of Greece, her daughters, the Infantes—all those present at tea would be there. There was also a place for me. If I could accept the invitation, Queen Sophie and her children would call for me at the hotel. After the concert we would have supper in German style. I naturally accepted the amiable invitation.

A carelessly fastened jewel was the cause that evening of my learning that the beautiful Princess Helen added to her many charms that slight infirmity which I like—she is shortsighted. It was with her an unnoticed failing which in no way diminished the laughing brightness of her gray eyes, nor forced her to wrinkle her beautiful eyebrows. Looking at her, in fact, it was quite impossible to guess that she was shortsighted—more especially for an observer such as I, who see no more clearly than does she.

The Greek princesses and their mother came to fetch me as arranged. As I was stepping out of the carriage it happened that a pearl which I was wearing as a pendant on my corsage dropped down without my noticing it. Princess Helen, as she left the carriage, felt something rolling, and her foot knocked the pearl onto the pavement without anyone seeing what the object was. She thought it was probably a bonbon wrapped in silver paper. It was Queen Sophie who, possessed of good eyes, saw that the object kicked out by her daughter was my pearl. This incident brought a confession of her shortsightedness.

"I am as blind as a bat," she said to me.

I confessed that I was in the same case. I cannot explain what mysterious attraction drew me to her from that moment. I have always had the intimate conviction that people who are shortsighted possess certain specially attractive qualities which are pleasing to me. I think that wideness of views and toleration are developed by the fact of not seeing things too clearly. When the details are not seen it is easier to see the whole.

A shortsighted woman is more likely to be kind; she will look less hardly on the faults of others and will more easily be ready to find other women beautiful. If she herself is beautiful she will be less aware of it. When she enters a room she will be looked at without being able to distinguish the expression of those who are looking. This will prevent her from being self-conscious or conceited. She will not know to the full the admiration of men or the spitefulness of women, which will save her from the two dangers of vanity and fear. Surrounded by this charming mist which veils for her the realities of life, a shortsighted woman has a great chance of remaining an idealist for all her life—at least, if she does not decide to wear glasses.

As soon as I had learned that the Princess Helen had this same physical weakness of which I like the moral consequences, I felt my sympathy for her increase.

Before the end of the evening my feelings for her increased further, thanks to an incident of which we were both the victims. During the *entr'acte* all the party left the stalls which we occupied, in the fifth or fourth row of the huge hall, to take a little fresh air outside. Nearly all the audience had done the same, and the crowd on the pavements around the *Kursaal* was very great.

By some mischance, Princess Helen and I suddenly found ourselves separated from the rest of our party. We looked around us. Nobody, and yet so many people! There was not one single face which we knew in all the hundreds of faces surrounding us. We tried to search in the depths of the crowd, to the right, to the left, forward, backward, everywhere. Nothing! The Duchess of Coburg, Queen Sophie, Princess Irene, the Grand Duchess Hélène, the Duke of Sparta, Prince Nicolas, Prince Paul, the Infantes, Frau von X—none was to be found; every single one of them had disappeared utterly.

Lost in the Crowd

THE faces around us as far as we could see were, one and all, completely strange. We then experienced a moment of distress. What were we to do? Left to ourselves, shortsighted as we were, both of us, how were we ever again to find our seats, the numbers of which we had not even attempted to see on arriving in the darkened hall? Were we condemned to remain outside for the rest of the evening, losing the end of the concert? Perplexed, laughing, but slightly anxious all the same, we asked each other what was to be done to escape from the difficulty. I also was as blind as a bat, as she had said of herself, and could do nothing to guide her. Lost in the crowd as in a great forest, how were we to contrive to be found again?

"Let us walk about," said Princess Helen. "Perhaps they will find us, since there is not the slightest hope that we shall find them."

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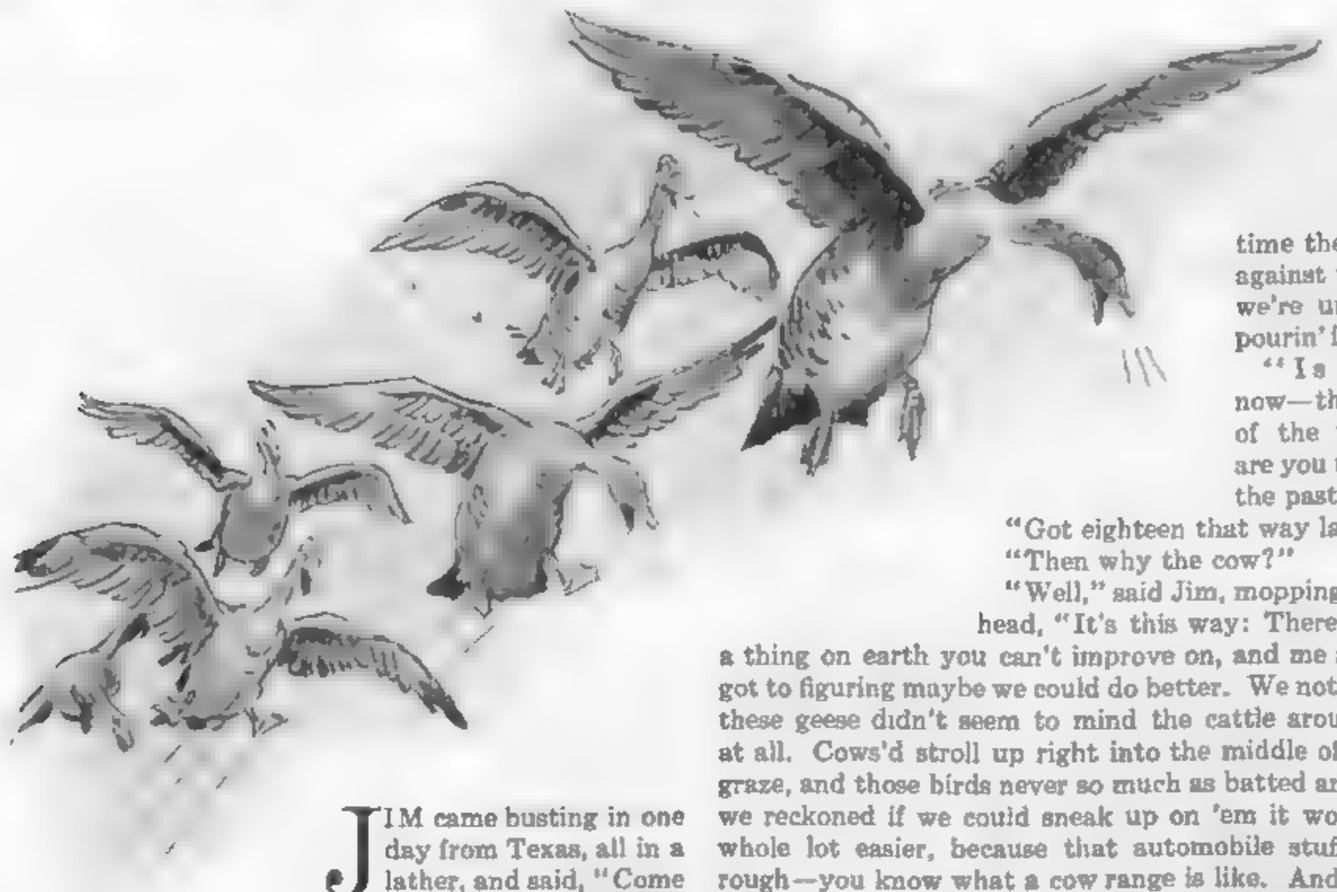
Queen Marie of Rumania, With Princess Helen, Princess Irene of Greece, and Prince Carol

JIM'S COW

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



JIM came busting in one day from Texas, all in a lather, and said, "Come on around to Forty-fifth Street with me, ol'-timer. I wants buy a cow."

"Aw, go on, you big tease!"

"Get hot, get hot! I mean it. This cow can roll her eyes and waggle her tail and everything, I tell you. Grab your hat and come on. Her name's Pansy."

"Huh! What kind of a cow is she, anyhow?"

"Why, a cow's a cow, you might say—ain't she? But I reckon Pansy's as near a Holstein as anything. Yes, I reckon you'd call her a Holstein. Let's grab a taxi and drift."

Somehow it didn't sound reasonable to me, Jim's traveling all the way from Texas to buy a cow in New York.

"There's something sinister about this," I said suspiciously.

"Naw, sir. Cross my heart. This is on the level. This here cow's as near gen-u-ine as human art can make 'er. If you don't believe me ——"

"I've heard a lot of bull in New York, but a cow —— What do you aim to do with it, anyway?" I demanded, prepared to pull the busy signal if he sprang anything silly.

Jim tilted his hat back on his head and lit a cigarette.

"Well, me and ol' Fred," he replied, "are fixing to go shootin' geese in this cow."

That seemed sensible, so we drove around to West Forty-fifth Street and walked upstairs to a loft where they make stage properties.

"Ain't she a peach?" Jim demanded, standing off to beam affectionately at a roomy skeleton model of a cow. "Give her a look. What'd I tell you, huh? By the time she gets her hide on, she'd fool a milkman, Pansy would, let alone a Canada goose. And have a feel here—see the way she folds up. Why, you could stick her in a trunk, easy."

This was all very well, but —— "Did you ever know a Canada goose?" I asked—"I mean intimately?"

"I'll say I have! I can talk to 'em. Maybe you don't know how we shoot geese down there. Well, I'll tell you how we shoot geese down there. This country is sort of flat, rolling country, see, with marshy places every so often, and the geese hang around these places. Why, there're thousands of 'em! At a distance they look kinda like a bunch of calves standing up there. Yes, sir, you might think they were calves, from a distance."

"Oh, now I begin to get you!"

"No, you don't either. Wait a minute. Now you can't sneak up close to these geese, understand, because they can see you a mile off. So we hunt 'em in automobiles."

"Isn't it hot in here?"

"We go out in an automobile," Jim continued, "and we got a Mexican from the ranch on the running board, see? Well, he knows where the geese hang out, and just as soon as we get close to a bunch behind a rise he says to get ready. Maybe you don't know it, but a goose has to get up against the wind the same as an aeroplane; so the minute we're all set, the driver throws her wide open and we go tearin' straight at those geese, hell bent for election. Yes, sir—fifty-five miles an hour, bumps and all. By the time they get up against the wind, we're under and pourin' into 'em."

"Is this now—the theory of the thing, or are you talking of the past?"

"Got eighteen that way last year."

"Then why the cow?"

"Well," said Jim, mopping his forehead, "It's this way: There's hardly a thing on earth you can't improve on, and me and Fred got to figuring maybe we could do better. We noticed that these geese didn't seem to mind the cattle around there at all. Cows'd stroll up right into the middle of 'em and graze, and those birds never so much as batted an eye. So we reckoned if we could sneak up on 'em it would be a whole lot easier, because that automobile stuff is sure rough—you know what a cow range is like. And at fifty-five an hour! We lost a coupla guys out last time—good guys too. One of 'em was kin to you—ol' George—you remember ol' George."

Pansy was staring at us with a dumb expression.

"How do you work her?" I inquired.

"She works fine. Looka here—see how this frame is made? Well, we put her on over our heads, and there'll be straps to go over our shoulders like this, see? Fred'll be the front laigs, and I'll be the hind."

"And where'll you carry the guns?"

"In racks along the sides. The whole shebang'll weigh only sixty-five pounds. And see this hole up here in her face? That's Fred's peek hole, where he sees out of. Ain't she a dream?"

"Jim," I said, placing my arm affectionately around his shoulder, "does your family know about this? I mean to say, your wife knows you're in New York, and what you came for and all that—what?"

"Sure she does. What's eatin' on you, anyhow?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. . . . Then I've got only one request to make."

"Shoot! Let's hear it."

"I want to drive the car for you."

"Surest thing you know, buddy!" he exclaimed. "But can you get away? I thought you said you were going to be mighty busy."

"There're higher things in life than work, Jim," I reminded him gently.

He paid one hundred and fifty dollars for Pansy, delivery to be on or before November first. Before going out I led the proprietor aside and said earnestly: "No, you really mustn't think that about him. He's quite a successful man and very highly regarded where he comes from. It's only ——"

"The way I figure it," replied the proprietor, "is that these guys'll pull it off." He had seemed sane enough when we went in, too; but you can never tell about a man when his sporting blood gets up. "Yes, sir, I think they'll get close up to these geese once—see? I figure the geese'll just stand still, sort of starin' and wonderin' what the hell? That's the way I figure it."

Oh, well. . . . As we drove away I tried to visualize Fred and Jim rambling across the range disguised as a Holstein that rolled its eyes and flagged its tail. Then I tried to put myself in the place of the Canada geese watching this performance. Would I fall for it?

"Of course," Jim was presently saying, "we've got to sneak up to windward. But I'll lay you a little bet of fifty against a hundred right now that me and Fred'll be able to lay right down among those geese and talk to 'em."

He's a tough proposition to bet against on anything, and the more I pondered the business, the more likely did their chances look to me. The Bushmen of South Africa go out in pairs, disguised as ostriches, to hunt wild animals, and Fred and Jim have as much sense as a Bushman any day. Of course they would pull it off!

Yet at a dinner party that night my first doubts crept back. Jim triumphantly told them about his purchase and was explaining how Fred would be the front legs of this here cow and he would be the rear, when one of the ladies piped up: "But that's a cattle country, where you're going, isn't it? What if a bull should take after you? Lan's sake, Mr. Jim!"

"If he did," said Jim, "Fred'd get run over."

Of course that thought had never occurred to me, but now that she mentioned it ——

"All the same, as a friend, I'm only telling you for your own good, Jim."

"Shucks, I wouldn't take five hundred dollars for that cow, cash money."

As nearly as I could figure, Pansy would stand something over six feet six at the head and about five feet at the tail. Now that's too big and sloping for a cow and would be apt to make a goose of average intelligence suspicious. A Canada goose isn't like a Wall Street lamb; he pays some attention to signs. However, Fred and Jim were paying for it and I was merely going along as a spectator.

Then there was the matter of Pansy's legs. Jim left for home the following day, and during the next fortnight I had almost forgotten about the beast when a telegram arrived:

FIND OUT HOW COW GETTING ALONG.

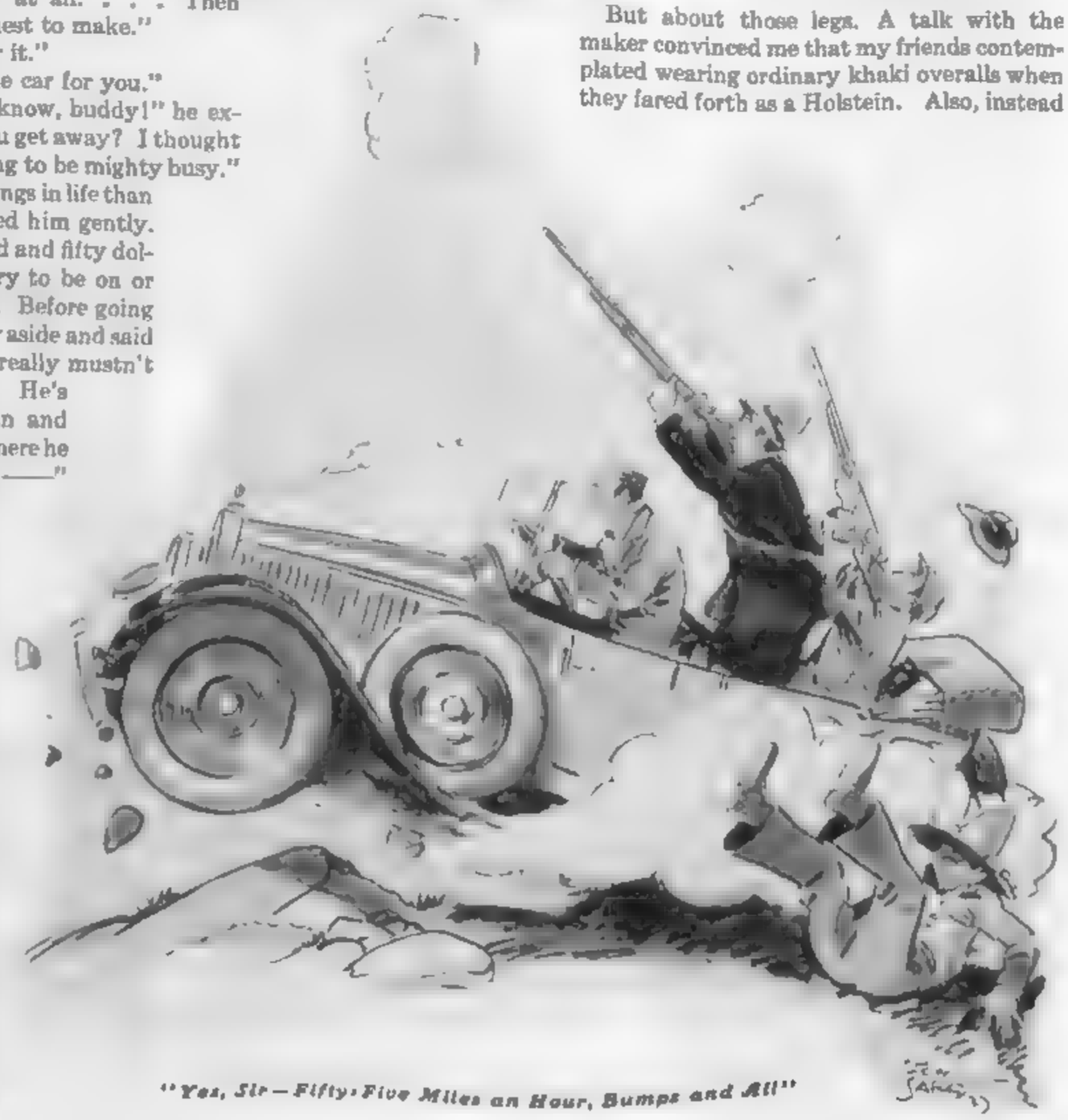
A visit to the properties studio enabled me to send glad tidings:

LOOKS LIKE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT CALF CROP

He seemed resentful of this information, however, and wired back, collect:

FONDEST LOVE STOP YOUR HOUSE BURNED DOWN

But about those legs. A talk with the maker convinced me that my friends contemplated wearing ordinary khaki overalls when they fared forth as a Holstein. Also, instead



"Yes, Sir—Fifty-Five Miles an Hour, Bumps and All"

of imitation hoofs, they planned to wear the usual hunting boots. Pansy's frame would cover the huntsmen only to their waists, so the lower half of them would be plainly visible. Now there is not the slightest similarity between Fred's and Jim's legs, either in size or shape or—I mean to say, nobody could possibly associate them with the same body. They don't even take anything like the same length of stride. If Fred grew excited and adopted his ordinary gait, Jim's legs would be going like a sewing-machine needle—and no cow on earth walks that way, unless she has been eating home-brew mash.

"Oh, well," said the maker tolerantly, "those guys'll have a thousand dollars' worth of fun out of her, anyhow."

"Jim wants to know about Pansy's coat."

"Sure. Why not?" He led the way into another room and drew out several samples of imitation hide. "This," he announced, "is the one I like."

"But Jim said he wanted a Holstein."

"What do you call this?"

"It's leopard skin—as pretty a leopard as ever I saw."

"What difference do a few spots make to a goose?"

"It won't do," I declared positively. "They've got Herefords and a few Jerseys, and a stray longhorn or two and some cold bloods, in that country, but nobody west of West Forty-fifth Street ever saw a cow dress up like that."

"Then how about this one? Here's a good one—neat and modest too. You can't beat solid colors. Rich, but not too loud."

It was tawny, like a lion, but I've seen cattle almost that color and it might fool a goose that was tired by a three-thousand-mile flight. We went back to gaze at Pansy again.

"But how're they going to shoot out of this contraption?"

"The guns go in these racks."

"Sure! But where do the shots go, huh? Jim can't shoot through that opening in the head, because Fred'll be there and would stop 'em."

In a bored tone he replied, "I thought I'd leave that up to them." It was plain to me he was growing tired of the cattle business.

"And looka here, they'll never be able to work their guns from inside this cow! There's no elbowroom. When they yank the gun off the rack, how do they figure on aiming it?"

"Say, don't you have to work for a living?"

"No, but how do they, huh? How do they?"

"My understanding was," he said, "that all they wanted was a cow in which they could walk up on these here geese, see? Well, here she is. Maybe when they get among 'em, they'll throw the darned thing off—I dunno. They've paid for it." And off he went to work on the head of a polar bear.

"I suppose," I sneered, "somebody wants that to go to the North Pole."

"Nope—for a baked-Alaska hunt. Heh-heh! Don't trip going out."

Another point that interested me was how the mischief Fred and Jim purposed to reach the geese. Even assuming they could walk up and lay down and talk to 'em, they had to start from somewhere. The geese were away out in remote places on that ranch. Did they propose to dress up at the ranch house and hump thirty miles or more across country until they found the herds, or flocks, or whatever they are?

A night letter brought the information:

WILL PUT PANSY ON RUNNING BOARD AT RANCH COMMA THEN STOP HALF MILE FROM GOOSES COMMA SLIP IN AND STEP TO IT

It was evident that Jim had planned his campaign in every detail, and I began to feel a measure of confidence. Queer things can happen in hunting. Once Judge Beatty, of the Blind Brook Golf Club and all adjacent rough, went out for wild turkeys in Texas with a man who was green at the game. The judge thinks he's a pretty fair yelper when it comes to fooling the gobblers, but he was doubtful of his companion and sent him off to be out of the way when they reached a likely spot.

Presently the judge let out a call. A minute and it was answered. He waited breathlessly, and there came into view one of the noblest gobblers on which he had ever set eyes. Beatty was crouching perfectly still to let it approach, when suddenly another call arose—a weird, wild call that broke and spluttered pitiably.

"There is only one good note in it," declared the judge peevishly, "and I could have murdered the big stiff. Yet I sort of wondered, too, because the noise didn't come from his direction. Then that fool call came again and I saw the gobbler making for a little clear space. And there was a turkey waiting for him! Ain't Nature wonderful?"

Indeed, you would be simply amazed at how much wild animals and fish will put up with too. They're almost human. I'll never forget a pike which used to hang around the boathouse at my sister's island up in Canada—a big hearty fellow about three feet long. He led an ideal life, loafing in the shade in the daytime; what he did nights I never could learn. Minnows swarmed around the piles, and all that pike had to do to get a meal was turn his back and act as though he was dozing. Those fool minnows would edge nearer and nearer. Then there would be a swirl, a flash of light through the water and the minnow colony would be minus one.

Yet they stayed there week after week, taking these daily risks. It seemed idiotic to me. Besides, I needed the supply for black bass. So one day I put a heavy hook on a length of copper wire, baited it with a minnow, tied the thing to a log and went to lunch.

An hour later I found about three feet of copper wire sticking out as straight as a ramrod. Minnow and hook were gone. That night we heard a large fish breaking water several times out near a reef and I felt remorseful. Doubtless that was the pike, trying to shed the hook, or possibly in the death throes. However, we saw no more of him for ten days. Then one morning, on going down for the eye-opening dip, my nephew raised a glad cry.

"Hey, looka here, unc! Here he is again!"

Sure enough, there was the pike, basking about three feet under water. A length of copper wire protruded from the side of his mouth, but he looked to be in excellent health.

My nephew thereupon rigged up a rod, put a minnow on the hook and dropped it in the water. For a considerable time the pike ignored the morsel, so my nephew started to read a book.

Wham! And—"Oh, oh—wait! Wait!" cried the lusty loafer, making a grab at the pole. But the pike would not wait. He was off with the hook and probably ten feet of line.

It was tough luck. Much as I wanted to get rid of that fish, I could hardly sleep for thinking about his sufferings. Two hooks in his mouth, about four feet of copper wire and at least ten of fishline—why, he would starve to death! Every day we expected to see him floating belly up off the rocks, but not a sign of him. Two weeks passed. Then one of the children came racing up to the house to report that the pike had returned.

Yes, there he was, lazily floating in clear water, a piece of copper wire sticking out of one side of his mouth, a length of fishline trailing from the other and the love light beaming from his eyes. He wouldn't leave us!

Now there is loyalty for you. His like we'll never see again.

Such affection naturally stirred us to the depths. We tried to spear him with a landing pole; we tried to shoot him with a .22 rifle; we took a dozen wallops at him with an oar. He just moved out of range and smiled up at us with gentle understanding. We couldn't fool him.

He's there yet. I saw him this summer, a little plumper, perhaps, but strong and active. A pronounced scar has formed at one side of his mouth, but that is the only after-effect of his adventures.

Of course there may be persons who will doubt this story; they'll say it's all made up; but I want to tell the mean things that my nephew will corroborate every word of it, and he wouldn't lie about a fish any more than I would.

Yes, it's hard to tell about these things. And I was amazed to discover the differences of opinion that prevailed among the members of various clubs over the boys' chances. Some scoffed; some looked thoughtful and remarked, "Well, I don't know"; and some asserted, "Sure they'll do it." They got to arguing about it in the locker rooms and under the showers, and they made bets and got up pools. The odds ranged from even money to six hundred to one.

Finally a Wall Street banker opined it was a darned shame the way this thing was being handled. He hadn't slept a wink in three nights for thinking about Pansy. Why not organize a company, huh, and do the thing right? Some of us take the stock and get Tex Rickard to swing it and run special trains down there. They'd be near the Mexican border, too, and could make a real vacation out of the trip. It was a swell chance—never would be another like it. Why not wire my friend and sound him out?

You've got to hand it to these Wall Street men.

(Continued on Page 83)

It Was the Dog-Gonedest-Looking Cow I Ever Set Eyes On

And This So-Called Cow Did Part in the Middle and Run Rapidly Away in Two Different Directions, Both Ends Emitting Disconcerting Noises

Discarding From Strength

By MARY BADGER WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

"It's You Who are Insulting!" She Flamed at Austin. "My Friends—My Real Friends—Wouldn't be Capable of the Mean Little Thoughts You Have in Your Mind"

DARN it! I never can work a finesse."

Mabel Russell petulantly yielded the trick which opened the way for our long run on clubs.

"Well, you didn't have a two bid to start with," Grace Nash snapped. It made Grace cross to lose.

"Oh, I think she did, really," Belle Glover said judicially. "I think she'd have made three odd if she hadn't tried that finesse."

It was the usual patter of our Thursday bridge luncheon. At the table back of me I could hear more of the same:

"That's a partner for you."

"Gracious, how can I lead through a dummy like that?"

"Um—saved a grand slam, anyway."

And between hands the usual line of chatter as the brisk slap-slap of practiced dealing distributed the cards.

"I got an awfully smart two-piece sports frock at Maynard's during the sale. Only forty dollars and it actually has chic."

"Well, I'm afraid of two-piece things. They make my hips look simply immense."

"Oh, my dear, Lucy West has lost pounds and pounds straight off her hips by doing that tiresome bicycle exercise every night and every morning. But, of course, she never looks at a potato."

"I wish you'd tell me honestly what you think of the way I'm letting my hair grow. You see, I'm growing the sides first and folding them over the short hair in back. But the pins do slip so horribly. Do you think it's frightfully dowdy?"

"To tell you the honest truth, Belle, I do think a better way is like this —— Here, give me that pencil and I can draw it for you on the back of your tally card."

Inside of me I groaned deeply. After all the talk we'd had about cutting hair for the past six years, would we have to listen to six years' talk about growing it? I sorted my cards automatically, but my thoughts boiled. I was passionately bored, if you know what I mean. It was funny, because I had been coming to the Thursday bridge luncheons for ages, and though of course they had never exactly thrilled me, yet the boredom had been mild and comfortable. The only explanation I could give myself for this sudden passionate resentment of futility was the week I had just spent with Paula.

As though the thought of her had been a signal, the women at my table began to talk of her.

"Did you have a good time at Paula's?" Grace Nash asked me.

"Tell us, how does she look now?" Mabel Russell fairly pounced.

"Fine," I answered both questions at once.

The bird-of-prey curiosity in Mabel's eyes looked cheated.

"I thought Paula was terribly broken the last time I saw her," Belle Glover said argumentatively.

Mabel brightened. "I thought so, too, Belle—terribly," she agreed. "Everybody said she'd gone off her looks frightfully at the time of her wedding, you remember."

Grace laughed. "Naturally," she said. "Otherwise, do you suppose she'd ever have married Austin? Just think of the chances she had let slip! I guess she got panicky when her beauty began to fade."

"That's it," Mabel pounced again. "It's so often the way with awfully popular girls. They can't make up their minds which man to take, and while they are waiting they lose their beauty and then they just have to take what's left."

"The old proverb of the crooked stick," Belle pronounced sagely. "The popular girl goes all through the wood and when she comes out she picks up a crooked stick. Why, just imagine Paula marrying a failure like Austin! Who would ever have dreamt it in the old days when Jim Taliaferro was throwing those gorgeous parties for her and Neil Farley was rushing her like mad and ——"

"My husband says," Mabel interrupted, "that Austin is only a subordinate in one of Neil Farley's branch offices, some sort of clerk or something. And Paula might have owned the whole business if she'd only had the sense to marry Neil when she had the chance."

"I heard—I forget who told me—that Paula has to do all her own work and that they haven't even a flivver to their names. Just plain poor."

Grace fingered her pearls lovingly as she spoke. Mabel instinctively stroked her gold mesh bag with the turquoise-studded top. Belle adjusted her heavy diamond rings.

I could fairly feel them checking up their possessions; they were so patently tasting satisfaction in the thought of their success in catching husbands who knew how to make money. And Paula's contrasting poverty was a spiced morsel to tickle their palates, because in their hearts they knew that ten years ago Paula could have had any one of the men they had married for the mere flick of an eyelash.

All of a sudden they seemed to realize my silence. They turned upon me simultaneously.

"Do you think she is happy?" they asked, practically in one voice.

So many old memories, so many fresh emotions, were packed into the brief space between their question and my answer that it takes a long story to bridge the conversational interval. Yet without the story, I cannot explain why I answered as I did.

Paula Machall was born to beauty. She was a beautiful child; older people who knew their Thackeray used to murmur things about Beatrix Esmond when they watched her playing with the rest of us commonplace youngsters. And she retained her beauty as she grew to womanhood, adding that even more devastating quality, charm. It's queer about beauty, the way it crowns the spirit of its possessor. Very different from prettiness, I've observed. A pretty woman is all too apt to be vain and petty. But you seldom find pettiness in the character of a real beauty. Nor do you find vanity. A queen isn't vain of her throne; she is simply sure of it.

Although Paula did the same things that the rest of us did—went to the same schools, had the same sort of clothes, was asked to the same parties—yet I always had a feeling that she belonged to a larger world. Before she had been outside of Mapleton except for short motor trips up to the lake, she had an aura of cosmopolitanism. Things that were tremendously important to the rest of us simply were not important to her.

I remember, for instance, a terrible jolt that she gave Mabel's complacency back in our high-school days. It was when the boys of our crowd were first beginning to go off to college and there was heartbreaking rivalry among us to secure fraternity pins from the boys who possessed them, when they came home for vacations. After a summer's hard work, Mabel had wheedled his pin from Tom Russell. The day after she got it, she just dropped in casually, on one errand or another, to see all the girls, and she made sure that each one of us was properly impressed.

She told us what a big fraternity Tom's was; how difficult it was for a boy to make it; and what very strict rules they had about letting any girl wear the pin. When she went over to the Machalls' house to impress Paula, she took me along with her. Mrs. Machall told us that Paula was dressing for some engagement she had and that we could just run up to her room.

We found Paula in her usual state of confusion—clothes flung every which way, so that you had to move two or three garments before you could find a chair to sit on. But Paula herself was the loveliest thing imaginable, all pink and powdered, fresh from her bath, wrapped in

a slim green negligee, like a flower growing on a stem. She was looking for something on the dressing table and she recklessly turned over a box filled with bracelets, pins, tally cards, chains of beads, letters, samples of silk—everything that could be chucked into a box had been chucked into that one. She picked out the bracelet she wanted and then begged us:

"Please put this junk back in the box for me, girls, while I do my hair. I'm going to be hours and hours late."

Mabel and I both jumped to do her bidding. Even her own sex instinctively served Paula. And as we scooped up the miscellany, we counted five different fraternity pins, two of them exactly like the one Mabel was wearing so proudly. Pins for which the rest of us would have given our eyeteeth, carelessly tossed into a box labeled junk in Paula's mind and forgotten.

That was a trifling incident, of course. But as I look back, I can see it as an early indication of her independence of group standards, her indifference to community opinions. Prizes for which the rest of us had to struggle were showered upon her without effort on her part. Naturally, in her eyes, they ceased to be prizes.

You can't drop beauty like Paula's into the stream of life and expect the eddies of admiration to stop short at the boundary lines of a town like Mapleton. Every town boy who went off to college had her name at the top of his list of desirable prom trotters; she had her pick of universities and dances. And when she went to the dances she could not be hidden from the eyes of beholders. Mapleton gradually became a mecca for an increasing caravan of young masculinity. Having dreamed that they saw a vision at the last college prom, these young men came to Mapleton to see if Paula were actually a fact. Finding her even more delectable than they remembered her, they came again and again and their numbers multiplied. In flivvers they came, and in fine limousines; some who journeyed by train arrived in day coaches, others in Pullman cars. For all of them, Paula had the same careless, charming welcome.

It certainly added variety to life at the country club. The Mapleton Club was new then and quite a modest structure, nothing so fine as the stone building we have now. But it was already the center of town life and of town gossip, and all Paula's alien suitors were put up at the club during their temporary sojourns among us.

Naturally, the excitement of their coming was largely vicarious for the rest of us. Still, several eligibles were picked up on the rebound by alert girls who guided them safely to the altar, with Paula following in their train as maid of honor. There was a sort of etiquette about having Paula as maid of honor when one married her cast-off suitor.

It was at this time that she began making what the society editor of our local paper called a round of visits. Devoted and persistent boys would persuade their mothers to ask this gorgeous girl to join a week-end party; carefully cordial maternal invitations would pop out of Paula's Monday-morning mail and on the following Friday off she would go on the wings of acceptance. One house party seemed to lead to another, until soon she was flying in wider and higher circles, quite outside our ken.

I remember how thrilled we all were when we heard that she was going for a week's visit to the Taliaferros'. We had seen pictures of the Taliaferro house in many a newspaper; it was the show house of our state and looked like a great stone castle set on a terraced hill. In every picture there was always a peacock posed on a lower terrace, a sort of signature of pride affixed to the photograph.

When we heard that Paula was going to stay in this marvelous place, we were frightfully curious to know how she would manage about clothes. The Machalls were fairly well to do by Mapleton standards, but nothing to brag of. Paula's clothes were mostly homemade and quite simple. One of the girls asked her if she wasn't worried about things to wear at the Taliaferros'. Paula laughed. She always had the loveliest laugh.

"I never bother about clothes," she said. "If you are having a good time, why worry about what you are having it in? And if you are having a stupid time, good clothes would be wasted."

Well, of course, that philosophy was all right for her. No matter what she wore, she was the center of the picture. With the rest of us it was different.

Jim Taliaferro was simply wild about her at that time. He was much older than the boys she had been running around with, and was eleven years older than Paula herself. He had an air of distinction and a touch of arrogance in his manner which all the girls in our crowd pronounced perfectly fascinating. "Fascinating" was our pet word that season, I recall. As the only son in the Taliaferro family, Jim stood to inherit all his father's railroads. To us, back in Mapleton, the romance seemed like a fairy story with Jim as Prince Charming and our own Paula as the beauty.

Half a dozen of us trooped down to the station to see Paula off on that first visit to the Taliaferros'. When her train had pulled out, we turned back to Main Street with a sort of collapsing-balloon sensation. I was walking a bit ahead of the others with Austin Weeks. Austin was always one of the quiet kind; conversation with him was never a self-starter; you had to crank it. I picked up the crank nearest to hand.

"Wonder if Paula is going to marry Jim Taliaferro?" I asked idly.

"I think she will," he answered slowly, and there was something in his voice that seemed to quiver away from the words. I looked up at him, surprised, and saw that his mouth was tightened into a hard line and that his eyes were full of pain. I was amazed. Austin was the one masculine member of our crowd who had never run after Paula. We had thought him immune.

After she began visiting the Taliaferros and their friends, Paula brought home the most marvelous presents they had given her. She had no lack of new clothes now—some of them from Paris too. The girls used to love to watch her unpack her trunks, to see what she had brought back with her. There was always something—a chic frock with a French label inside, a lovely evening wrap, sometimes a jeweled pin or jeweled comb, for in those days we wore high Spanish combs in our hair. Loot, Paula called these gifts.

"Look at my lovely loot," she would invite our attention as she tried the effect of an emerald-studded comb against her satiny black hair or held a spangled evening gown against the soft whiteness of her shoulders. We could understand why people who had owned the beautiful things had given them to her. But there were

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"I Heard—I Forget Who Told Me—That Paula Has to Do All Her Own Work and That They Haven't Even a Flivver to Their Names. Just Plain Poor"

The American Book of Wonder

By GARET GARRETT

The Same Landscape as Shown Below, Forty-three Days Later. This Plant is to be in Operation Within 200 Days From the Breaking of the Ground

DO YOU doubt that we are in a new time? The economic life of everyday reality is so strange that we have among us no proverbs about it to be smuggled into the gelatin as copy-book exercises. It is a curious fact. Life without folk maxims to summarize our kitchen wisdom. There are some that survive from another time and we keep repeating them, but they are false and serve only to illustrate what power there was in the old copy-book propaganda.

Suppose, for example, that one night everybody should come by way of a common dream to a conviction of thrift as it was taught in Poor Richard's Almanac and McGuffey's school readers; suppose that from the implanted suggestion of this dream people should begin all at once to practice old-fashioned thrift, buying nothing but what was absolutely necessary, thinking to save the rest and become rich by self-denial. What would happen?

First there would be a terrific slump in retail trade, next a panic in Wall Street, after that, frightful depression of industry. Factories that had been producing motors, textiles, shoes, garments, radios, furniture—all manner of things that satisfy human wants—would have to close or go on short time because everybody had suddenly resolved to consume less and save more. All incomes, whether in the form of wages or profit, would be cut down. People everywhere would be talking of hard times. The standard of living would fall. You would be lucky to have enough to live on, with nothing at all to save.

The quantity everybody expected to save was a quantity that might have been consumed; but when people all at once begin, as they think, to save it, then it does not exist. Why? Because, since they do not require it for purposes of consumption, it will not be produced.

Disastrous Thrift

YOU may say: "But what people save is money. They put their surplus money in the bank and the bank lends it to others who will use it as capital to create more wealth."

By more wealth you must mean more motor cars, more textiles, shoes, garments, radio sets, furniture, better houses perhaps, with more plumbing and modern conveniences. But as people now are minded to save their money instead of spending it, they will buy fewer of all these things, not more. Therefore why should anyone be so stupid as to borrow the money they have saved and use it to produce more of the things they are not buying? It would not pay.

So the seeming paradox that people may ruin themselves, or at least greatly reduce their prosperity, by saving instead of spending. It is not a paradox. It is simply true. It was not always true, and it is now true for the first time in the economic annals of the race because the problem of production has been solved. How to produce enough, even more than enough, is no longer any problem at all. We continue to recommend thrift as a private and public virtue without realizing that when once you have solved the problem of production, then thrift universally and rigorously practiced—the kind of thrift that means doing with less in order to save more—is economically disastrous.

Why was saving ever a necessity? This is to speak of saving in the economic sense, collective thrift as a national virtue, not thrift as a form of personal providence. The use of collective saving in the economic sense—the use of it in Ben Franklin's time—was in order to create capital means to the further production of wealth. The means were more tools, machines, power, factories, mines, railroads, and so on. The only purpose of increasing these is to increase the production of goods that finally satisfy human wants, all precisely with the end in view that people shall be able to enjoy more, have more, exist in a state of plenty, with no necessity to stint and save and deny their wants.

A New Problem

AFTER many years of saving, the time may come when you have means sufficient or means in excess so that there is a potential surplus of consumable goods. Then collective saving ceases to have any merit at all. Your problem changes. It is no longer how to produce enough wealth; it is how to distribute what you are able to produce. That time has come. In any direction you may happen to look there is a potential capacity to produce more things than the effective demand requires. It is true of lumber, coal, bricks, steel, textiles, wearing apparel, food, chemicals, luxuries—whatever you like.

It was only a few years ago that the possibility of oversaving occurred to anyone as an idea. Now you may hear it discussed as a problem of the utmost importance. We must mind that we spend enough—consume enough—to keep our existing industrial machine going at ideal capacity, for unless we demand and consume what it is ready to provide, there will be unemployment, from unemployment underconsumption, and the rhythm of prosperity will break. We must be careful at the same time not to increase our power of production faster than we increase our power of consumption—careful, that is to say, not to go on adding to our capital means at the expense of our current buying power, for that is like plowing more land than you can sow or sowing more than you can reap.

You do not wear a power loom or a shoemaking machine. You want textiles and shoes. If people have already enough capital means in the form of power looms and shoemaking machinery, they are stupid to do without other things in order to create more power looms and more shoemaking machinery. In doing so they lock up their labor in excess capacity. It is no good to anyone; it is waste—waste from oversaving—because it must lie idle and is indivisible. They

Breaking the Ground for the Foundations of the Yellow Truck Plant at Pontiac, Mich.

had done much better to save less capital and spend more money for the immediate satisfaction of their wants.

The fact is that we find it now much easier to increase our industrial capacity than to extend the effective demand for consumable goods. The mere wishing for things does not constitute effective demand. One must want them enough to be willing to put forth the necessary exertion, and then, of course, the conditions of opportunity must be such that the exertion in itself becomes productive.

Increasingly the anxiety of modern business is how to stimulate effective wanting, how to induce people in the average to exert themselves more in order to be able to have and consume more. Installment selling has that motive. Give a man on credit a better house in a better neighborhood, give him on credit a garage and a motor car to put in it, give him on credit all the goods that belong to a higher standard of living than he has hitherto thought himself able to afford, and what will he do? Will he give up these things—the house, the neighborhood, the car and all—because he cannot afford them? Not for that reason. Not for any reason whatever if he can help it. He will think of ways to increase his income. This means only that he will exert himself more to produce other things the equivalent of these, and that will be more than he ever produced before.

Seven Months From the Day Ground Was Broken for This Plant, Finished Motor Cars Were Rolling Down the Assembly Line

How to Get a Motor Car

ONCE you get the idea that the only use of wealth is to be consumed, either directly in the form of divisible goods or indirectly and more slowly as the capital means whereby divisible goods are produced, then you understand that people are rich not by any token of what they possess but in the measure of what they consume. We could easily do with 1,000,000 new motor cars a year instead of 4,500,000, but if we did, the immediate consequence would be such a shrinkage in the automobile industry as to throw perhaps 2,000,000 people out of work. They would have no buying power. And the further consequence might well be that you yourself, though wanting a motor car and willing to buy it, would be unable to have one.

How does one get a motor car? Begin there. To get a motor car one must produce other things of equivalent value. Having produced these other things, one must sell them. Who buys them? Everybody buys them, including those who make motor cars. But because people at large, in a spirit of thrift, are denying themselves cars, there are 2,000,000 motor-car makers out of work. They cannot buy your things no matter how badly they may want them. Therefore your own things—which may be goods, ideas, services or labor—are much harder to sell, the demand for them having fallen in proportion as the demand for motor cars has fallen. You may be unable to sell your things at all, or more than enough to meet your bare living necessities, and in that case you cannot have a motor car. The only reason you cannot have it is that other people are doing without cars in a spirit of self-denial. If instead of buying motor cars they put their money in the bank, that will not help. Saving does not support the motor industry. It does not sustain this rhythm of balanced exchange.

So long as nothing happens to the rhythm, so long as consumption and production are kept in balance, there is no limit to prosperity—to the satisfaction of human wants—this side of satiety. A new principle works. The principle is that consumption finances production. The more wealth is consumed the more it will increase—that is, provided the forces of production have been set free.

Other people had caught glimpses of the truth that prosperity is the total phenomena of consumption. High profits, high wages, even the rapid increase of capital, merely indicate the rate at which people consume wealth. They do not consume it because they are rich; they are rich because they consume it.

More than seventy-five years ago a French economist named Bastiat delivered to his disciples from his deathbed the following dictum: "Political economy should be considered from the consumer's standpoint." Dimly, he had seen a great light. The idea was that the true economic end could be nothing else than consumer benefit. The idea was sound. But for half a century it could not prevail; in Europe it has not yet prevailed against certain false notions about capital, labor, profits, wages, producers as a class and consumers as a class and a natural conflict between them.

In this country the demonstration of that idea has occurred. It is the American contribution to economic experience. It has occurred with no change whatever in the common principles of what is called a money and profit economy. All exchange takes place in terms of money and the incentive is profit, as in other industrial societies. So it was neither a sinister law of money nor depravity of the profit motive, any more than it was the institution of private property, that ever hindered prosperity here or elsewhere. All differences arise from what people conceive to be the right use of these powers. Yet it had been often proposed to abolish money and profit and destroy private property so that people might freely produce and freely consume.

Between producer and consumer there is no conflict. As well speak of a conflict between the two poles of electricity. There is the necessity to create by effort that which we wish to enjoy, and from this comes a state of tension, the same in a man who may be living alone on a South Sea island as among 120,000,000 people living together on a continent. There is only this difference—that among 120,000,000 people working together as one economic society there must be a partition of effort and a division of enjoyments. Then exchange, money, capital, method, organization and system, tending to become impersonal, with the danger that much quarreling over division will impede the effort and limit the quantity to be divided. A science of production develops sooner than a science of distribution. Naturally so. Exertion before enjoyment.

The Social Meaning of Production

THE Commerce Yearbook of the United States, 1926, says:

> During the earlier history of the country its progress was in considerable part owing to the opening up of new resources. The increase of output during recent decades, however, cannot be attributed to this cause. There have been some new discoveries of minerals, notably of petroleum, but these contributions have been offset by the partial using up of other resources and by the necessity, with the growth of population, of extending cultivation to somewhat inferior lands. The principal factors in the recent increase of productivity therefore are human as distinct from natural factors.

Not until about the year 1900 did the American mind begin to act in a characteristic manner on economic problems. Previously it had been obsessed with production as phenomena.

Since then it has more and more emphasized the social meaning of production, and with this change of view came the astonishing revelation that in proportion as you emphasize its social meaning so will it increase as phenomena.

So great and unexperted has been the extension of the human power of production in American industry since 1900 that it begins to be treated as an event—a second industrial revolution. And the reason why foreign observers find it so difficult to understand is that they regard it as phenomena and not as meaning.

(Continued on Page 64)

Fordson Plant, of the Ford Motor Co., 1927. A Perfect Panorama of Industry. The Capital Means in the Foreground—That is, the Means for Producing Wealth in the Form of Tractors. In the Background the Industrial City. An Illustration, Moreover, of How American Industry Tends to Create Its Own Capital. All This Was Done Without Benefit of Wall Street Finance. Consumers Financed It, Showing How in Our Scheme It Is Proved That Consumption Finances Production

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

"YOU'RE frightened," said Paula at last, "but you're not ashamed of yourself."

"That's exactly how I feel," replied Tappen, taking his eyes from her face and boring his stick into the loam. "It was very important that you shouldn't tell Joan anything about me until I had had a chance to speak and to show you something."

"How did you get by the gate?"

"I didn't. I climbed over the wall."

"You're always climbing over walls. I think perhaps that's your most marked characteristic and your greatest weakness. If you had managed to reach me through the gate it would have shown strength instead of gymnastics."

He looked up at her, color tingeing his bronzed cheek bones.

"You should have been a diagnostician or a vivisectionist. You've put your finger on the biggest fault in my make-up—the thing that keeps me from being a greater and a colder man than I am."

"Let's stop hurting each other," she said quickly, her voice taking on a deeper tone. "I'll be truthful. It's the thing that makes you lovable, Cornell. Whether it's right or wrong for you to be here, I'm so glad to see you I feel I could cry."

"But don't!" he begged, his face lighting up with the look of sudden youth which made him different from all other men.

"I won't," she laughed. "There's something actually doggish about you when you're forgiven. You don't wriggle or bark, but you express a sort of pæan of joy just the same."

"Reading me again," he said, his smile broadening as he let his stick fall to the ground and took a step toward her.

What Could He be Saying to Her and What Could the Child be Thinking?

"Yes, you may sit down, but please remember the eyes of the woods. I'm still dazed or I wouldn't be taking things so calmly."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't."

"You think so. You've just broken a charmed circle I've protected for years, and you expect me to be casual about it!"

His face sobered.

"Not casual. That's the last thing ——"

"Look around you," she ordered. "I wonder what you thought big enough to give you the right to destroy this refuge?"

"That's a fair question and here's the answer: Anything that could make the refuge unnecessary in your mind would justify what I've done."

"Then it's going to be a matter of opinion," she said with a faint touch of bitterness.

"No; a matter of cold fact. I've worked for a month as I've never worked before. If Abdul and I should slip out of the country, there wouldn't be a shade of change in the condition which existed up to the moment I first saw you. I mean it literally. If you can wipe me out of your mind, I can promise to lift myself out of your life, leaving it exactly as it was—leaving your secret as whole as ever."

"Prove it to me."

"It's a long business, but I'll do it. All I ask is that you listen to me soberly, with your head as well as your heart. Do you promise?"

"I'll try."

"Will you trust me enough to answer a question once in a while?"

"If it harms no one."

"When the war broke out you came to France as Paula Newcombe, a young girl—very young—not much over twenty."

"Twenty-one. I was in Paris already."

"But you stayed. You had money and gave it, but that wasn't enough. You worked, you did whatever there was to do. You saw others doing the same. It was a race—a sort of fever—to see who could pour out most treasure, time, trouble and strength. A moment could hold a year and sometimes the whole of a life—no time for the ancient standard of weights and measures. Such a moment came to you, possibly while I happened to be in Paris. You married—you gave yourself. You gave yourself—and then you woke up; very soon; perhaps the next day. Tell me about your marriage."

She sat staring at the ground for so long that he thought she was not going to answer, but finally she spoke quietly and without restraint: "It's all so long ago, so changed, so cold, but you've warmed it up and brought it near again. Everything was just as you say. It seems so foolish now, but all gifts became equal melted down to a single level in those burning days. If you gave an orange or a house they were somehow the same, not to you alone but to everybody else. There was nothing—really nothing—big enough to bargain about. Partial refusals didn't go. You either gave or you didn't, whichever was kindest. Do you wish to know his name?"

"It isn't vital."

"He was Capt. John Tennant Oliver, alone in the world except for his mother, and she's gone now. Waiting for him killed her. I knew him for three days. That's all he had—three days. There was some little thing he did that made me love him—something so simple it was like pulling a trigger.

"When he asked me to marry him it was I who said he could have me, but there wasn't time for marriage. Yes, I was willing to give myself to him outright. I wanted to do it that way because it seemed warmer, more generous. He looked as you looked the other day—a sort of horror. So I forced him to stand up in the crowded café and shout for a chaplain. It was like wormwood to him, but I said it was that or nothing."

"You don't even remember the chaplain's name," said Tappen.

She glanced at him. "How did you know?"

"I've been putting myself back there. . . . Go on."

"Of course there was a lot of gayety, but not a sign that anyone thought that sort of marriage out of the way; and it wasn't—it wouldn't have been ——"

"I know—if he had come back."

"Yes. We were in dead earnest. We even left the café because people were getting noisy—good-naturedly noisy—but I'm sorry now we didn't have it done there in front of the crowd. The chaplain wasn't playing a game either. He was only solemnly drunk and he warned us over and over again that we must be remarried. He was the one who put it into my head to say nothing to anyone until things were properly arranged. So I didn't tell a soul; I didn't even write home."

"The chaplain was killed?"

"Within a week; but John was only reported missing. They couldn't find a sign of him—they never have. Of course I did everything possible to trace him, just for myself at first, and very quietly. Then I—I knew about Joan, and it was as though a bomb had burst without a sound. I was alone—absolutely alone—and I've been alone ever since. I had to make up my mind, choose my course,

and stick to it, by myself. Without ever talking. That's why ——"

"I know," murmured Tappen. He found her hand and held it. There was something so relaxed in its habitual firmness that he had a feeling he could have turned and taken her body in his arms on the same terms. But that was not the kind of victory he wanted. "You must have gone through an agony of thinking," he murmured, "to come to that particular decision."

She nodded her head slowly. "I had plenty of money and plenty of time to weigh things. I began by keeping my mouth tight shut. Somehow I felt sure there couldn't be any harm in that, and I don't think there ever has been. Silence grew on me from day to day, and after Joan was born, down here in the gardener's cottage, it became a sort of mania. Of course you realize she's the only thing that counts."

"Yes, and it's right that she should be."

"I don't care a snap about what people think or say of me. The kindest have credited me with an insane allegiance to one lover. Others have given me a dozen. Still others pretend that I'm a periodic dipsomaniac or worse. But it doesn't matter in the least; it only helps. If it hadn't been for that sort of thing, do you think I could have kept a breath from touching Joan?"

"Never!"

"I think she's the happiest child alive—almost too happy. She's the bird born in captivity that's never known anything but its lovely cage. But when the cage becomes too small ——" She took his hand between her own and held it with an increasing pressure. "That's what frightens me; it's why I forgive you—why I love you for being here and letting me say the things I've never said."

"She can have the whole world for her cage," he murmured, sitting very still.

"Yes; but on what terms? I thought it out. If I could have had something to show to give her a name—even a divorce perhaps. But to have her fathered only by an assertion—a story that people might pretend to swallow, but always with their tongues in their cheeks ——"

"Your people too?"

"Oh, no. They would have believed what I said, but that wouldn't have helped, because they are what they are. The sweetness of my father and mother—you can't imagine it and I can't paint it for you. Somehow they've kept the bloom of eternal innocence. I can only tell you that the truth itself—the thing I did—would have made a wound that nothing could heal. They would have forgiven and loved with their whole hearts, but never understood, and that's the kind of forgiveness that kills the giver and tortures the forgiven."

"How much does Joan know?"

"Nothing beyond what I've told her, and that's very little. I've simply said that some day her father might come back—that she could hope, but that she must never really count on it."

"You've taught her never to call you mother?"

"Yes, I had to. Suppose you had been somebody else—somebody who knew me but had never heard of her." She began to tremble. "Joan is part of me, more a part of me than just flesh and blood. She would have come up to scratch, you can be sure. A stranger might have guessed, but never by any slip of Joan's."

Tappen reached into his pocket with his free hand and drew out a paper. "I'm going to show you something that possesses the power to perform a miracle. I'm not what you'd call a religious man, but during the last month I've grown to believe in a Providence that is willing to build whenever we mortals give it the chance of a foundation. This paper is a transcript of an unassailable record. It looks like nothing at all, but it's a scythe that can cut off every one of your troubles at the roots in a single sweep."

"That's incredible," she said, straightening away from him, body and spirit, "but you may give it to me."

"Not yet," said Tappen, "because I haven't finished. I must tell you at least what to look for—what it really contains. It has already given Joan a father, whether you decide to accept him or not. It will enable you to take her openly with you wherever you like and allow her to call you what she pleases. It's the door that opens from her cage and yours into a free world, and on such terms as you yourself care to make."

"Don't torment me. You've blurred my eyes so I can't see to read. What is it?"

"A certificate attesting beyond any possible question that you and I were married in Paris nine years ago." He laid the paper in her lap, arose and picked up his stick.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"To walk around awhile and give you a chance to discover that the bit of news I've given you has more facets than a diamond, and all of them cut true to the central table. Nobody you know knows me. I was in Paris in the fall of 1915, and my time since can be reasonably accounted for, since I was a pauper up to the day I landed in France. Turn the stone and you'll realize that if Abdul and I should go back tomorrow, we still leave in your hands a weapon with a sure edge. Turn it again and you'll see an open road to divorce. Lay it in your palm and you'll learn it can contain just as easily your happiness and mine, if only you have the courage to close your hand."

When he left her she read the excerpt from a *livret de mariage*, not once but many times. She sat thinking for a long time, her brows knotted in a frown; then her forehead began to smooth out little by little till it seemed to have borrowed some of the translucence of the bright day. She folded the paper across and across until it formed a compact square not much more than an inch wide. Then she set it in the hollow of her hand and stared at it with the intentness of one gazing into a crystal. Neither her eyes nor her lips actually smiled, but the longer she looked the more did her face become alive. It was as though something were stirring deep within her and declaring itself only by widening ripples of light. She was scarcely aware that Tappen had returned to stand beside her, but when she realized his presence, her hand closed firmly on the folded paper before she looked up at him.

"You'll never regret it," he said quietly, his eyes burning into hers. "That goes for whatever happens."

She motioned to him to sit beside her. "Not too close," she warned. "It's all I can do to keep my head as it is. When did you think this out?"

(Continued on Page 40

Berthe's Broad Smile Tightened Into a Pursed Pout and One of Her Eyebrows Went Higher Than the Other

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Borrowers

OFFICIAL propaganda for war-debt cancellation has never ceased in Europe. Some Americans have supported it; certain of them have made it their vocation to do so. There is no defense against it—there is little or no defense against any foreign propaganda in this country—but the activity of common sense. Most people have said after all it did no harm, except perhaps to the debtors' case. It is different, however, when the idea of not paying becomes schematically organized in the political thought of Europe. That has happened.

Note the sequence of events. The happy proposal to cancel war debts was fundamentally a plan to make America pay and let Germany off. Lloyd George put it before President Wilson, who first characterized and then flatly rejected it. The British and French then launched an emotional propaganda here, and that failed. The only alternative was to make Germany pay. They tried to do that, and learned that even with bayonets, even though they held in pledge Germany's industrial heart, still they could not make her pay. They came that way to an impasse. Then political wisdom began to act in the Old World manner. Why should they be turning Germany's empty pockets inside out? Was it not better to have unlimited credit with the most productive, prodigal and politically naïve people in the world?

Great Britain, on her own initiative, made a long-term settlement of her debt to the United States Treasury. Having funded her debt, she borrowed a great sum of gold in Wall Street and went about putting the pound sterling on a gold basis. Other debtor nations followed her example. As fast as they made funding arrangements at the United States Treasury—which means that they substituted sixty-two-year bonds for their promissory notes—they appeared in Wall Street as borrowers. France was the last to come with a definite gesture. She, too, made a funding bargain. The French parliament afterward refused to ratify it. Nevertheless, France began to make payments on account because she had a big loan coming due in Wall Street which she wished to renew, not to pay, and if she had been entirely contumacious with her debt to the United States Treasury she might have been obliged to pay it.

All this was fairly obvious. Never was it possible to conceal the fact that hope of access to American funds in Wall Street was the motive to fund war debts with the United States Treasury.

But Americans as lenders had further possibilities. If at the same time Germany could get a pipe line into the Wall Street money vat, the flow of American capital to Europe could be enormously increased.

Suddenly Great Britain and France said to the American Government, diplomatically, though informally: "You see what a terrible, terrible bungle we have made of all this reparations business. We are too much involved in our own prejudices to see anything clearly. Won't you send some Americans unofficially to work us out of this dilemma? We need your wonderful advice."

We were deeply flattered; we do love to give advice. Certain Americans were indicated. They sat down in Europe with the principals and invented the famous Dawes Plan, which was an attempt to say how much Germany could pay to begin with and how much the annuities could be increased yearly up to a maximum of two and a half billions of gold marks in five years. Everybody accepted the plan, including the Germans. Its grand features were two. One was that to establish a new German currency in place of the one she had repudiated, largely at the expense of American buyers of paper marks, American gold would be provided. The other was that as soon as the Dawes Plan got to working, Germany could float loans in Wall Street, having recovered her credit on borrowed American gold. German flotations in Wall Street began at once—first the German Government's gold loan to start the Dawes Plan off; then bond issues for German states, municipalities, cities, banks, industries and intentions, in amazing volume. This German borrowing has continued ever since.

Prior to the Dawes Plan the Germans had paid nothing out of their own resources on account of reparations. What they did was to sell the whole world—to Americans more easily and more heavily than to any other people—paper marks worth only what it cost to print them. The proceeds were handed over to the Allies. When Germany could not sell any more paper marks she stopped paying reparations.

Since the Dawes Plan, she has paid nothing out of her own resources on account of reparations. Directly and indirectly, she has been paying the Allies from the proceeds of Wall Street loans.

This was evident from the beginning as a financial fact. Now it is notorious. The French are silent, except to say they will never ratify a funding agreement with the United States Treasury that does not contain a safeguard clause to let France off in the event that Germany stops paying. The English have been saying for some time that if Germany stops borrowing in Wall Street, or exhausts her credit there, then certainly she cannot continue to make these reparation payments under the Dawes Plan. And the Germans at last calmly admit that they have been paying reparations from the proceeds of American loans. The head of the German Reichsbank publicly says so. They give as their reason for now admitting it the fear that otherwise Germany's actual capacity to pay will be misunderstood. That is not the whole reason.

Germany, hitherto passive, now is prepared to join with the Allies in demanding from the United States a cancellation of the Allied war debts, on the strange ground that she is unable to pay both reparations under the Dawes Plan and interest on her American loans, and of course, this is always added—reparations must come first. Therefore, unless the Allies let Germany off, she will be unable to pay the American investors who have put their money into German loans; and, on the other hand, the Allies cannot let Germany off unless the United States Treasury will let them off.

The game is played. The Yankee investor is in a hole. If his Government continues to collect war debts from Europe he may lose his private investments there. So, as the English and the Germans and the French all think, he is the person from now on, worried particularly about his German investments, who will urge upon the American Government the necessity to cancel the Allied war debt to the United States Treasury.

So Germany moves on from the League of Nations to a seat with the League of Debtors. The front is solid. The joke is complete. The joke is on us. Which will we have—war debts or the security of our postwar investments? Shall we cancel the war debts to save our private loans in Europe, or insist on the war debts and jeopardize these? One is a debt to the American nation, for which all the people will have to be taxed if the debtors do not pay. The other is a debt to private persons, as individuals. Europe thinks the private investor will win, because, in similar circumstances there, he would win against the people. The only party that cannot lose is Europe. She has the money. She has spent it. Those American dollar chasers! What of them? The wonder is that people so stupid have any dollars to lend.

The Big Three

THE Seventieth Congress has its work cut out for it. There is not only routine business to be dispatched—the appropriations bill and the ratification of certain treaties—but there are three major items of legislation pressing for attention. These are the reduction of taxation, measures for flood control and a broad comprehensive plan for farm relief. No three topics for debate could be of natures more diverse, and yet all three have one characteristic in common. In principle, safe majorities are ready to support them; but divergence of opinion in regard to details is so acute that all three projects are in more danger from the activities of their friends than from those of their enemies. The forthcoming bills for flood control and farm relief will be fortunate if they are not killed by kindness.

The new Congress got away to a flying start. The autumn activities of the Committee on Ways and Means were fruitful in that they cut away much of the underbrush of taxation polity and revealed with considerable clearness the possibilities of the situation. Engineering studies engaged in by the Army have resulted in a chain of definite projects for the protection of the people of the Mississippi River basin. Constant discussion has clarified the problem of farm relief. All three patients can be saved if the doctors do not waste too much time in profitless disagreement.

Burdensome taxation, which is the very shadow of slipshod government, must be forced out of fashion. Every reform should, by all logic, begin at home. Tax reform is no exception; but unfortunately most of us know less about what is going on at our own county seat than we do about what is happening at the national capital, even though it be a thousand miles away. Shining examples have a peculiar value. Whatever we can effect at Washington we can, with sufficient resolution, bring to pass at home.

Nothing that Congress can do in the matter of abatement of Federal taxes will please everyone. It should therefore be guided by the equities and the safe possibilities of the situation. Subject to the modification of details, Secretary Mellon's recommendations appear to have taken both main factors and all their subfactors into careful account. No business man need be told of the widely distributed hardships imposed by the corporation tax of thirteen and a half per cent. It increases the hazards of every competitive and well-run corporate business. It raises the price of goods to the consumer; it saps the ability of company directors to set up proper surpluses either for future expansion or as a protection against periods of trade depression. It increases disproportionately the personal taxes of those who are already paying surtaxes. It comes off the top of the bottle and tends to keep down the dividends payable to corporation stockholders. Its burden is laid upon three-quarters of the entire population of the country.

The moderate reduction of surtaxes in the middle brackets proposed by Mr. Mellon should be regarded as a step in the right direction and one which would have some tendency to equalize the concessions already made to taxpayers who receive smaller incomes. The abolition of Federal inheritance taxes would right an economic wrong that has already been tolerated much too long.

With the results of the labors of the Committee on Ways and Means at its disposal, even allowing for senatorial deliberation, Congress should be able to complete its tax revision in fairly short order and clear the way for the other pressing legislative business which is about to come before it.

Are Editorials Worth Reading?

By JAMES M. CAIN

THE other day I was the recipient of fulsome compliments on a story that had appeared in the newspaper I work for. But as it happened, I had not written it; another writer bearing the same name was responsible. "But you do write for that paper, don't you?" asked my eulogist, obviously anxious to retrieve his blunder by offering me some kind of compliment.

"Yes," I said, only too eager to be thus placated, "I write editorials."

"Oh," he remarked somewhat vaguely. "Oh, yeah." Then, apparently having decided that since the case was hopeless, he had just as well be frank, he added: "You know I never read the editorial page—in your paper or any other paper."

I reflected on this. He was an intelligent fellow, as I had discovered from previous acquaintance with him; he was well read, he knew what was going on in the world. In fact, he was precisely the type of enlightened, hard-boiled American citizen for whom I had supposed that my own erudite compositions would have an almost irresistible appeal.

"Why not?" I asked at length. "What's the matter with the editorial page?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "All that dry stuff—I just won't take the time to wade through it."

I have been thinking that fellow over since then, for I know there are a great many people like him. They are the kind of people, I take it, who have almost a pathological fear of being bored; the kind of people who make their livings in such fashion that they do not come in close contact with the practical, prosaic aspects of life; the kind of people who do not join the clubs, attend the meetings or listen to the speeches that engage practical folk; the kind of people, in short, who have no direct concern with many of the things which a newspaper discusses, and who demand that their reading matter be interesting on its own account as well as in relation to some practical problem that stands at the moment in need of a solution. And it must be admitted that if the editorial page has nothing to offer them there is something radically wrong with it; it may be a force for the community good, but it is woefully lacking in intellectual punch.

Well, does it offer them anything? Taking one American newspaper with another, I should say that it does. Of course, it labors under a dreadful handicap at the outset in the matter of its appearance. It is solemn, austere, forbidding. Moreover, casual inspection of its lengthy paragraphs shows that they do not belie their looks. They deal with stuffy subjects, exactly the dry stuff that bored my friend, and they are filled with many a tedious whereas and windy wherefore.

Yet it would be a mistake to judge the page by these things alone. The undertaker clothes are to some extent obligatory. The corporate awfulness of the paper speaks here, remember, and any undue frivolity in attire would not be seemly.

And the whereases and wherefores, together with all the dull discussions to which they relate, get into the paper by reason of circumstances whose existence the layman does not suspect at all, and which, if they are explained a little, may help to clear up a number of misunderstandings.

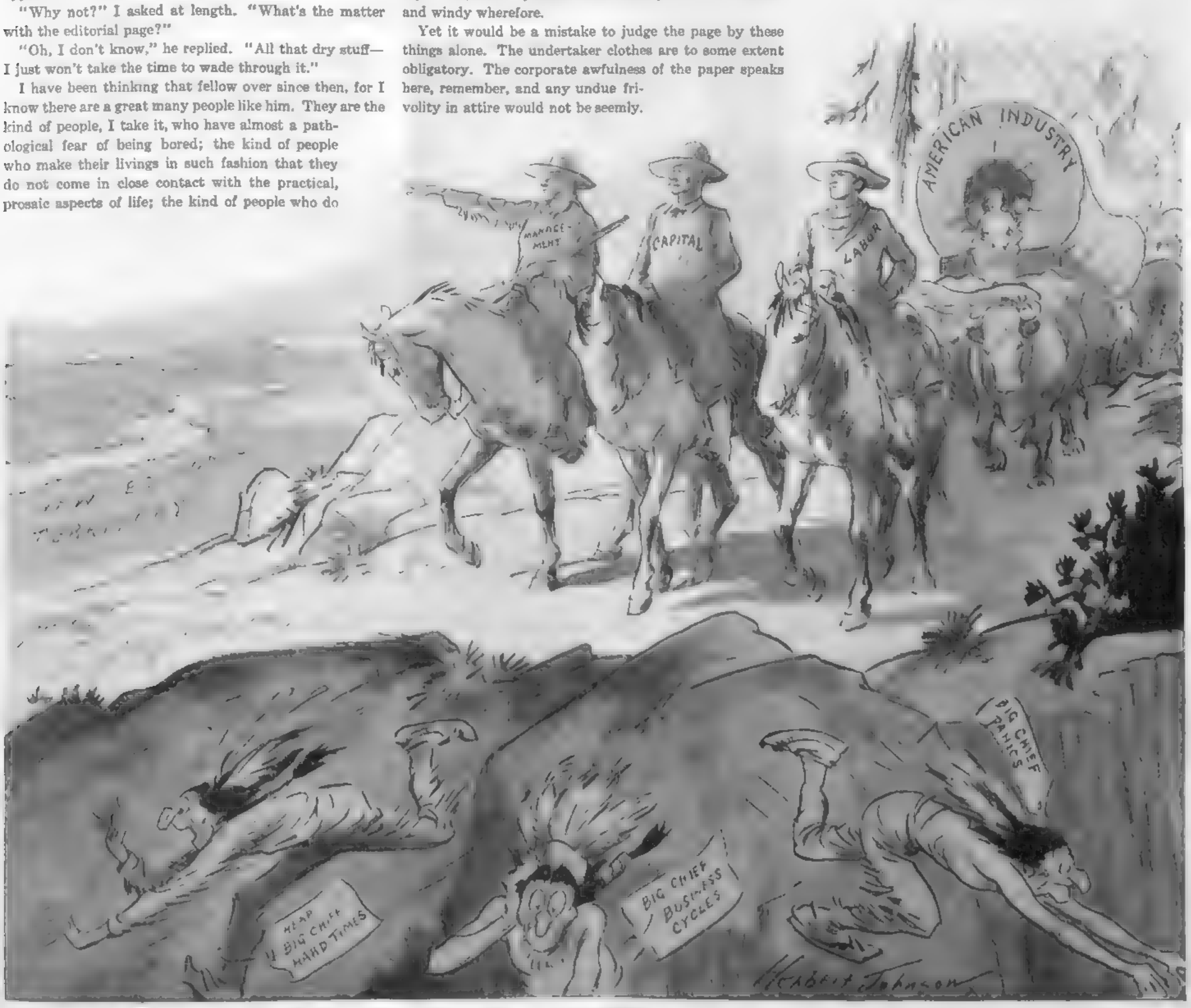
The truth is that the editor is just as much bored by the dry stuff as anybody else. Yet he has to publish it, because to neglect it would mean a withdrawal from that contact with everyday life which is the heart of every newspaper. It may be classified roughly under the following heads:

1. Party editorials. During campaigns, and even between campaigns, newspapers must lend support to the parties with which they are affiliated, else they forgo all chance of being heard when legislation is enacted.

2. Civic editorials. Innumerable movements of a public nature must either be indorsed or opposed, else the paper loses a real opportunity for public service.

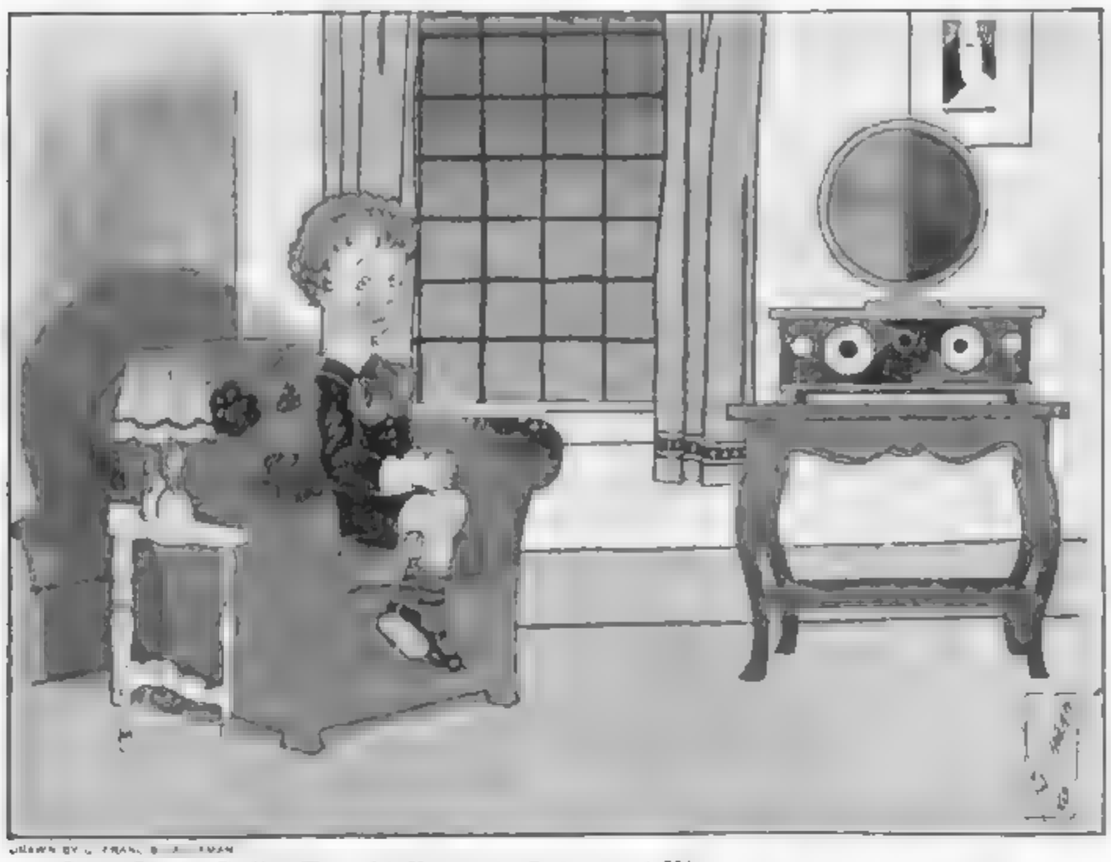
3. Policy editorials. Practically every newspaper has certain pet schemes which it thinks are for the public good,

(Continued on Page 38)



PIONEERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Poor Little Rollo, Taught Never to Interrupt His Elders, Doesn't Dare Tune Out the Lecturer on the Home Life of the House Fly to Hear His Favorite Bedtime-Story Lady

"Father Won't Give Me Back My Skis!"

The Point of View

LOVE hunted him; he was love's happy quarry;
The hounds of love tore at his offered flesh;
The glorious victim in love's long safari,
He shouted to be sacrificed afresh.

Love lit his heart with unimagined splendor,
Love sang in yet-unapprehended strains.
Ah, welcome conqueror! Ah, sweet surrender!
What joyful bondage in what nestling chains!

He could not hide the transformation wrought in
His being; for he heard a neighbor say,
Smirking the while: "I hear that John is caught in
A hell of an affair with Mrs. J."

—Morris Bishop.

The Successful Wife

SHE has learned not to open the morning paper, but to place it, in its original creases, at her husband's breakfast plate.

She does not read the back of it across the dining-room table.

When he puts down the first section, she does not seize it, though her fingers twitch.

When he finishes the second part, she lets it fall to the floor unnoticed.

Juvenile Moving-Picture Star: "Make Me a Child Again Just for Tonight"

At the door she insists that he wait while she folds the pieces so he can take the paper with him.

After he has gone, she asks the maid to bring fresh coffee and the bootlegged extra copy of the paper.

—McCready Huston.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

"WILLIE, my boy," asked Uncle Ed, "do you believe in Santa Claus?"

"Well," said the lad, "yes and no. If you consider the proposition as an abstract perception to be interpreted in a figurative light, I do. If you refer not to the reputed manifestation—that is, the actual physical phenomenon as it is currently presented—but to the symbolic element contained therein, I likewise answer in the affirmative. Perhaps what I mean is that if you can so arrange your thought processes that you find yourself dealing primarily with the question of an abiding experience in a constantly changing category, then you have imparted to it a positive realism.

"Now, on the other hand, if you ignore the symbolic factor, with its conclusion that virtue will be rewarded appropriately in some materialistic manner, together with the converse, and substitute therefor a questionable hypothesis which requires literal acceptance or final rejection, naturally I would be forced to the negative stand. Any number of reasons are apparent, Uncle Ed: I need only mention that modern transportation facilities, wonderful as they are, yet have their limitations. Again, if there is an implication that an idea must, or should be, subscribed to because it has acquired conventional and traditional properties, I must also reject it, since that is no basis whatever for an opinion. At the same time, please do not forget, Uncle Ed, that I maintain an open mind on every question." *—David B. Park.*

The Last Word

"WHAT made me so sore," said Mrs. Agawam, as she explained her difficulty with her neighbor, Mrs. Mawaga, "was her thinkin' she could high-hat me.

(Continued on Page 47)

"Oh, Wilfred! You're So Brave!"

Before Allowing Him to Venture Forth for the Day Mrs. Mark Puts Her Husband Through His Morning Sales-Resistance Exercises

Now
for a real treat in rich bean flavor!
They're slow-cooked

You enjoy every bean on your plate! Probably this explains why Campbell's Beans have so many "steady users." In fact this special quality distinguishes Campbell's—the very last bean you eat is as delicious as the first.

Only beans thoroughly cooked to bring out their full flavor could be so appealing to the appetite. The long, slow Campbell's cooking sends the heat to every particle of the bean structure. There it lingers until the "meat" of the bean is tender, yielding, digestible. You taste all the flavor. You get the benefit of all the nutriment. Serve Campbell's Beans today.

Slow-cooked
Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

By William Hickman Pickens

Lieutenant Locklear Changing Planes in Mid-Air

ON SATURDAY afternoon, April 25, 1925, more than 48,000 people sat in the Los Angeles Coliseum, a magnificent concrete bowl dedicated by Southern California to amateur sports. The crowd rose and cheered wildly as a baggy-looking figure stepped out of an arched tunnel into the sunlight, blinked, and then ambled around the running track in a practice lap. The figure was well bundled up in the loose collegiate sweat uniform, and as it ran it lifted its knees like a Burgundy peasant stamping wine grapes. That mob of 48,000 had paid to see Finland's greatest runner, and as he went by them, lifting his feet like a high-school horse, they yelled:

"Nurmi! Nurmi!"

If the baggy athlete was Nurmi, he didn't admit it. He completed his prim, concise trial jog and then went back into the tunnel without wasting a nod on his enthusiastic admirers. You could shout praises in Nurmi's ear all week and he wouldn't turn his head until Saturday night. It was practically impossible to snap his picture, as he insisted on turning his back on the cameramen.

Nurmi was quite a puzzle to me. Yet I took that personality of Nurmi's and utilized it to attract the greatest crowds that ever saw amateur athletic meets.

You might say that Will H. Pickens deserved no credit, for Nurmi is the world's greatest pathfinder. Before he had arrived in Los Angeles, he had left guiding footprints for Joie Ray, Lloyd Hahn, Willie Ritola and other great runners to follow. He had busted every clay pipe in the shooting gallery.

Ballyhoo for the Sudden Finn

THERE is an old saying that figures do not lie, but figurers do. My crowd of 48,000 was authenticated by official check-up. Let's see what the great Nurmi had accomplished before that. Aside from an attendance of 11,000 in the old Madison Square Garden, he toured the United States and Canada, drawing crowds of from 2000 to 5000 people. Up to Nurmi's appearance in California, the average attendance for field and track meets in Los Angeles was about 4000 or 5000.

The sudden leap in attendance figures was stimulated by the hypodermic of professional ballyhooing. Before that, Nurmi had simply run on his merits. I made him run on his eccentricities.

My radical style of publicity resulted in frequent run-ins with the fundamentalists of the amateur athletic school, whose method of passing the hat at front doors clashed with Will H. Pickens' style of grabbing his coin at the gate. I crashed into the amateur racket under perfect auspices. The Los Angeles Post of the Rainbow Division had engaged the services of Paavo Nurmi at the suggestion of Harry Pollok, a New Yorker who had promoted the series of Marathons between Johnny Hayes and Dorando, immediately following the disputed finish at the London Olympics of 1908. The officials of the Rainbow Division got Nurmi's agreement to run in their benefit athletic meet and engaged my services to exploit it and make it the biggest thing of the year. I had two months, which is none too long, to smoke up the ballyhoo.

The first step was to plaster Los Angeles with twenty-four-sheets bearing the legend: Nurmi is Coming.

This information wasn't necessary for the real athletic fan, but was intended for the populace who didn't know whether Nurmi was a new soft drink or an antiseptic toothbrush. Soon the man in the street car began to ask the motorman about the identity of Nurmi. I allowed the twenty-four-sheets to soak in for two weeks, and then through the sport pages began to ask, "Who is Nurmi going to run against?"

That was something to nibble over. Nurmi had trimmed all opponents in America with the same ease that a lighthouse keeper trims a lampwick. There were no distance runners in the West whose records compared with Nurmi's. There is nothing more critical than a youthful athletic critic just out of college. The result was the creating of the general impression that Nurmi's exhibition in Los Angeles would be just that, and not a contest.

Tex McLaughlin Changing Planes While Hanging Head Down

Opponents

EVEN Charley Paddock, the great Olympic sprinter, got into the controversy and wrote an article in an afternoon paper in which he deplored the lack of real competition for the Finn. Paddock's article was so well written that I decided he was the man I wanted to see. And I was right, for Paddock's head moves as fast as his feet. I asked him if he could dig up any distance runners who could be used to smoke up Nurmi and still be good enough to make the affair a contest and not a farce.

He asked for a little time to scout around, and the next time I heard from him he was up at the Sherman Indian School at Riverside, California.

Two days later I was enthused to read one of Paddock's articles extolling the cross-country merits of the Far-West Indian, the only native American who stood a chance of showing Nurmi the way to gallop over a landscape. It took an amateur star to provide a professional promoter with the pith, bone and marrow of the steam-up for the Nurmi ballyhoo. The faculty of the Sherman School was most enthusiastic over the idea and immediately started a group of twelve of their sturdiest Indian athletes leaping and hopping all around the mountains. These Indian lads from Sherman were real scooters who thought nothing of running from breakfast to dinner just to work up an appetite for supper.

Paddock volunteered to show the Indians how to make his quick starts and flashing finishes. I sent a press agent out to the school and every day the California papers got a new load of information. One day the boys would train on pemmican. The next day they would run in moccasins. Then they would discard the leather ground-grippers and skip around barefoot. They did everything but scamper in rubber boots. They ate jerked deer meat, which endowed them with such superhuman running powers that we were forced to sprain their ankles in order to get them to bed. They discarded the orthodox methods of training owing to the lack of able pacemakers. They warmed up by short sprints after jack rabbits in the desert and, for a longer jaunt, would run down a wild horse or a mountain goat. Los Angeles began to wonder where these phenomenons had been hiding all the time.

When the startling news of these ever-ready Marathoners began to filter Eastward it was time to hear from Nurmi, at this time gradually working his way Westward. Now

(Continued on Page 87)

LOVELY AS A LIVING ROOM

TO THE women of today, closed car appointments are just as important as the appointments of her home. The upholstery in her car must represent the same standard of good taste that she displays in the curtains, drapes and furniture-coverings of her living room.

CA-VEL is the name of velvets preferred by furniture makers and interior decorators to enrich the home. CA-VEL —the identical fabric which upholsters many fine motor cars. It presents a durable interior that never fades, with a wearing quality that outlasts the life of the car itself. The silken, downy pile absorbs wear, while its rich, deep fibers protect the base of the fabric from becoming dust-clogged, rendering it easily cleaned. CA-VEL is lustrous—permanently colorful—of enduring beauty.

And remember when you choose a car, that CA-VEL also assures greater motoring comfort and increased value for your car at re-sale. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

PLUPYS FATHER AND MOTHER ENTERTAIN A MISSIONARY

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

SATURDAY, August 21, 186 nothing much has happened today xcept that it is jest one day neerer school whitch is bad enuf. last nite father asted me if the parrot had talked enny and when i sed no he sed he thougt there was sum reeson why mister Pope was willing to give me that parrot. he sed there was sum goke about the parrot becaus evry day when he got into the custom house Ben Sidwell or Jaky Howe or Frank Harriman or Charly Mudge or sumbody wood ask if the parrot had sed ennything and when father wood say not a single yip they wood laff and say they gessed Ivory whitch is mister Popes ferst naim, had given him a deef and dumm parrot.

so father thinks there is sumthing funny about it. but mister Pope says the parrot will talk if we wate long enuf and are pacient and then he kind of laffs and then father laffs and says time will tell Ivory. and Ivory, that is mister Pope you know, says it always has George and it always will. but father wants to know what the goke is.

Sunday, August 22, 186—today the parrot let out a auful screach. mother thougt she had rocked on the cats tale. ennyway it aint dumm. ennything that can let out sutch a screach as that can lern to talk. i think it is getting fond of me. it will taik peaces of apple and cracker out of my hands and doesent bite me quite as often as it did or so bad.

we all went to chirch today. i thougt of the parrots screach and laffed out loud. i was mottifide most to deth.

Monday, August 23, 186—there is going to be a town meating about the concreek. the man was going to give another xibition but the concreek that so menny fellers got stuck in is as hard as a brick now and a elephant cood walk on it and not brake throug. at the town meating the peeple are going to deside whether to have it or not. lots of peeple want it and lots of them dont and evry nite they gaw about it in the stores and on the street and there have been a lot of fites.

Tuesday, August 24, 186—what do you think. the parrot can talk and sware. this morning i had been cleening its cage and left it on the setting room table while i went out to get a cracker. well the old cat gumped on the table and reeched her paw in to claw the parrot and the parrot grabed her paw in its beak and bit it terible and pulled as hard as it cood and the old cat squalled and spit and finaly got away and the parrot screached scat dam you scat so you cood hear it a mile and the cat ran out into the ketchen with its back humped up and its tale as big as a fether duster and growled and miowed and woodent come out.

i never herd ennything so funny in my life. but when i fed the parrot insted of taiking the cracker out of my hand it bit my fingers wirse than it ever had did whitch dident seam so funny as when it bit the cat. and then it clumed all over its cage upside down and laffed jest like a old woman way up in the treble cleft. i gess father will have sumthing to tell the custom house men tomorrow.

the parrot dident say ennything more today and the cat dident come out from under the stove until this afternoon and then she held up one front paw when she walked. i bet that old cat wont try to ketch that parrot again. mother says she is afrade that parrot has been keeping bad company but i sed that what the parrot sed was jest what a man always says when he is scatting a cat away from the table when she is lapping the milk, and that she hadent augt to blaim a innocent bird for pertecting its life and liberty and persuit of happiness. if it hadent bit that cat and swoar at her it wood have been drug throug the wires of the cage and et alive fethers and all. i dident mind its biting me a bit. it has bit me so menny times that i have got used to it. if it dident bite me sumtimes i shood think sumthing was rong with it.

Wensday, August 25, 186—fite last nite down town. Beany saw it. i dident. Beany has all the luck. i dont have enny. it was betwean old Joshuay Getchell whitch keeps the hardware stoar and Bob Carter whitch keeps a talering shop and is ganiter of the town hall. well Bob is about half as big as Joshuay. they got gawing about the concreek sidewalks. Joshuay dident want them and Bob did.

it was Bobs falt because he was sassy to Joshuay and bimeby Joshuay, whitch is about nine feet tall, reeched out to grab Bob and throw him acrost the street when Bob, whitch had been washing windows with a mopp and a pale of soft sope sudds swung the mopp round and hit old Joshuay square in the face and filled his eys and nose and mouth and whiskers with soft sope and sudds so that he coodent see a thing and while old Joshuay was grabbing for Bob he grabbed old William Weeks and throwed him almost over to the town hall and then he grabbed the advent minister and throwed him almost as far and it took 3 policemen and 2 jestices of the piece and old Ammi Wiggin the undertaker to hold him and xplane.

well after they had taiken him into his hardware store and washed the sope out of his eys he told old William Weaks and the minister that the pain of the soft sope in his eys drove him crasy and he dident know what he was doing and he sed he was sorry and so they forgave him.

when father herd of it he sed he wished he cood have seen it beraus it must have looked like the fite between David and Goliar. then father whitch can maik up poitry jest as eezy as can be maid up this one

when Goliar of old and David the bold
both entered the ring full of hope
Dave rose in his mite and put out Gols lite
with a verry strong blast of soft sope.

(Continued on Page 50)

Just Then the Door Opened and in Come the Missionery and His Wife and Caugt Father With One Hind Leg in the Air and Caugt Us All Laffing and Triing to Keep Quiet

S W I F T

During this season of good living and good cheer, the mellow, distinctive flavor of Premium Ham is especially appreciated. And what a dish it is for holiday feasts—the whole ham, ruddy-brown and lordly on its platter!

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Give a Premium Ham for Christmas

Just the happy surprise, so different from ordinary gifts, that you want for somebody on your Christmas list

Christmas Ham—*Place a Premium Ham in boiling water with one onion chopped fine, two cups chopped celery, one can tomatoes and one tablespoon allspice. Simmer, allowing thirty minutes to pound. Remove rind, sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes. Serve with gravy made as follows: Remove one-half cup of fat and syrup from pan. Add two tablespoons flour and stir over fire until brown. Add gradually one and one-half cups water, cook five minutes and season with salt and pepper.*

Swift & Company

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Getting On in the World

Character and Credit

FROM a material point of view the finest asset a young man or a young woman can have is good credit."

John W. McConnell paused to let the thought sink in.

He is the retail credit manager, this iron-gray man, of the Chicago mercantile firm of Carson Pirie Scott & Company. Beyond that, he is the dean of Chicago credit men and president of their city-wide association. Among credit men he is known nationally. He typifies a craft of men who sit at their desks in frosted-glass windowed offices and are seldom seen by the throngs that go into the nation's stores to buy goods. They are the men who, when the throngs ask to be trusted, say "Yes" or "No."

"The trouble with good credit," Mr. McConnell went on, "is that, as with other precious possessions, the possessor doesn't realize its value until he has lost it. Until a young man finds out that his reliability is doubted, he doesn't know what a blessing it is to be thought reliable. He wants to buy something, perhaps something that he really needs. He wants to go into business or he wants to buy a home. He needs credit. 'I'm sorry,' says the credit man to whom he applies, 'but, you see, your record isn't good. In fact, it looks so sort of unfavorable to us that we're obliged to refuse you.' And there you have the makings of heartache.

"Credit, you know, is founded upon reputation. A man builds his credit as he goes. He becomes known. And here's the rub—he becomes known among credit men. Nowadays, business firms throughout the country exchange information about their customers. In many cities there are credit bureaus, which collect, from multitudes of stores, what credit men call 'ledger experiences.'"

Getting the Facts on John Doe

"IN THE bureaus data are collated and filed. In many instances this information is highly detailed. As to each person whose name is in the files the record will include not merely the ledger experiences of all the stores in the city that have sold that person goods on credit, but memoranda of all the conditions and circumstances and happenings that can influence that person's ability and willingness to pay—marriage, divorce, change of occupation, garnishments, executions, and so on. Reporters employed by the bureaus visit courthouses and city halls daily and scan the records, and the information they gather goes into the bureau files.

"Generally, the procedure of granting credit is about like this: Young John Doe walks into, say, a clothing store and asks to open a charge account. He's referred to the store's credit department, where he fills out a card sets down his full name, address, occupation, names of references, and so on. Someone in the credit department then takes the card and, out of John's hearing, telephones to the coöperative credit bureau. How about John Doe, —— Milwaukee Avenue?

"In the bureau a clerk goes to the files and, from among the D's, lifts out a long Manila envelope, labeled with John's name. John, it seems, has been granted credit already, for otherwise there would be no envelope for him in the files. Inside the envelope is a collection of information about him that, in its thoroughness, probably would amaze the young man.

"The bureau clerk returns to the telephone and dispassionately but in careful detail reports the facts on John as drawn from the record. With such and such a store, John has had an account for fourteen months, has bought goods totaling such and such an amount, and always has paid for each month's purchases promptly before the tenth of the month following; with such and such another store, however, he allowed his account to lapse for ninety days; and with still another store he became so far delinquent that the store brought suit and tied up his wages. No opinions—just facts. And with the facts before it, the store to which John is applying for credit today uses its judgment.

"Maybe John really is all right. Perhaps he can explain—a run of hard luck, illness. He seems sincere. Despite the unfavorable appearance of his record, he really is a good credit risk. Very well; he gets the credit.

"If a man is to continue to enjoy the feeling of satisfaction that arises from the fact that he has credit—that someone trusts him—he must merit confidence. He must meet his obligations. If he neglects them he will encounter embarrassment and disappointment and chagrin. He will suffer many a perspiring hour of discomfort. And among credit men all over town he will become known as a man who doesn't pay.

"Understand, please, that credit men aren't just naturally hard-boiled. Our function is to protect the funds of our employers. But every one of us is employed by a concern that is engaged in selling goods, and an important part of the job of each of us is to help increase sales. The credit man who says 'No' too often and thus impedes the volume of his house—that credit man simply isn't making good.

"We know that most men are honest. Upon that premise is founded all business and upon it is based the vast present-day development of installment selling. All around us today are opportunities for buying things on time. Each of us is not merely invited to use his credit but urged to do so, and almost driven. Therein lies the young man's danger. With credit so easy everywhere, he needs to keep his head level and his feet on the ground. Willingness to pay he may have in abundance. But if he stretches his capacity to pay, it will not be long before he's in hot water. Mostly, the cause of delinquency in credit isn't dishonesty. Sometimes it's bad judgment expressed in—well, an excess of generosity. A person having a charge account at a store permits the account to be used by a friend.

"'Sure,' says the friend, 'I'll pay'—but doesn't.

"The result—impairment of the good-hearted one's credit and the end, perhaps, of a friendship. In such a situation, too, it may happen that the use of one's account by another may incur the credit department's displeasure for another reason. Every credit account is limited as to the extent—the volume in dollars and cents—to which it can be used each month. That limit, placed by the credit department, is calculated upon the person's potential ability to pay. A friend borrows the account and on it buys a couple hundred dollars' worth of goods—enough to exceed the limit by a substantial amount. Whereupon the credit department is obliged to investigate and ask embarrassing questions."

Keeping Up With the Neighbors

"SOMETIMES—in fact, entirely too often—you can trace the cause of credit delinquency to bad judgment as expressed in extravagance; and very often to the eternal competition among people, the perpetual contest to put up as good a front as the neighbors.

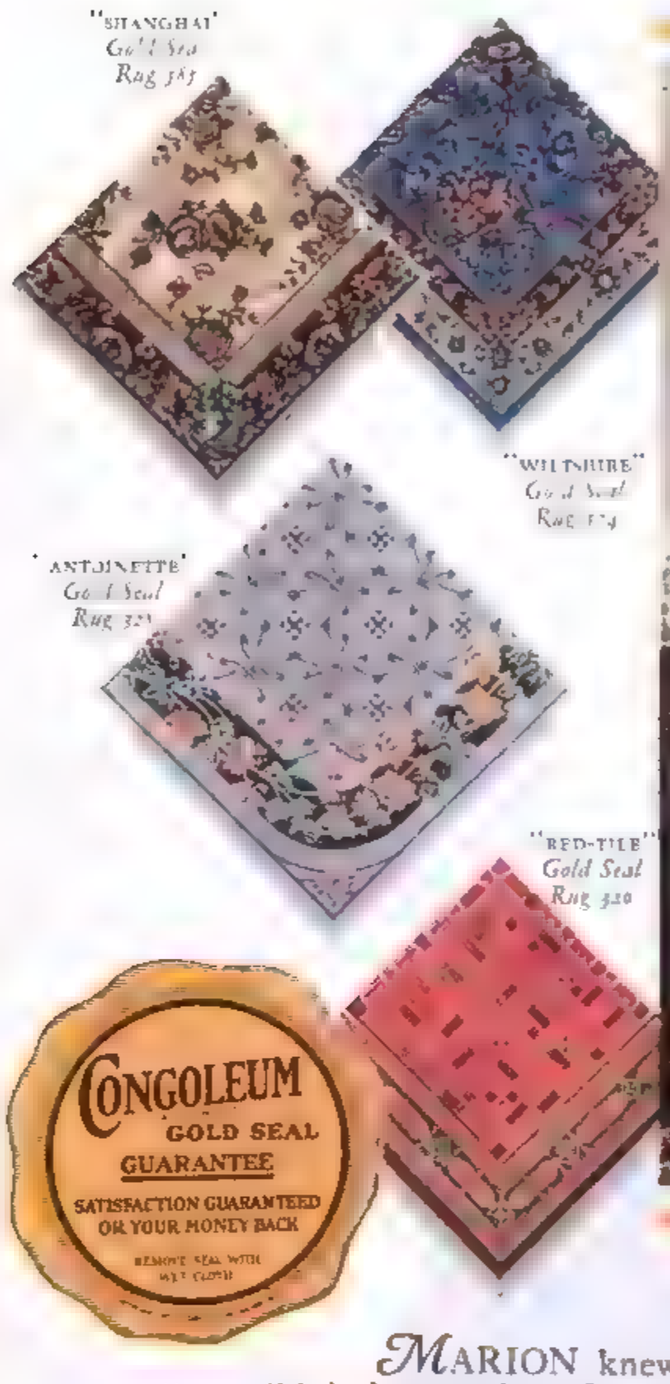
"Two couples live near each other. They're friendly—play bridge and go to the theater together. But in one household the husband earns $3500 a year; and the husband of the other household earns $7000. Yet the $3500-a-year wife tries to live just as expensively—and merely for the sake of appearance—as does her friend.

"It's odd about women. In general, unmarried women who are earning their own way are good credit risks. Seldom do they contract credit beyond their means to pay. But wives—well, I've known of instances in which men have intentionally permitted their wives' accounts to lapse into delinquency in order that the stores would refuse further credit. Of course such a situation is deplorable, for it injures seriously the credit of both the wife and the husband.

"It seems to me that what is needed by many young men—and some of the young women too—is an accurate idea of what the purpose of credit really is. As it is extended by business houses, credit isn't a crutch. It's a convenience. I am talking, now, not of the installment business, but of the ordinary open account. For most commodities our purpose in extending credit is not to

(Continued on Page 69)

BOB tells MARION
all about his wife's cleverness



The charming pattern above is the OMAR *—Gold Seal Rug 396*

MARION knew that the Talbots didn't have a lot of money. That accounted, she supposed, for the drabness of their home, which she couldn't help noticing every time she visited them. The dining room was positively dreary!

But this time—what an agreeable surprise! The dining room was as cheery as a summer day. Finally she asked: "What have you done to this room? You have exactly the same furniture, yet it looks so different!"

Bob was delighted to tell the whole story. "A new rug and curtains—that's all. Irene says it's 'color magic'—she got the idea from a little book, *Color Magic in the Home*.

"She set aside only $25 to fix up this room, and just think—she actually did it for less! See how the rug sets off the furniture . . . how the cretonnes carry out the color scheme—they make the walls richer, too."

Perhaps some room in your home needs the tonic of bright, cheerful colors. In the wide range of Congoleum Rugs you'll find gay florals . . rich Oriental effects . . and trim tile patterns . . in sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

And think of the work that *Gold Seal* Rugs save! A quick wipe-off with a damp mop makes them as spotless as new.

In these rugs alone is the durability of the *Multicote* finish—*the one finish perfected exclusively for floor-coverings*. More than a surfacing, it builds long life into the rug itself.

You can easily identify the one genuine Congoleum by the Gold Seal pasted on the goods. This Gold Seal is the emblem of highest quality in labor-saving floor-covering—the guide to beauty and value that are unequaled.

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"Color Magic in the Home," by Anne Pierce, has helped thousands of women beautify their homes at small [illegible] of practical, sensible "pointers" that any [illegible]. It contains many illustrations, as well as an ingenious chart of color harmony. Send this coupon for a free copy to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Interview for Who is What

ELEANOR MERCEIN—Mrs. Robert Morrow Kelly, Jr.—is often amused since the popularity of her recent Basque stories in THE POST, by inquiries from correspondents as to whether she is American or French. She is very decidedly American, a member of the Society of Colonial Dames, belonging on three sides to long-established Southern families who have taken their part in our history.

One of her grandmothers was a Randolph, the other was the sister of the Confederate general, Bradley Tyler Johnson, himself a writer and historian; her mother, Lucy Schley, was first cousin to Admiral Winfield Scott Schley of Santiago fame. She lives in Kentucky, and her three novels are deeply rooted in Kentucky soil: Kildares of Storm, Why Joan? and The Mansion House. But her father's family was French, and it is from him she perhaps inherits a somewhat Continental slant of view.

"I am often asked," says Mrs. Kelly, "whether I have Basque blood; and I think it likely. Mercein was originally a Gascon name, and Gascony is largely Basque. My father himself was of a type distinctly Basque; very light and active on his feet, devoted always to singing and dancing, yet with a curious dignity and reserve. He had also the long oval face, long nose, very long black brows over eyes of brilliant blue—a French blue, with no touch of the violet or hazel usual in English or Irish eyes. Like myself, he felt a peculiar interest and affection for things Basque, and for mountains."

Mrs. Kelly has been much in Europe, and in the Pyrenees, having a special flair for out-of-the-way places and people. Her home in Louisville, The Barn, is full of interesting souvenirs of travel; the dinner bell is an ancient Chinese temple gong; the doorbell once hung over a medieval ironworker's shop in Bruges; the bricked courtyard, flagged floors, rough-plastered inside walls with exposed rafters give an effect distinctly European. Yet the house, like herself, is all American, having been reconstructed literally out of an old plantation barn, retaining the hand-hewed timbers and spacious construction lines, and incorporating features taken out of fine ante-bellum mansions now coming into the hands of wreckers High-waisted mantels, hand-carved paneling, leaded glass, floor tiles, oaken doors with old brass fittings—these were collected for The Barn by Mr. and Mrs. Kelly as other people collect mahogany or Early American furniture; and the result is a house which has attracted widespread attention from architects and others. Much of the wrought-iron and beaten-copper detail was made by Mr. Kelly himself in his basement workshop. Mrs. Kelly's own workshop is a sheltered porch, where she prefers to write out-of-doors, winter and summer. But there is also a hayloft studio, where various friends are encouraged to paint, or model, or play at whatever game seems best to them

"We are a working household," says Mrs. Kelly, who believes that the only sort of play to rest a grown-up mind is work. She is one of the founders and an officer of a thriving Arts Club, whose nucleus was the little group of successful writers and painters for which Louisville has long been famous: George Madden Martin, Alice Hegan Rice, Cale Rice, Charles Sneed Williams, Harvey Peake, Fayette Barnum, Wyncie King, and so on.

Mrs. Kelly has no children, having lost her only son in infancy.

Basquerie and its companion story Emiliana—"which means 'About Emily' and is not a mere elaboration of her name," advises Mrs. Kelly—were written literally at the sick bed of her husband, who died last summer after a long invalidism.

Eleanor Mercein. In Circle—Margaret Culkin Banning

Grant Reynard

"I think that may be why," the author says, "these stories have met with such a wonderful response Sometimes writers tell their audience subconsciously more than they realize; and the audience—this great, kind, warm-hearted American public—answers subconsciously with very human sympathy. I am extremely proud to be an American. I would not be born in any other country for the world!"

Margaret Culkin Banning

I NEVER know how to answer the question as to whether I am active in politics or not. If being active means having personal political ambitions, running for offices or delivering votes, I surely am not. But on the other hand I do like to watch the political wheels go around and I try to get just as close to them as possible without being caught in the machinery. Politics is more or less hereditary in my family, for my grandfather was one of the county treasurers in Minnesota when it was a pioneer state, and my father was in the state senate and always closely interested in his political party. There are many other less close relatives who have taken a hand in the great game now and then, so I suppose it is in the blood by this time.

I serve on an occasional county or state committee when and if I am asked, and I've done some organization work among women. I keep as closely informed as I can as to what is going on in the city and county and state, and drift into the legislative gallery now and then to complete the picture to my own satisfaction.

I've been to one national convention. What I've seen and heard so far makes me sure that politics is one of the best clews to follow if you want to find out about human beings. The rest of that may be another short story.

As for the rest of me, I am quite old enough to fear being kittenish, and young enough still to expect and enjoy action. And I have written for publication for exactly eight years. Now I am an addict and write all the time that I am not doing

(Continued on Page 74)

My Hooshoo

BORN Grand Island, Nebraska. Father managed town opera house and ran music store, so crazy about shows and pianos at four. Wild West town, but plenty famous folks hit the place. Buffalo Bill used to come down regularly. Used to sketch actors, sometimes good ones stopped overnight between Omaha and Denver. When Raymond Hitchcock played there, King Dodo company so big chorus girls dressing all over place—backstage, halls, stairways, every place. Great sketching. Everyone from Mrs. Fiske and Blind Tom to Hermann the Great who put a man to sleep in Gus Hexter's window and left him days. Made fine model.

Had job playing the piano in opera-house orchestra. Good at improvising and memorizing, but terrible reader, so great harmony was had. Weeks ten-twenty-thirt shows played place, too expensive full orchestra, only piano. They had rotten score anyway, so improved it. Over There not written then, but played something like it during passing Little Eva, and so on. Ten Nights in Bar-Room, East Lynne, Lorna Doone and all the rest of them. Used get actors sign my sketches made behind piano during show, when no music wanted. Usually missed cues this way, so all dirty looks over footlights not from villain. Once Jim Corbett signed sketch for me. Used my shoulder support cardboard while he wrote. Nearly pushed me over with pencil.

(Continued on Page 74)

Alemite Gear Lubricant gives you a two-finger gear shift in zero weather

Beware, if your gears are hard to shift

IF your gears are hard to shift on a cold day—look out! For it is more than an annoyance. It is a danger signal.

There is just one cause for a hard gear shift. It means that the grease in your transmission and differential is "frozen-up." To run your car a mile this way is dangerous. Nothing will wear out a car quicker.

Alemite Gear Lubricant functions perfectly at 15° below zero

Realizing the fact that most gear greases do not lubricate properly in cold weather, Alemite engineers have recently perfected an amazing cold-proof lubricant. A lubricant that is free-running at 15 degrees below zero—a far lower temperature than most cars ever meet.

Because this lubricant remains soft you can shift gears as easily in the dead of winter as you can in summer. You get rid of noises, and in addition, because your car is easier running, you get anywhere from one to one and a half more miles per gallon of gasoline (by actual test) the year round.

Alemite Gear Lubricant costs a few cents more than ordinary gear grease. Because it's made of the finest materials obtainable; by an exclusive process. But you'll find it well worth the slight difference in price. Ask for it by name.

And don't wait until hard gear-shifting tells you that your present gear grease is failing to lubricate. Have Alemite Gear Lubricant put into your gears and transmission now. Drive to the nearest one of the 40,000 Alemite Service Stations tomorrow. Let them flush out the old, worn-out, gritty grease and put in fresh Alemite. Then you are all set for the winter, because this lubrication will carry you safely for 2,500 miles.

With this improved gun of Alemite Lubricating equip-

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2696 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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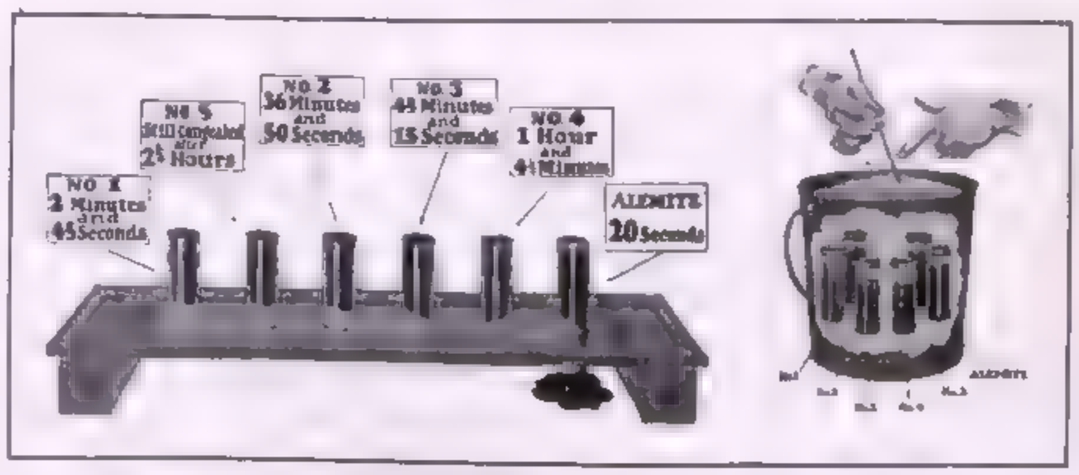
The Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

These remarkable tests prove that ordinary gear greases are not only useless but positively dangerous in cold weather

About a year ago we employed a nationally known chemist to test gear greases for us.

He bought six brands of greases on the open market, including Alemite Gear Lubricant, and put a quantity of each in a bottle. He put these, together with a thermometer, in a bucket of ice covered with salt. When the thermometer registered 15 degrees below zero he removed the bottles and placed them upside down on a rack. Alemite began to drip out almost immediately, showing it was *still a lubricant* at this low temperature. It was 2 minutes and 45 seconds before the next best grease dripped out. The illustration shows how long it took for the other greases to drip.



You, or any dealer, can make this same test of the superior lubricating qualities of Alemite Gear Lubricant in cold weather.

It will prove 4 things that should be important *to you*, if you drive a motor car:—

1. A hard gear-shift in cold weather is a danger signal. It means your gear grease has "frozen-up." The gear teeth meet in "metal-to-metal" contact. And a mile of this will do more to wear out your car than 500 miles of ordinary driving.
2. If your car gets noisy, see that your transmission and differential are lubricated at once. For the noise is more than a mere annoyance. It is another danger signal of "metal-to-metal" contact.
3. Cheap gear grease is often the cause of unsatisfactory gasoline mileage. It fails to lubricate.
4. This test proved that most gear greases are unsafe to use in cold weather.

ALEMITE

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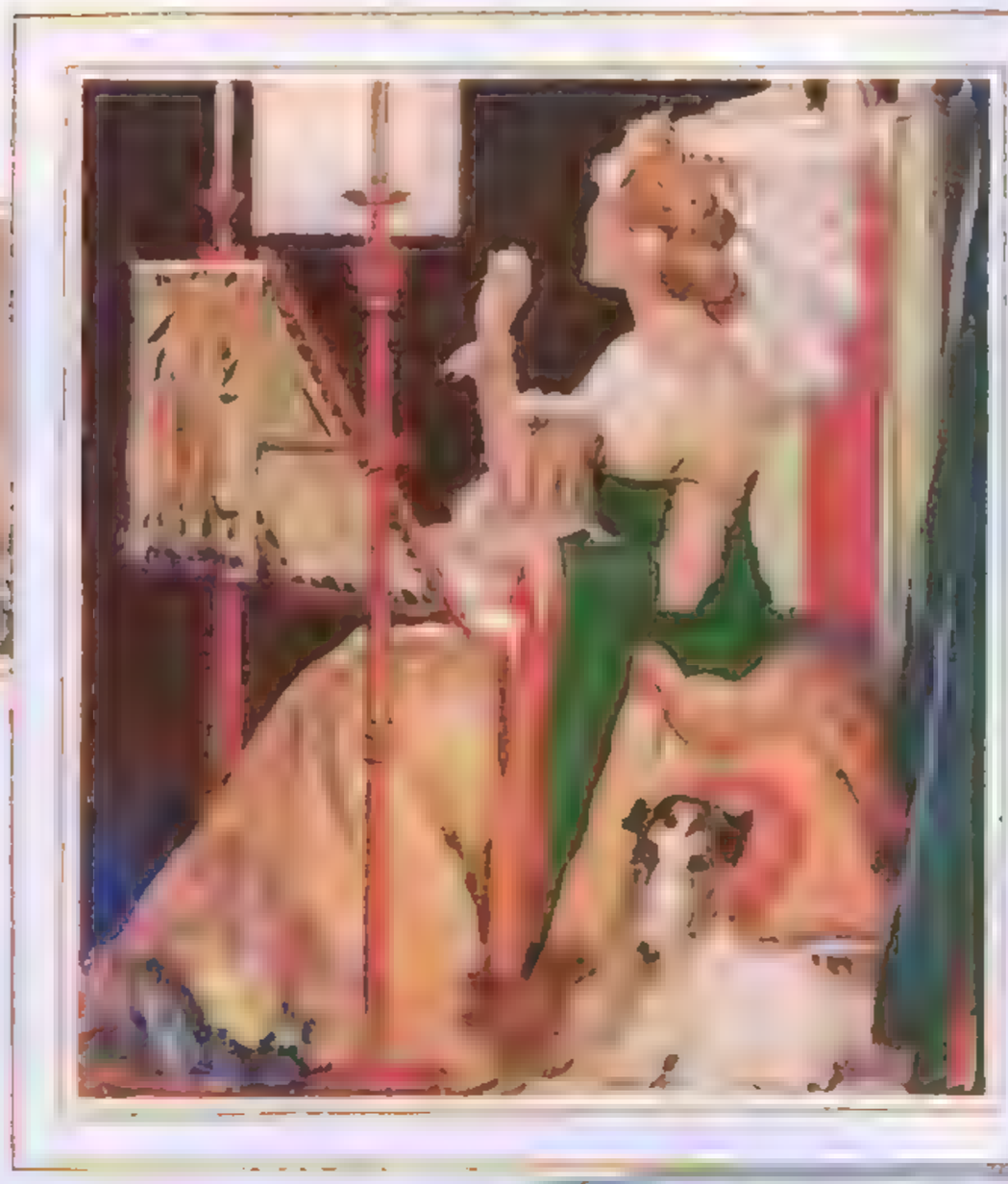

The Dietrich Convertible Sedan

CULTURED women instinctively recognize and appreciate fine work—whether it be the decorator's, the modiste's or the motor car designer's.

The preference such women have shown for Packard cars—not in a few large centers only but in every section of the Union—is a tribute to three particularly well recognized Packard qualities, beauty, prestige and long life.

For women wish the family car and particularly their own private cars to reflect good taste and discrimination inside and out, to possess a distinguished reputation and, withal, to be of good quality and lasting service.

Woman recognizes a Packard—either Six or Eight—to be something more than a mere utility. She sees it also as a work of art. Here is necessary transportation made luxurious—and clothed with beauty.

The very needlework, and there is much of it hidden in the soft upholstery of a Packard interior, reflects the pride which Packard women take in aiding to produce the best built car in the world.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

DAUGHTER OF A KING, MOTHER OF A KING

(Continued from Page 11)

This advice was good. She took my arm and we began to wander about in the crowd, crossing and recrossing before the entrance like ships before the harbor. In the last moments of the *entr'acte*, as the crowd flowed back into the hall, when we heard the ringing of the warning bell and when we had completely given up all hope, Prince Paul came to our rescue and cried out:

"Here you are at last! We had lost sight of you and were looking for you everywhere!"

We both confessed that we had not even tried to find our seats without them, neither of us having been anxious to assume the rôle of the blind leading the blind.

The memory of that concert at Zurich, the strange sensation of having been lost with her in that ocean of human beings, the common infirmity, the teasing of the others—all these bound me curiously fast to the charming Greek princess, whom I had seen only twice and whom I might perhaps never see again, as I then thought. How little I foresaw at that time what fate had in store for her, and how she would come one day to my country, where a whole nation would receive her with so much rejoicing and affection, and that she would come brought by one who was not shortsighted but who nevertheless was to prove himself more blind even than she or I!

Carol, prince and heir to the throne of Rumania, married Princess Helen, eldest daughter of King Constantine, on March 10, 1921, in Athens, during one of those short political calms which brought back the royal family to Greece. A few days later the young princely couple arrived in Bukharest. The negotiations which had preceded the marriage had taken place in Switzerland, after many goings and comings of relations and semiofficial intermediaries, after many secret conferences between the two royal families and under the dominating influence of Queen Marie, excellent pilot of this return to the monarchical port, who thus brought back the prodigal son, Carol, to his rightful place.

A Love Match

In the interval the exile of King Constantine had come to an end and the royal nuptials took place in Athens, in the midst of the enthusiasm of a people finding again its dynasty. The sentimental side of the match owed much to the younger sister of Prince Carol, Marie Mignon, today Queen of Jugo-Slavia. It was she who became the bosom friend, the inseparable companion, of the two young Greek princesses during a journey in Switzerland and on the shores of the Italian lakes.

During a visit to Rumania by the two sisters, Helen and Irene, this friendship of the three young girls ripened into the most delightful intimacy possible to be enjoyed by women in the springtime of their lives. This intimacy called forth frank confidences and absolute trust. It was in the nature of Princess Mignon to long for the happiness of others. How she set herself to bring about the most tender feelings between her elder brother and her chosen friend Helen must remain a mystery to all those who do not know or have forgotten the enthusiasms of youth. Their stay at an end, as the two Greek princesses were leaving Rumania with their brother, the Duke of Sparta, they were accompanied to the station of Sinaia by all the royal family.

It was there, on the platform of this small station in the Transylvanian Alps, that Princess Mignon had one of those inspirations of the heart which nobody can resist. Broken-hearted at the thought of separation from her friend Helen, after she had tenderly kissed her good-by, she threw her arms around the neck of her brother Carol, who was to accompany the Greek princesses to the frontier, and cried tearfully:

"Oh, Carol, do bring her back!"

Such is the powerful contagion of a warm heart. A short time later, that which Mignon had wished so passionately had come to pass—Carol had brought her back.

There was never a marriage that seemed to have so many elements of happiness—youth, health, union of two families glad to be so united, a crown, fortune, and finally also the union of two hearts, love.

Queen Marie had spoken the truth when she said to an American journalist who had come to interview her on the subject of the marriage of her son, whose sentimental mistakes had been abundantly chronicled in the press of the world:

"Carol, my very-much-in-love son. . . ."

The Baptism of Michael

It was sufficient for the people only to see Helen of Greece to enable them to realize that this court truth, the love of Carol for his young wife, was perfectly human and comprehensible. The appearance of the new crown princess at the court of Bukharest was a veritable enchantment; Rumania was again to have a beautiful woman as queen. The country had made it a habit.

A year later a son was born to the princess, to the joy of all the nation. The principle of continuity, so essential to the monarchy, was assured. The entire regiment of chasseurs, then commanded by the Prince Carol, stood godfather to the baby. The baptismal ceremony took place at Sinaia, in the heart of the Transylvanian Alps, where the royal baby was born. Those invisible forces which make sport with poor human destinies, the invited or uninvited fairies, were present at the baptism.

On that day my thoughts went back, almost against my will, to the old Imperial Highness, great-grandmother of the little Prince Michael. She was not present at the baptism—she was no longer in this world. The only daughter of Alexander II had died at Coburg, whither she had retired shortly after my visit to her in Zurich. The indomitable descendant of the Russian autocrats had known the anguish of a return to a new Germany, where the peaceful revolution had uncrowned the kings without beheading them.

The duchess accepted her retirement with very bad grace, being completely out of touch with all that was incomprehensible to her; she had altogether abandoned the world. I heard that one day during her last illness a messenger brought her an envelope addressed in the republican manner, "Frau Coburg," which contained, if you can believe it, her voting paper! This was something which she had never dreamed of claiming, she who had so jealously claimed during her whole lifetime all her rights and privileges. Those around her said that she never recovered from having received this last blow. She left without the slightest regret a world where there was no longer place for the style of grandeurs which she had represented. A life without emperors and in which women had the right to vote was no longer worth living.

As to Queen Sophie of Greece, the maternal grandmother of the little prince, she was present. But the misfortune which dogged her path so shaped itself as to veil her in the heavy black crape of mourning. She had remounted her throne after the death of a much loved son, that young Alexander of whom his brothers and sisters had said in fun that he was acting as king while awaiting their return to Athens.

Fate had heaped exceptional sorrows on this daughter of another emperor. Queen Sophia, at the age of eighteen, had assisted in a family tragedy which was played around the bed on which lay dying her father, the Emperor Frederick of Germany. She took part in the struggle which her mother had to wage against her son, the Emperor William, and against Bismarck. Married to Prince Constantine, eldest son of King George of Greece, she had experienced with her husband the humiliation and privations of a first exile when the turbulent Greek Army, tired of its princes, had forced King George to send away all his sons.

Scarcely had the Balkan War ended, bringing back some measure of popularity to the royal family and placing the Crown Prince Constantine in the light of a conqueror, when King George fell a victim to a political plot. Queen Sophie had succeeded with Constantine in 1913 to a throne made vacant by the act of an assassin. The Great War broke forth barely a year later. It was to put King Constantine and Queen Sophie, accused of having taken the part of Germany, beyond the limits of their kingdom. The crown which their second son, Alexander, had worn during their exile—the fatal crown which had become theirs through the shot of a regicide—again came back to them, but in a terrible manner. It was theirs as a result of a new tragedy, by the strange death of that son whom the politicians had provided to act as their substitute in Athens. A monkey kept in the royal gardens, suddenly smitten with madness, bit the young monarch while he was playing with it. Alexander died of this bite within a few days, after suffering terrible agonies.

But Nemesis, that ancient fate which seems to have been attached by the genius of the poets to the very name of Greece, had not yet completed its task against these monarchs. The half smile of fortune which had covered the return of Constantine and his family with flowers and popular enthusiasm was soon to be extinguished by the new horrors of a war after the Great War to end wars, from which Greece was to emerge vanquished and Turkey, her old enemy, triumphant. The first refugees from Smyrna, like the first stones starting an avalanche, were to deprive for the last time King Constantine and Queen Sophie of their throne.

An Ill-Starred Destiny

What could be the belief of Queen Sophia, this thrice exiled daughter of the Hohenzollerns, in the fate of monarchies? She had seen her brother William, once so eager to succeed their dying father on the throne of Germany, cast down, some thirty years later, from those dizzy heights to which he had forced himself with so much impatience; she had seen the throne of Greece covered with the blood of her husband's father. Like a shadow she had passed twice on the throne which the death of her young son Alexander had given her back. She was yet to see her eldest son, the Diadoque George, stand on this untenable throne for the space of only a little more than a year. The death of her husband, King Constantine, in exile, coinciding with the finale of the revolutionary cyclone which snatched the crown from the head of her son, George II, forced her to seek a foreign burial place for her husband.

Such are the examples ever before the mind of Princess Helen by the cradle of her son Michael. Her beautiful smile gained something of the heroic. She already appealed to popular Rumanian imagination, always quick to pity, under the touching guise of a princess who needed greatly to be consoled.

The throne of Rumania, strengthened by the sacrifices of King Ferdinand and by the victory which had rewarded them, was one of the few thrones still remaining in Europe. The young couple who should some day ascend that throne had nothing to fear from public opinion, which was firmly with them. In their home, to which Princess Helen had known how to give the enduring charm and comfort of an English house, it might well have been thought that happiness itself was so comfortably lodged that it would never fly away, and that Nemesis, under the spell, would no longer be wakeful. But fate had only paused to take new strength before striking another blow.

By her grace, her tolerance, her perfect dignity and her enduring smile, Princess Helen was able, as it were, to weave a veil of respect about her disunited home for several years. This veil was rent in the month of December, 1925, by Prince Carol. He signed, in the room of a hotel in Milan and in circumstances quite unnecessary to recall, his renunciation of the throne of Rumania, a renunciation which carried with it that of the young princess, whom he had already bound to that throne by the most solemn of vows.

I learned of the renunciation and flight of the crown prince while traveling in Egypt. A news dispatch announced it to all the world. The next day the newspapers of Cairo, many of them published in French, contained a phrase very wounding to our national pride: "The Rumanian scandal."

A Royal Tragedy

It was impossible for me not to reflect that this prince, who had not hesitated to cast for a second time discredit on the nation which had adopted him to make him their king, did not even possess one single drop of Rumanian blood in his veins. It seemed cruelly hard and unjust that the good repute of an entire nation should be jeopardized for the sins and misdeeds of this young man.

"The Rumanian scandal" also affected me in another way. I was not able to think of the Princess Helen without shame and sorrow. If the national sentiment had been outraged in me by the conduct of Carol, and had reacted in the sense of refusing to him any claim to contact with the ethnic character of the Rumanian people, by a strange contradiction I felt in my inmost heart that I and all my fellow countrymen and women were in some way responsible for the blow that had been dealt the beautiful trusting girl whom Carol had brought to Rumania that he might some day make her queen.

The thought of Princess Helen haunted my mind during all my journeyings. What would be her position in the future, in that country still so new to her and of necessity very strange? A widow without being widowed, an heiress without a heritage, crown princess without a crown, mother of an orphaned son whose father still lived, her youth, her beauty, all her future would be sacrificed to our country, of which she would bear the name as a vain title, sign of a destroyed alliance, of a love which could no longer exist. For one fleeting moment only had life returned a smile to the beautiful trusting smile of Helen of Greece; now life showed her, even to the nethermost depths, such an abyss of destruction that it were indeed better that only eyes veiled by shortness of sight should be called to contemplate it.

When I returned to Rumania in the spring of 1926 all the protocol and formal side of the question had been settled. The rights of the young son of Carol and Helen had been recognized by act of parliament. The crown would skip a generation. The succession to the throne was constitutionally established and I found public opinion perfectly calm and resigned to the defection of a prince who, for the second time and in his thirty-first year, had declared in a public document bearing his signature that he did not wish to reign over Rumania.

It remained to learn how the Princess Helen had borne this blow so cruelly brutal to her dignity as wife, as mother, as princess, the stroke of fate which had deprived her of her husband now and would rob her of her throne in the future. After my arrival in Rumania I listened most attentively to the thousand and one rumors which make up the unanimous voice of a country—public opinion. All said the same thing: Princess Helen had borne the heavy misfortune

(Continued on Page 35)

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

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Perfect Hawaiian Pineapple—canned at the moment of full ripening—brought to you brimming with sweetness—fresh, mellow, tempting. That was the dream of James D. Dole. In making it come true, he not only built the Hawaiian Pineapple Co., which supplies one-third of all the pineapple served in American homes, but he laid the foundation for the entire Hawaiian Pineapple industry.

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(Continued from Page 33)

with the greatest dignity, with an admirable strength of mind; dignity, nobility of character, grace, resignation especially dignity—dignity before all things; that is what the echoes of Rumania repeated. The daughter of Constantine had shown herself a true daughter of a king in her adversity, brought up in that pure classical tradition of moral courage.

The Princess Mother

When I saw her she had changed her title without having changed in appearance. The young head no longer wore that crown which popular imagination so naturally saw on her bright hair, that diadem all illuminated by the future, that ravishing circlet of hope, her crown princess' crown, the only crown not heavy to wear here on earth, and she had lost it through the selfish decision of the very one who had offered it to her. As far as it is possible for human prevision to see, she will from now on and for all her life bear this title of Princess Mother which the laws of the royal house had conferred upon her. Princess Mother! This title which relegated her to the ranks of dowagers consorted but ill with her fresh youth and the springtime in her face. But she held, clasped tightly in her arms, a new hope—her son remained to her; he would always be hers and for him alone henceforth she would keep that radiant smile of hers, so made to be loved.

A new era began for the court of Rumania, during which everyone hoped that King Ferdinand, who had not yet reached the age of sixty, would continue to reign for many long years, and that thus the loss of Prince Carol would be made good by the passage of time. The Princess Helen, surrounded by the respect and affection of the nation, after a life consecrated to the education of her son Michael, the future king, would have the satisfaction and legitimate pride of seeing an accomplished man ascend the throne, a man whose heart and mind would have been molded and formed by her.

But implacable fate was watchful and decided everything quite otherwise. Scarcely two years after the renunciation of the throne by his son Carol, and the recognition by parliament of the title of heir presumptive of his grandson Michael, King Ferdinand died in Sinaia on July 20, 1927.

The same day, leaving the palace of mourning, where Queen Marie and her daughters watched the coffin of the dead king, Princess Helen, holding tightly in her hand the little hand of her son, confronted alone the National Assembly, demanding the recognition as King of Rumania of this little boy, aged six.

A throne is, after all, only a good armchair, well upholstered, all in nice soft velvet, and is to be distinguished from other armchairs only by the high back on which are carved coats of arms. A little boy is seated on the throne, very good, and looks at the scene before him. For him, who has only lived through six years and whose feet cannot reach the ground as he is seated on the throne, the comedy is in the hall. The vast amphitheater before him is quite crowdedly full with gentlemen standing—only gentlemen. All are in evening dress, with their many decorations covered with black crape. On the right of the dais on which the child sits on the throne there is a stand filled with officers in their uniforms; to the left there are the ministers, old gentlemen whom he knows nearly all by sight, having seen them coming to see his grandfather, the King, and his grandmother, the Queen Marie. There are also his mother's ladies in waiting, both of whom he knows quite well, and he knows their names too.

On the dais beside him his mother is standing, very erect, her face quite white under the black veil. As long as his mother is there, Michael has nothing to be afraid of. At first everything goes very well. The child observes everything. Lower than himself and his mother, on the dais, there is a table. On this table candles are burning and there lies a great golden book which he knows well, the Holy Gospels. Every Sunday when Michael goes to mass the priest brings him this big book to kiss. Beside the book, there is the well-known beard of the patriarch, His Holiness, Miron Cristea, whom Michael also knows. Beside the patriarch there is his Uncle Nikey—his young uncle—in his naval uniform, which the child admires so very much. Uncle Nikey has been crying and is very pale. It is all because of grandpapa, who is in heaven since this morning. Beside Uncle Nikey there is another old gentleman, the supreme judge, the coregent. Him the child knows also. He has seen him before.

Long Live the King!

But in the hall there are all those other old gentlemen whom the child does not know at all, an immense crowd of old gentlemen and so many of whom are bald. How funny their bald heads look, shining in the light from the ceiling! One would imagine them to be an audience waiting in a circus or in a cinema. Michael knows the circus and he has been to the cinema. Only, among all these spectators, it is very strange that there is not a single child, not one little girl or one little boy, excepting only himself, Michael, seated all alone in this great red armchair.

Time passes and nothing exciting happens. No film, no clowns! The little boy would so dearly love to dangle his feet, but he does not dare to do this because his mother has whispered in his ear, with a kiss, that he must stay quite quiet for a little time longer. The priest reads something, Uncle Nikey and the old gentleman pass, one after the other, before the table and say something with their hands on the great book. It is finished and Michael can go away; his mother takes him by the hand. She goes forward with him to the very edge of the dais. She is holding his hand quite tight. They both take a step forward; she whispers something in his ear—something like this:

"Michael, my angel, remember you must salute!"

Then he raises his hand to his forehead as they have taught him to do, as he has often done already, in childish imitation of a military salute. But his salute on this occasion has the effect of bringing about a kind of catastrophe. All the old gentlemen who fill the circus, all the grown-ups, go mad all of a sudden. They begin to cry out all together; they clap their hands, they make a horrible noise like thunder:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Long live King Michael! Long live Michael our King!"

A Frightened Child

The child does not understand a thing about this tempest which his salute has released. He loses his countenance, he rushes toward his mother and buries his face in the folds of her dress. She tries to calm him but does not succeed at once. And the human thunder continues—cries, applause, all those hands that are waving and clapping, all those mouths that are opening! Very low, his mother scolds him tenderly, caresses him to reassure him, kisses him; then, with tender force, she brings him back to face the danger, to face the unleashed public whose enthusiasm so nearly resembles madness. Then, thanks to the firm clasp of his mother's hand guiding him, the frightened child pulls himself together and bravely salutes again the delirious assembly.

When at last they are alone, he and his mother, in the carriage, he notices that she also must have been very frightened, because she is crying so hard. Under her heavy black veil she hides her mouth with her handkerchief—her mouth which is no longer smiling, her mouth which is trembling. She remains like this a long, long time, holding close to her her little boy, who has no longer any fears, because they are alone together.

Outside, the roar of cannon; the artillery is firing the official salute of one hundred and one guns which announces to his people that the new king has left his parliament. Thus, on July twentieth of this year 1927, Princess Helen consecrated her one and only son to the monarchy and to the nation. Just as the wives, the mothers and the daughters of sailors lost at sea bring their sons to the very spot where their fathers embarked and where they themselves are to embark, so she herself has brought her son to the edge of that yawning abyss, parliament, which has already swallowed up so many kings.

On Troubled Seas

That same heroism which enables human beings to accept with fortitude whatever heaven may send them inspired Princess Helen when she brought back her frightened son to face the danger, to confront that crowd crying out with enthusiasm and affection, but always uncertain, unstable as the sea.

In allowing him thus to be made king before her eyes, she knew people as the mothers, daughters and wives of the sailors know the treacherous sea. She knew well that the bark of the Romanoffs, whence came her own grandmother, Queen Olga of Greece, and the great-grandmother of the child king, the old Duchess of Coburg, had been lost with all hands in the Bolshevist tempest. She knew that the Hohenzollern vessel, which bore her mother, Queen Sophie, had also foundered. She knew that her father, King Constantine, thrice exiled and twice dethroned had not even succeeded in regaining his tomb at the last, that her brother George II was living now the life of an exile. But of her—daughter of a king, sister of a king, granddaughter of an emperor of Germany, great-granddaughter of a Czar of all the Russias, faced by the still unquiet sea covered with the flotsam of that immense shipwreck in the unprecedented tempest which carried away so many thrones in Europe in a single year, almost in a day, before the wreckage which the storm had torn from those depths which had engulfed her family, her mother's family and that of her grandmother—honor demanded that she herself should bring her little boy, her much loved Michael, to the place where he should in his turn embark for the great voyage into the unknown.

But Providence always seems to have protected, in all ages and in all countries, that charming group formed by a young mother and her little son.

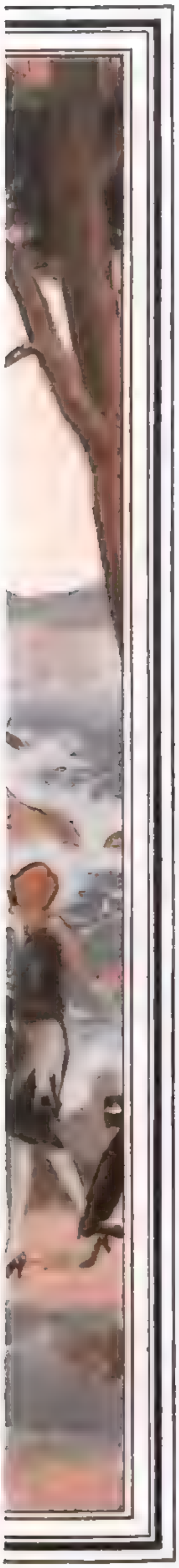
Blanche of Castile, Queen of France, gave to her son Louis IX, not yet of man's estate, a throne which still remains on the altars of the Church of France, defended by his holy life.

It was Anne of Austria who made of the child Louis XIV the idol of monarchy—the Roi Soleil as he later became.

In the troubled Spain of the end of the nineteenth century it was again a woman, Queen Christina, who succeeded in preserving the throne of Charles V for her son Alfonso XIII, who is still reigning.

We may therefore have hope for the Princess Helen.

Monterey Point (Lone Cypress), 17-Mile Drive, Del Monte, California



Exceptional Quality and Performance

attested by more than *a half-billion owner-miles*

—with features of design that keep the Whippet far in the lead

THE proved superiority of the Whippet has been established under the hardest tests to which a motor car can be put.

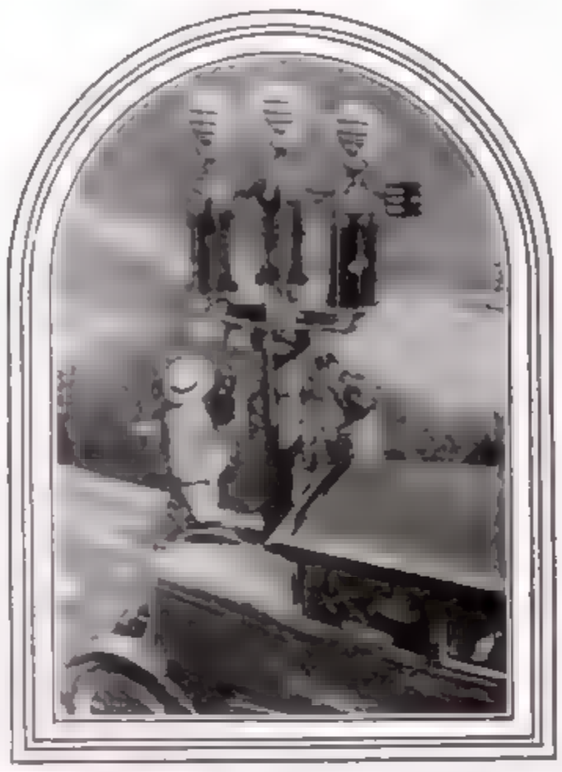
Economy records, speed records, long-distance records, hill-climbing records made by the Whippet are a challenge even to cars of much higher price.

The Whippet carries the enthusiastic endorsement of scores upon scores of thousands of loyal owners who have driven their cars more than half a billion miles. And through their friendly co-operation and suggestions it has been possible to develop the Whippet to a still higher point of perfection.

In this advanced car you will find the features which are characteristic of the future trend of light car design. Every recent new car announcement only serves to emphasize the Whippet's leadership in its field.

Such advantages as greater gasoline mileage, higher speed, faster pickup, the safety of BIG 4-wheel brakes, balloon tires and snubbers, low center of gravity, extra leg room and clear vision bodies are unquestionably those you will want in your next car.

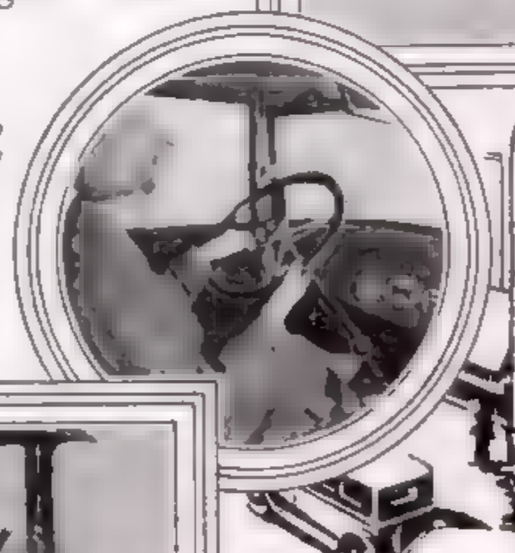
You will find them all in the perfected Whippet. You can now buy with the assurance that a year from now the Whippet will still be up-to-date—and that its resale value will be correspondingly higher than less modern cars.



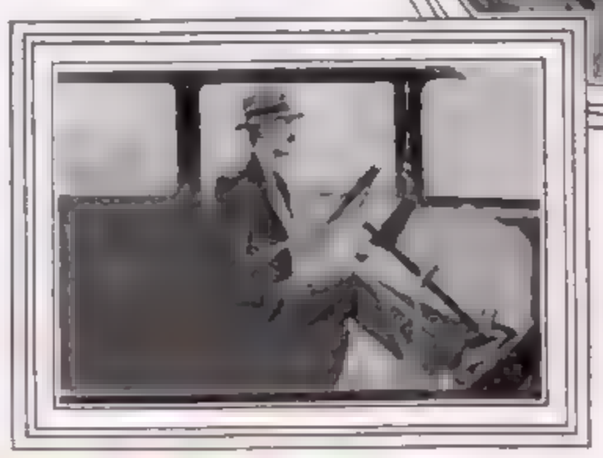
The Whippet's remarkable economy of gasoline and oil is proved by the fact that a Whippet holds the A. A. A. Coast-to-Coast economy record.

The Whippet was the first light car to offer BIG 4-wheel brakes as national standard equipment.

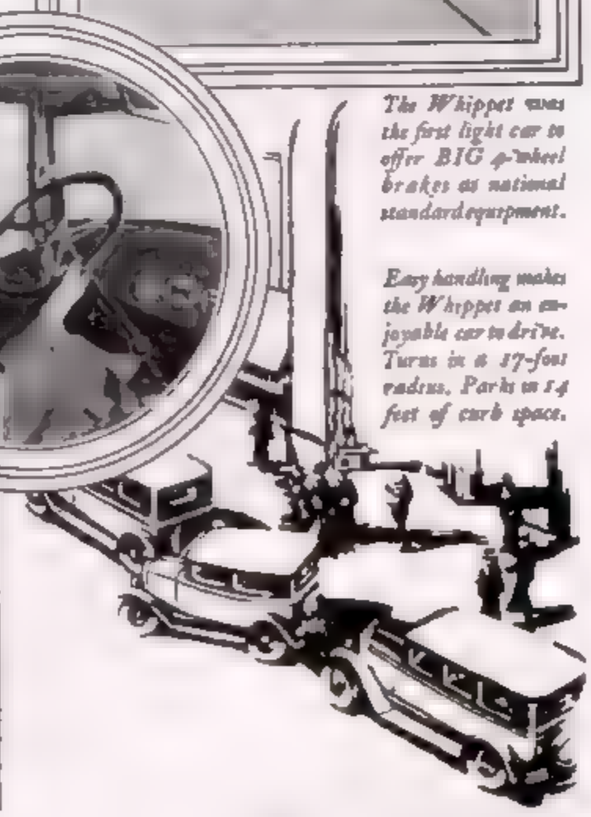
Full-vision bodies, with narrow front pillars, are another safety advantage of the Whippet.



The Whippet provides more leg room by actual measurement than any other light car.



Easy handling makes the Whippet an enjoyable car to drive. Turns in a 17-foot radius. Parks in 14 feet of curb space.



Coach $625

F.O.B. FACTORY

Whippet Coupe $625; Roadster $695; Cabriolet Coupe $745; Coupe $775; Sedan $795; Taxicab $755. (Also Whippet 6 Coach $795; Touring, $795; Roadster $825; Coupe $795; Cabriolet Coupe $875; Sedan $895; Landau $925.) Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Prices f. o. b. factory. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Whippet

ARE EDITORIALS WORTH READING?

(Continued from Page 21)

and on these, if it is to get anywhere with them, it must dingdong year in and year out.

4. Big-news editorials. Almost every day a tornado sweeps some state, somebody else flies the Atlantic Ocean or a local boy wins the welterweight championship, and comment is absolutely imperative.

Now if you will put yourself in the position of a writer who must turn out pieces that fall into any of these categories, you will see that he has a tough job on his hands, and that it is almost impossible for him to write anything that will be interesting in the absolute sense. Party editorials, as the man who writes them is usually aware, are hollow on the inside, for they assume something which is palpably not true—that a Democrat is better than a Republican, or vice versa. Civic editorials are sound, perhaps, but flat. It is hard to take a lofty intellectual flight on the question whether Main Street should have two traffic lights, red and green, or three traffic lights, red, green and orange.

Policy editorials are usually intolerably repetitious. After a newspaper has said for the thousandth time that there should be a seat for every child in the public schools it has said it.

But the big-news editorials are the worst of the lot. When the Coast Guard cutter Seminole makes a great rescue at sea, taking twenty-two Lascars from the sinking tanker by skillful use of the breeches buoy, you may think it is a simple matter to turn out two graceful paragraphs of tribute. Try it. You will be amazed to discover how many banal phrases your brain can hatch in the course of an hour; you will be surprised, too, to discover that there is nothing rational to say about a great rescue at sea.

This was illustrated in comic fashion when Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris. Now the only sensible thing to say about Lindbergh was "Hooray!" But this, unfortunately, was not dignified enough for an editorial page, and neither was it long enough for a leading editorial. So manfully the editorial writers of the country sat down to the job of stretching it out for a column. They made him the Spirit of Youth, the Spirit of the New World, the Spirit of the Twentieth Century; they called him Ace High, Lone Star and Young Eagle; they said he was borne on the Pinions of Destiny, the Wings of the Dawn and the Prayers of Humanity. But when they were done, although they had written the blobbiest prose that had been seen on these shores for a long time, and although they had embarrassed Lindy horribly, what they had said was "Hooray!"

What's What in Editorials

Thus, since such chores claim much of the editorial space, it can be seen that all the wit of G. B. Shaw, Georges Clemenceau and Bugs Baer taken together could not save much of the editorial page from being something of a bore. These pieces are of interest to those for whom they are of interest, but the most gifted pen in the world could hardly make them of interest on their own account. Well, then, what does the editorial page offer that is interesting on its own account?

That depends to some extent on the paper, the locality and the tastes of the editor. But there are some pieces that are likely to be of interest in any paper. At the head of the list I should place the discussion of national affairs when they assume larger importance than party wrangles, or, if they involve parties, when the division is along philosophic rather than partisan lines. Such a discussion is continually carried on in regard to the tariff, which has always bulked large in our national politics, and which lately has been an especially lively issue by reason of the relation it bears to war debts, and by reason, too, of the paradoxical twist that has been given it by France, which has started a game of freeze-out with us whose outcome is not predictable at this writing. Such questions as this are usually threshed out in a highly intelligent manner by our editors, and anybody who is even slightly interested in political economy will find their comment instructive.

Next, I shall surprise you by nominating the obituary editorials that commonly follow the death of some prominent citizen. For here the editor addresses himself to the subject of subjects, which is man. And if the deceased is not merely a local bigwig who must have his wreath of lilies but a man in whom the editor is really interested, you are likely to see something well worth your reading indeed. I doubt if any finer writing ever appeared in American newspapers than that which followed the death of William Jennings Bryan. This was a man who offered rich material for appraisal, a man of baffling contradictions, of talent that amounted to genius in some directions and of incredible limitations in others. And on the Monday morning after his death, the editors of the country rose to their opportunity magnificently. Some of them were dazed by the dramatic manner of his passing and gave themselves over to mushy platitudes. But most of them handled him realistically, and the best of what they wrote would make a brilliant volume on later-day American history.

Anthology of the Hog Call

Next, I nominate the comment on the fine arts which appears pretty regularly in every newspaper. It is not commonly realized that some of the best criticism of literature, drama, music and such things which is printed in American newspapers appears in the editorial columns rather than in the columns regularly devoted to them. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, when a book, say, is important enough to command notice on the editorial page, it is likely to be a book that is really worth writing about, and not merely another book. In the second place, when your editorial writer turns critic he is able to couch his remarks in much better English than most other writers employ. His work lies regularly in the field of analysis, which is the very essence of criticism; so that when he begins to talk about a book he can say with perfect ease what he means. Also, since his page is addressed to the general public and not to a limited few, he must keep his feet on the ground, use plain words, argue his case with sense and reason. Thus he avoids the fault which is the curse of critical writing on American newspapers—the critic stuff, which is only too often gibbering nonsense.

Next, I nominate those editorials where the editor puts his tongue in his cheek and deliberately spoofs his readers. You may have read such pieces and thought them a little heavy. That is because you regarded them as efforts at pure humor. That is not the idea at all. In fact, the editor is careful not to provoke too loud a cackle, for that would defeat his real purpose. This is to start something that will lead to an amusing flurry in his letter column—a department that always needs a little artificial pepping up lest it become insufferably tedious with the effusions of Civitas, Veritas and Pro Bono Publico. And if you read such things with an understanding eye, and then watch from day to day to see what happens, you can have many a snicker with the editor at the queer fish that rise to his bait.

One of the most adroit exponents of this kind of spoofing is a man associated with the Baltimore Evening Sun, who will have to be nameless here. He does his deadly work not in the editorial columns but in the letter column itself. His trick is to take something hitherto regarded by all as perfectly innocent and then discover that it is immoral. For example, when the grand opera Tristan and Isolde was given in Baltimore, he took exception to it on the ground that it condoned free love. And always a deluge of letters follows, all of which take his nonsense with complete seriousness. Some applaud him, some denounce him, but few penetrate his hoax. If you read the Baltimore Evening Sun, you can spot him easily enough, as he invariably signs his letters "American Mother."

On the paper I work for we once started a queer tempest indeed. This was in regard to the hog call. Noticing that there was to be a hog-calling contest in Omaha, Nebraska, we feigned great ignorance of this branch of the vocal art and inquired whether one really called hogs on a farm, and if so, why and how. Our remarks had hardly been published before things began to happen. Letters poured in, all of them setting us straight on this important matter. Other newspapers, not deceived in the least, also undertook to set us straight, until within two weeks the thing had spread from coast to coast, the Literary Digest had devoted two whole pages to it, and the Omaha contest took on the proportions of a national event.

We were able, however, to confound our critics. For most of them rushed into print with detailed descriptions of the hog call, several of these having a musical score as well as words. But as it happened, no two of these descriptions were alike. One gave the hog call as Soo-e-e-e-e-e! So-e-e-e-e-e! So-e-e-e-e-e-e! Pig-pig-pig! Another gave it as Soo-pig! Soo-pig! Soo-Pig! Still another gave it as Soo! Soo! Soo! Soo-e-e-e-e-e-e! And so on. So we pointed out, with crushing logic, that if the experts themselves could not agree what the hog call sounded like, it would be presumptuous for the layman even to have an opinion. To rout them completely, we published an anthology of all the various calls that had appeared. And this, I submit, was one of the strangest anthologies that ever saw the light of day, and a precious piece of Americana to boot.

Writing Their Hobbies

Finally, I nominate those editorials which are born of the editor's hobby. What this is for the editor of your paper you will have to find out for yourself, which will probably be a matter of five minutes' gumshoe work. But every editor has one—has some pet subject that he would rather write on than anything else, and as a result he usually turns out during the course of the year two or three dozen editorials that are out of the ordinary and very well worth reading.

For example, Claude G. Bowers, assistant editor of the New York Evening World, is a historian of parts, having written among other books Jefferson and Hamilton, which was a best seller for several months and is probably known to you. Bowers writes innumerable editorials in this field, and there is nothing he likes better than to skin publicly a dead Federalist. John L. Heaton, on the New York Morning World, likes to write about swimming. He is sixty-seven years old, and during the warmer months it is his practice to swim a mile each day before coming to work, marking the distance in the ocean off Brighton Beach by bringing himself in line with the city blocks on shore. So when Gertrude Ederle swims the Channel or George Young swims from Catalina Island to the mainland, he usually has something out of the ordinary to say.

Frank M. O'Brien, of the New York Sun, winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1921 for his editorial The Unknown Soldier, likes to write about pedigreed horses. Nicholas Roosevelt, of the New York Times, bears a grudge against the schedules of the Long Island Railroad, and some fearful and wonderful pieces appear in the Times on this subject as a result. Arthur Krock, of the same paper, takes special delight in fabricating bogus American folklore. Being a walking encyclopedia of true American folklore anyhow, he can manufacture the spurious article so skilfully that you will have trouble to tell it from the genuine. Thus you are likely to see any kind of fabulous yarn in the editorial columns of the Times, from the lamentable behavior of the race horse which had been trained by a one-legged man to the equally lamentable behavior of the overly proud dog whose tail curled so tight that it lifted his hind legs right up in the air.

A Maxim to Follow

Arthur Brisbane, when he has nothing else to write about, loves to do a gloomy philosophic piece involving the gorilla, the prize fighter and the Nietzschean superman. Tiffany Blake, of the Chicago Tribune, likes to write about music, but likes still better to write hot pieces roasting the South. F. Lauriston Bullard, of the Boston Herald, winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1926 for his editorial on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, likes to write about New England localities and customs; while Julian Harris, of the Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer-Sun, winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1925 for his stand against the Ku Klux Klan, likes to polish off a piece on intolerance. John W. Owens, of the Baltimore Morning Sun, likes to utter learned words on labor questions; while Hamilton Owens, of the Baltimore Evening Sun, likes to write about Marylandism, which he is sufficiently deluded to believe is different from some other kind of ism. As for your humble servant, he likes to write about prize fighters, and the greatest moment of his life came when the New Yorker republished the piece he had written on Battling Siki on the occasion of that gladiator's sudden demise. This editorial, it is said, almost got the Pulitzer Prize for the year 1925.

The list could be extended indefinitely. The thing to note about it, however, is that it tells the story of pieces that come from the heart, and such pieces as these, it hardly needs saying, are always worth reading, even if they deal with the Einstein physics.

To sum up, I should say that if you read the editorial page with a little discrimination, passing up what is not even expected to interest you and taking what is, you will be amused as well as instructed. And always remember that the workmanship on this page is probably the best that goes into the paper. The men who write for it have time to write carefully, and as I have already pointed out, the nature of the practice they get trains them to write a little better than the average reporter. And if occasionally you find something that bores you to tears, remember the maxim that Wilde found in the Western dance hall: "Don't shoot the pianist—he's doing his best."

The burning question of the hour "What boiler is best for oil heating?"

There is a venerable riddle that has baffled many minds, "Which came first, chicken or egg?"

Its modern counterpart is much simpler, "Which came first, boiler or oil burner?" And the answer is important to all who are considering oil heat. Obviously, boilers came first.

From which it follows inevitably that inventors of oil burner mechanisms must necessarily have conducted their experiments with boilers already in use, that their goal must have been to devise a fuel burner that would give efficient and economical heat with nationally known and time tested boilers.

That many of them selected Capitol boilers for their experiments is a tribute to the engineering standards of the United States Radiator Corporation. Today in display rooms all over the country, you may see makers of oil burners exhibiting their devices as installed with a Capitol boiler.

Because, every advantage of fuel saving, reserve power, rapid heating, and ease of operation (for which Capitol boilers are notable when coal fired) is present equally or magnified when they are fired by oil.

Consult any Capitol contractor, or write for oil heating information and our free book, *A Modern House Warming*.

United States Radiator Corporation–Detroit, Michigan

6 factories and 32 assembling plants serve the country

For 37 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

Capitol Boilers AND RADIATORS

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

(Continued from Page 19)

"After you left me—all night long, but it didn't come to me then. I went to bed with the stars and when I woke up the idea was waiting for me. All I had to do was to work it out."

He described his days and his nights in detail, the precautions he had taken, the traps he had foreseen, all the patience he had spent in his search for the ideal combination and the perfect solvent. He pointed out the safeguards and reminded her that no harm could come to anyone.

"There's just one chance," she murmured—"only one."

"What is it?" he asked quickly.

"That he should come back. I've never believed that he is dead. I couldn't let myself."

"I thought of that," said Tappen after a pause; "and you're right to bring it up, even if there's only the barest possibility of its ever happening at this late date. How do you feel toward him? I'll put it more brutally ——"

"You needn't," she interrupted. "You wish to know if I still love him and I can say at once I never loved him as I love you. But wait. Nor can I ever love you as I loved him."

"A riddle—another riddle."

"To a man, perhaps, but any woman would get what I mean without stopping to think. I can only tell you that for as long as I can make you know I love you, it scarcely matters whether you understand the riddle or not. There's a risk to everything worth having, and I'm willing to take this one if you are."

"Ten times over," said Tappen promptly.

"You promise too easily," she said, turning to lay her hand on his knee, "but never forget that you have promised, will you?"

"Does that mean you'd leave me for what can't be more than a memory?"

"No, I would never leave you for only a memory. Oh, please, be satisfied with today and tomorrow!"

"My own words," he said with a rueful smile, "and I'll live up to them." A faraway movement caught his hunter's eye and he looked across the sun-bathed sward to see Joan, just emerged from the walled garden. She stood gazing toward them with one knee bent, her toe trailing and a finger on her lips—a pathetic and wistful figure. "Poor kid!" he exclaimed. "No wonder she feels forgotten."

"I'll call her, but what shall I tell her?"

"No, don't call her," he said, rising, "and leave it to me to tell her."

He walked away bareheaded toward the child, his hands in his pockets. Paula let him go without a misgiving and leaned back to watch him. She felt tired of a sudden and closed her eyes. When she opened them he was sitting on the grass, his knees wrapped in his arms and apparently engaged in a desultory conversation with the child, who still remained at a distance. But Joan no longer trailed one toe. She stood squarely facing him, her hands on her hips and her head on one side. Presently she, too, sat down on the grass, and between pauses gradually hitched herself toward him until at last they were close together.

Paula sighed and smiled at the same time. What could he be saying to her and what could the child be thinking? Perhaps that the whole untasted world beyond the château's walls was as friendly as this big man with bronzed cheeks, twinkling eyes and a smile that went straight to the heart. She was startled and a little hurt when a peal of laughter came rollicking across the lawn. It was her turn to feel left out, and she was on the point of rising, when she saw they were scrambling to their feet. They faced her, standing side by side, and then began a game so strange she stared in puzzled wonder. Joan would take a step, and on a signal Tappen would equal it; then he would take another, and at some word she would try to match it. They kept a perfectly straight line toward the seat under the great beech, but never did two people progress solemnly in more ridiculous fashion. As they drew near, this is what Paula heard, in treble and in bass:

"Corny — Corny!"

"Joan — — Joan!"

"Corny — Corny!"

"Joan — — — Joan!"

"Corny — Corny!"

"Joan — — — — Joan!"

"Oh, that's not fair! Mother darling, will you look where he stepped to?"

Paula sprang up with her heart in her throat, rushed forward and caught Joan in her arms. She sank to her knees and buried her face against the child's shoulder.

"Why, you're shaking again! Are you angry? He told me I could call you mother as much as I please."

"That's only one of the things he's given us, my dear, and I'm not a bit angry," said Paula, looking up with a smile. "Do you like your father?"

"Yes, I do," said Joan. "I like him very much, but I'm going to call him Corny."

"All right, I'll call him that too."

"But why were you shaking?"

"If you must know," said Paula as she arose with a laugh, "it was because I'm so happy. Let's go back to the house, shall we? It's almost your suppertime."

That strange interior, low, massive, old, but molded to comfort by a knowing hand. The one apartment Tappen saw at the time was vast in extent and all-comprehensive in intention. It was kitchen, sitting room, social hall, office and dining room. It was not all these things, it was each of them—a crucial difference. One could sit within the ingle of the big fireplace over the smallest of fires on a chilly night and find an English atmosphere of nuts and raisins. Or a group could gather as tonight around a table placed within the square bay of an open three-sided window and be a world away, with still another world beyond—a world of blotted shadows and the treacherous fragrance of the night.

Then there was Albertine, the stalwart guardian nurse, another world upon another earth, and yet within the room, pervading it, dominating all its various affairs. Not only guardian and nurse, but cook, butler, boots, factor, buyer, seller, and a broad, strong bosom for the head of a child in distress. She glowered wonderingly at Tappen until Paula announced the master with a murmured "*C'est m'sieur.*" Then tears started rolling down her cheeks and her face broke through them with such a flood of light that, unconscious of volition, he cried "Come!" and opened wide his arms. Albertine asked no more; she fell into them and sobbed aloud, while Joan clapped her hands and leaped about with the ecstatic little jumps and screams of a small girl at her first circus.

"Hear her, mother darling! Did you ever hear anything so funny? Tine! Tine! *Comme tu es drôle!*"

They were out in the night alone together—Tappen and Paula—following the curving gleam of the driveway under the trees, walking slowly toward the château and talking quietly. "There's nothing the least embarrassing about it," he was saying. "I'll go to the consul-general tomorrow and make all the arrangements. I'll lay the documents before him and he'll explain that the marriage isn't legal according to our laws and never was, because his office wasn't represented at the ceremony. I'll look surprised and distressed. In the end he'll tell me that the only cure is to have it done over again in his presence, as quietly as ever we like. There you are. What's alarming about it?"

"It sounds too easy, but that's no argument where you're concerned. Corny, I had learned to think of myself as a strong person—a woman made strong in spite of herself. But since this afternoon I feel like a hollyhock, grown top-heavy and thrown against a wall. I've found out what strength is. You're strong enough to hurt me terribly."

"There's only one answer to that," he said slowly, seeking in his mind for the true phrase. "I love you better than myself—more than I love my love for you. Right there you've got the proof that you're wrong about your own strength. I'm strong only while I'm doing things for you, but you're strong all the time. It's quite easy to tell the man who's in love with a woman from one who's in love with love."

"How?" she asked, startled away from thoughts of herself into curiosity. "Give me the talisman that betrays the true lover."

"When you throw him out, he'll go."

"It's a hard test."

"The hardest of all, and yet you made me promise it."

"Don't!" she begged, touching his arm. "I'll never love any other man as I love you tonight. I'm yours. What you tell me to do, I'll do. Where you tell me to go, I'll go. Don't ever say that thing again, as if I were giving myself by halves."

He put his arm around her and they walked on close together, past the big beech, across the lawns and up to the flat terrace before the château. "It's a gem," he murmured almost with reverence; "and like the loveliest jewels, it's not too big. Why have you never lived in it?"

"Only because I was afraid of being lonely. . . . Corny!"

"What?"

"Have you thought about the papers—what they'll say?"

"Of course. I know exactly what they'll say."

"How do you know? Please tell me."

"Because I've got the item in my pocket. I know it by heart."

"You're teasing me."

"No, I'm not. Shall I recite it to you, word for word? Listen: 'All Paris was startled yesterday at the resurrection of a wartime romance through the remarriage of Miss Paula Newcombe, of New York and the Rue Singer, to Mr. Cornell Tappen, of Dobbs Ferry and Mozambique. Nine years ago the original ceremony took place before local civil authorities, but without the attendance of a consular representative. The omission made it technically void in the United States, but correction had to await the return of Mr. Tappen from Africa, where he went following an estrangement from his wife during the first week of their married life. He served with Porter's Column against German East until the close of the war and subsequently amassed a considerable fortune as manager of a large concession in the province of Mozambique. A reconciliation was effected immediately upon his arrival through a daughter, now eight years old, of whom he had never heard.' That's as far as I've got. Have you any corrections?"

"None," said Paula; "and you mustn't let them add a word. It's as perfect, sufficient and complete as a stick of dynamite. I like it."

As they walked down the shallow steps into the walled garden Tappen felt as though he could drown in the pool of fragrance. The roses seemed to sway toward them and one or two shoots managed to catch hold of Paula and make her stop. She disengaged their thorns, bent them back gently and fastened them in place.

"I've always rather despised the clinging vine," she said presently, sinking on a marble bench that gleamed snow-white in the starlight and drawing him down beside her, "but tonight I'm choked with the peace of surrender. In those other days of ours I used to let myself float—away from you. But tonight I'm lost within you and happy. Corny, my dear ——"

"Paula!"

"Take me—please take me."

She was in his arms, her head on his knee. Her face, illumined by its own light, gleamed beneath his eye—a familiar and beloved country. In that moment he forgot to think of her as a goal, and beyond that no man can go. He kissed her and found in her lips the fire that welds soul to soul, whatever the course of the tortured body.

IX

THE marriage took place without any contretemps and the notice appeared in the Paris and New York papers word for word as he had recited it, but its substance had been communicated in advance to Paula's parents. She had declared in the same message an intention to return home at once, to which they had cabled a mild suggestion that they be permitted to come to France instead. Never before had Tappen seen her childishly excited. It was as though a vivid memory had cast her back bodily into her girlhood.

"Read that!" she cried. "You'd take it for the cold tomb of enthusiasm, wouldn't you? Well, let me tell you—they are dying to come." She began to write. "They are counting the hours, the minutes, the seconds, until they get an answer. Here, file this yourself, will you please, dear? Bazire is at the door. Tell him to drive like mad."

"Oh, my bones!" laughed Tappen, snatching the blank before she could sign it. "Throw my hat after me through the window, will you?"

"Here it is," said Joan breathlessly, holding his hat between her knees as she dragged on her own with both hands. She looked up at him with entreating eyes. "Please, Corny."

"Of course. Come along, street hog, but don't think I think it's for my sweet sake!"

The prospective arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe brought him the chance to present Paula with a royal gift—no less than the thorough reconditioning of the château. It was not the money involved that bulked so large; it was his assurance that, rain or shine, strike or no strike, he would have the work done in three weeks.

"You are content only when you're preparing or performing a miracle," said Paula, "but this time you're riding for a fall."

"Perhaps," he admitted cheerfully. "If it takes three falls to make a rider, it ought to take at least as many to make a god." She was all for starting out at once to make her purchases by memory, but he called a halt. "You're going to decide on everything you want, of course, but I'm going to attend to the preliminaries in my own bullheaded way and have the work done. It will take me three days to get ready; then we'll all go to Nuits-St.-Georges, and when I get through with a steel tape you can come to town and order your stuff to the fraction of an inch. In the meantime I'm going back to my apartment."

To her amazement he went, leaving her half dazed, half amused. But she would have been frankly astonished if she could have seen him a few hours later dressed in frayed clothes, a disreputable hat and a soiled shirt. During that night and the next he spent much time in the *estaminet* of Berthe la Fine, setting up drinks, playing with the children and exchanging darts of wit with madame herself. The blind man was still there, unchanged, except that he looked cleaner than ever.

"Does he shave himself?" asked Tappen curiously.

"But no!" exploded Berthe. "If I give him his soup why shouldn't the barber give him his shave—a shave which, when all is said, costs nothing? But no! He does not shave himself."

"You protect him," said Tappen banteringly.

Berthe came around from behind the bar, her hands on her swaying hips. "M'sieur," she said soberly, "it is true I protect him—he is so quiet and eats so little—but if you mean he has a share in my children besides that he loves them alone, you are wrong."

(Continued on Page 42)

Go get a pipe!

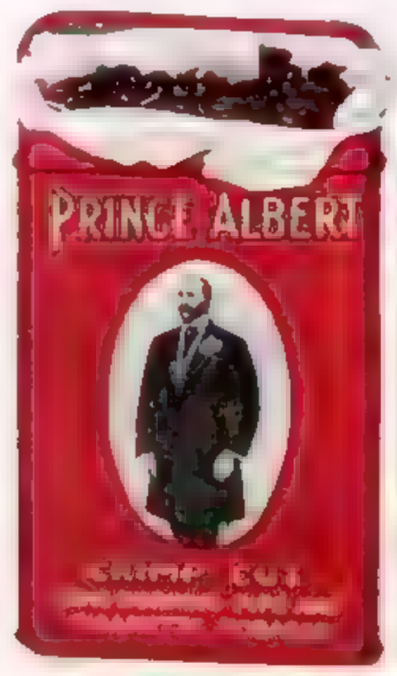
IF YOU don't own a pipe, go get one . . . and sign up for the grandest smoke-sessions you've ever had. Maybe you *have* a pipe lying around somewhere—the one you laid aside when you decided the joys of a pipe were never intended for *you*. Dig it up, and make a new start.

What you needed all the time was Prince Albert. I'm not arguing with you—I'm *telling* you! With P. A. in the bowl, you'll make a go of it *this* time, or I'm a hippopotamus. Not only will you get on with a pipe, but you'll say that no other tobacco hits the spot just like P. A.

Fragrant as can be. Cool as the runners on St. Nick's sleigh. Sweet as getting everything you wanted for Christmas. Mellow and mild and long-burning. That's Prince Albert, Men. Go to it as often as you like. And I'm telling you here and now it will be pretty often. I'll underwrite that!

Not far from where you're sitting is a shop where they hand out jimmy-pipe joy in tidy red tins. Ten-to-one, they also sell pipes. I'd get around there *now* if I were you. The sooner you get going with a pipe and P. A., the sooner you'll be having the time of your life.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 40

"Forgive me, Berthe," said Tappen hastily. "But he has been a fine man, just the same. With those blue eyes he must have come from the Franche-Comté."

"Not he, but me—yes "

"'*Comtois, rends toi!*" challenged Tappen daringly, quoting the famous call to surrender.

"'*Nenni, ma foi!*'" she cried gayly, completing the defiant motto of the Franche-Comté. She whirled on her heel, but made the whole turn so that she still faced the enemy and further battle.

He fled like a poltroon and went to join his former crony, Monsieur Rivier-Debouts, who was pathetically glad to see him. They sat together far into the night, first at a café and later in the privacy of the recording clerk's dingy home, now considerably brightened by such luxuries as artificial flowers and a fair array of bottles. He explained joyfully that a little judicious entertaining had equally brightened his chances of reelection. At the end of the specified time Tappen, accompanied by Abdul, reported at the house in the Rue Singer that he was ready to proceed to Nuits-St.-Georges.

"But this is the first I've heard of you," protested Paula, almost irritated by his air of accomplishment. "I doubt whether I can make the train."

His face fell. "I'm sorry. You see, I've got to go to be there to meet the workmen."

Instantly she was all contrition, and on the way to the station she gave him unstinted amends. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. While I was wasting time wondering where you were you actually got your men together."

"That's nothing," he said with a teasing smile. "I have become a member in good standing of three labor unions and Abdul is my official helper."

"I give up," murmured Paula. "I admit now that the work is practically done already."

There is something inhuman about anyone who has never surrendered to the universal mania for home building. Babies begin it with blocks, children follow with doll houses, playhouses and a shack in the woods, and there is no age at which an adult may not break out with the same rash. The desire to build is as fundamental as the instinct to breathe and embraces all the manifestations of the nesting urge, be it remodeling, redecorating or even such a trifle as the rearrangement of furniture. People engaged in preparing a home are for the time being apart from the rest of the world. They are not only interested to the point of absorption in what they are doing but in each other. The influence of this association varies as to susceptibilities, but a union thus cemented between two persons of taste certainly has more chance of longevity than one glued together by a professional decorator in the absence of the contracting parties.

Tappen, Paula, Joan, and even Abdul, may have known more ecstatic moments than signalized the reopening of the château, but they never had tasted a more piquant combination of excitement and content than garnished the ensuing hours. However long the days, they were too short, and night coincided with exhaustion. Paula was forced to make two trips to Paris. On the first occasion Tappen had said, "Lucky girl to get out of all this mess. Perhaps you'd better take Joan along and stay a while." But she had declared her intention of getting back at the earliest possible moment. The second time he changed it subconsciously to "Poor dear, you are out of luck, but you've got to go." He had realized that to be away from that particular mess was to be excluded from one's private heaven.

"Do you know what makes me like you more than ever?" she asked one evening when they were alone for the half hour beneath the big beech which they permitted themselves between dinner and bed.

"Like?" questioned Tappen.

"I said like and I meant like," she affirmed. "Don't be so conceited. You ought to thank heaven I can still sort my emotions."

"All right, I'll bite," he said meekly. "Why do you like me more than ever?"

"Because you seem to make your world as you go along. The air of this whole place has become electrified with good will, and you've done it. The farmer lets you steal his help with a smile and picks out substitutes he thinks will suit your needs when you decide to steal again. Tine doesn't call you to meals any more; she follows you around with them. As for that gang of skilled labor you brought with you, they aren't workmen at all—not in the sense of surly social rebellion. Some of them are so witty and the rest are so gay, I'd love to have them at a house party. If you don't think it will break the charm, please explain."

"It's the personal equation," he complied quite seriously. "If a workman didn't like me, I would win him or fire him. There isn't any other basis for living than the philosophy of actual contact. Break the current of human magnetism and you bump into a bloodless mechanical world."

"Now you're old," she murmured—"old as the hills."

"Am I?" he whispered, slipping his arm around her and drawing her to him.

She put up a resisting hand, betrayed by its own weakness. "It isn't fair. I'm not myself any more. You've stolen my strength and my assurance."

"Do you want them back?" he breathed against her upturned face.

"No, never."

All love is not cut from the same cloth; it has a variety exceeding the range of the stock of the greatest dry-goods merchant. Nor has the finest love the continuity of an even tissue. It can be likened only to a broken country with peaks and valleys—a country never mapped, eternally rediscovered. Out of the millions who flounder in the morass of sentimentality or dawdle in the lush meadows of unthinking romance emerge, from time to time, two persons so attuned by nature, circumstance and background that they approach a summit with an equal tread. For an instant, a moment or an hour they breathe the air of an ineffable communion. This is the illusory goal of all those who have stood out against compromise with the second best and lost. But it still rears its head above the clouds of cynicism because of the travelers who have attained it.

Such moments came to Tappen and Paula; not every day or every week, but they occurred with sufficient frequency during the period of the reconditioning of the château to build a tower of memories it would be difficult to shake. Now, in a way, she was sorry the work was destined to be finished on time, for it was hard for her to believe that any future state could contain quite the sweetness of these moods of languor following so closely on the heels of frenzied action. She forgot the dust of ages shaken from tapestries on the way to the cleaners, the heaps of moldy calcimine and of dirty wax scraped from walls and unused floors. Even this refuse of demolition seemed to have turned to old rose leaves dead and still fragrant.

But it was impossible to remain pensive for long, so constant was the note of gayety above the hum of toil, to say nothing of demands which called for immediate consideration and level-headed judgment. There was other diversion also, such, for instance, as the apparent metamorphosis of Abdul. Upon his first arrival he had donned shorts and an undershirt and pitched in as Tappen's servant by night and right-hand man by day. He would ignore an order from Tine with a faint smile of disdain, and when Paula innocently made him some civil request she found he was subject to fits of total deafness, so much so that his master, embarrassed, was forced to explain, choosing a moment when Abdul's sharp ears were at a distance: "Please don't misjudge him, Paula. Let's give him a chance, and if you decide you really dislike him I'll ship him back to Africa."

"But I don't dislike him at all. What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing. It's you."

"Me?"

"Not you individually, of course. It's that troublesome question of gender. He's got two thousand years back of him that say a woman hasn't even the right to worship God."

"That's so funny it's hardly an insult," said Paula. "Are you really in earnest? What would heaven be without women?"

"I didn't mean to suggest that he thinks you will be excluded," explained Tappen patiently. "Just the opposite. He believes that there will be hordes of you in the form of houris, apportioned off in generous lots to the male elect."

"I've heard and read all that, but somehow I've never linked it up with an actual live religion." She straightened. "Corny, are you trying to tell me that that bronze idol genuinely despises all women, rich and poor, white, black, yellow and brown?"

"Equally."

She choked with indignation, but presently emitted that chuckling sound which seemed to Tappen the rippling essence of mirth. "I liked him before," she said when she could, "but now I both like and admire him. What colossal cheek—and consistency!"

"He's all right inside," defended Tappen, smiling indulgently not at her but at a mental picture of Abdul. "He's got the queer heart of a lion. He'd die for you, but he wouldn't take an order from any woman unless it was relayed through me."

Consequently it can be imagined with what surprise Paula, upon her return from her second trip to Paris, beheld Abdul smartly clothed in the uniform evolved by the Marseilles tailor and in constant attendance on Joan. He swung her, harnessed or saddled her pony, held her on, and picked her up when she got away from him and fell off with a scream of derision. He submitted to her every whim with an appalling solemnity, followed her around with the equanimity of a St. Bernard, and in the evening—well, in the evening he washed and ironed everything she had worn with startling dispatch and skill.

"Feet of clay," murmured Paula regretfully. "I knew he was too good to be true."

"Not at all," said Tappen. "While you were away Joan fell off two stepladders, got herself rolled up in a carpet and almost set fire to her skirt with a soldering torch. I've never had such a series of frights in my life. I made her safety and comfort Abdul's sole care. What you don't understand is that he feels not like a nurse but like the grand vizier or a chancellor of the exchequer."

"Why?" asked Paula wonderingly.

"Because all women are property and a young girl is a jewel beyond price. According to his unshaken views, when you married me Joan became mine automatically. That's why he was so pleased. As she is worth twenty times the value of any married woman on the open market, and represents 100 per cent return on your original purchase price, he was proud of me as his master for pulling off such a clever stroke of business. He, in turn, is glorified by having her assigned to his charge. She can tease him, revile and even beat him, but you can be sure he will guard her as the apple of his eye. You could send her around the world with him. Are you revolted at the general idea?"

"Stunned, but not revolted," she replied. "A month ago it might have been different, but now ——" She turned to him with a half smile. "Shall I commit an act of treachery?"

"That depends. To whom?"

"To my own sex, of course. There's no use denying it—a woman in love gets a kick out of abasement; out of every form of possession by her lord. That's why I said you could hurt me terribly if you're not careful."

"I won't. I'll never ——"

"But you almost did," she interrupted.

"When?" he asked, aghast.

"Oh, it's all right," she laughed. "As it turned out, it was more than all right. It warned me how silly I was growing and opened my eyes to another danger."

"When?" he repeated insistently.

"It was when you calmly went away to your old apartment the day after we were married. At first I was amazed, then amused, and finally a bit hurt. I didn't stop to think that love can be deeper than desire and that you could go away so naturally only because you were intent on doing something for me. But then something happened to wake me up and to make your absence a stroke of genius."

"What was it?"

"A flood of callers and the way they behaved. I don't know if it interests you, but the nicest people I know were the first to come. They weren't effusive; they were just sincerely glad over what had happened—perhaps because it justified their own judgment of me. They fell in love with Joan and took her straight into their hearts, but they didn't even notice you weren't around. Think that out."

"I can't. I'm too humbled."

"Well, I thought it out. They remembered what you and I had forgotten—that we had been married for nine years—that you had abandoned me for nine years!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Tappen with quick perception. "You're right it's lucky I wasn't there! They could have read a book in my eyes every time I looked at you!"

"Later I had a chance to think some more," she continued, "and it seems to me it would be wise if I could at least have a glance at the *mairie* where we were married. I'd also like to know how I happened to choose that particular neighborhood."

"Right again," said Tappen thoughtfully. "We'll have to make an excursion some day. I'll show you your former haunts and we'll figure out a good reason for everything."

He arose to return to his task of supervision. Like most men who have lived much alone, he had what amounted almost to a craze for cleanliness and order. Hence his commandeering of the farmer's help to move away each day's accumulation of refuse. As a result, when the château was ready for the hangers and the renovated furniture there was no vestige of rubble, paint pots, staging or packing cases. Without and within, it was a lovely shell, already warmed by the daily presence of its prospective tenants into the semblance of a living habitation. Because they watched it come to life it twined its fibers about them from the beginning, seeming to bid them feel at home; and in all the scale of human sensations there is no softer note than this subtle assumption of authority by brick and stone.

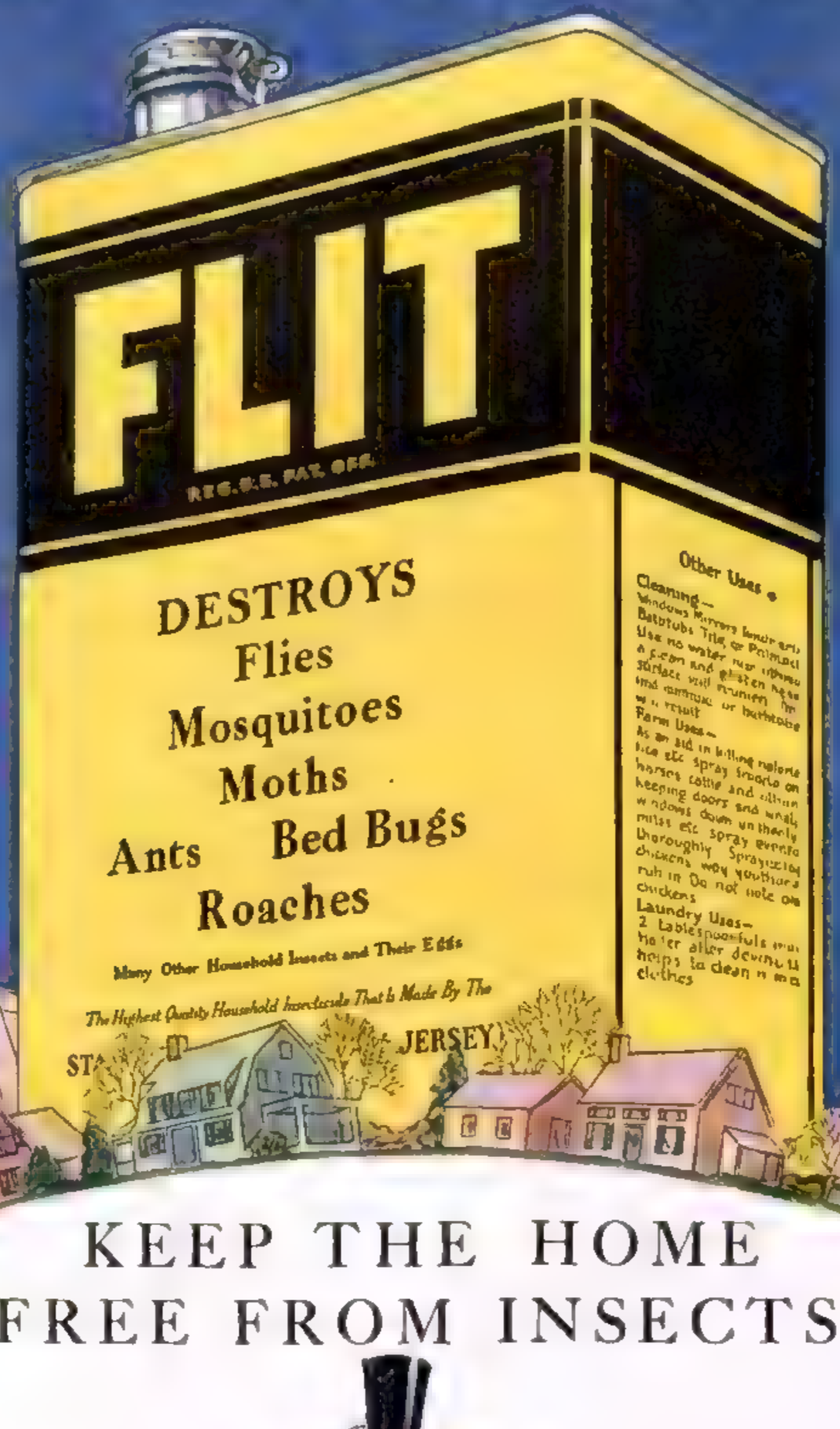
The transfer from the gardener's cottage was accomplished with a minimum of excitement, for such ceremonious housewarming as there was to be was reserved for the arrival of the Newcombes. Joan slept for the first time in the little room where she had been spending most of her waking hours for almost a week, and Tappen, with Paula, occupied an apartment overlooking the rose garden, already familiar with intimate associations. The most violent change was that suffered by Albertine, who had to pull up the roots of half a lifetime. She gazed about her vast new kitchen, equipped throughout by Tappen himself and glistening with a fortune in copper alone, with the resigned air of a queen called too suddenly to an unexpected throne. Even the new maids, her minions, added to her sense of too much greatness, but by no means frightened her.

At first Paula had been inclined to go alone to meet her parents, but a single curious look from Tappen was enough to make her reconsider and presently change her mind. "It was a stupid suggestion, wasn't it?" she said as she drew him out to the terrace on the evening before the journey.

"It would have been ten times the strain on you," he admitted. "With me there,

(Continued on Page 44)

The great PROTECTOR



KEEP THE HOME FREE FROM INSECTS

ALL through the house, not an insect is stirring where Flit is used. Dead are the roaches, bedbugs, moths. Destroyed are their eggs also. For Flit spray deals insect death into every crack and cranny of the walls, into seams of garments where moth worms forage. Spray Flit. Then the home is completely free of insects.

Millions spray Flit, the wonderful new liquid that has given homes new cleanliness—Flit clears the loathsome roaches out of oldest plumbing. Flit prevents the embarrassment of guests annoyed by insects. Flit kills the poisonous bedbug, intruder from no one knows where. Flit saves damage from moths in clothes, rugs and draperies. It kills the larvae and eggs. No longer any need for poisons and fumigations. Flit, so fatal to insects, is harmless to mankind.

"The yellow can with the black band"

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Join the winter Health Squad. Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today. For sale throughout the world.

(Continued from Page 42

and Joan, too, you'll find half your troubles, if not all of them, nipped in the bud. If I don't miss my guess completely Joan alone will mow them down."

"I hate using her like that," said Paula nervously. "I hate a lie, and for days I've felt as if I'd been freed of a nine years' burden of lying. Now it's coming back."

Tappen drew her hand about his waist, slipped his arm around her and made her walk with him slowly. "There's a lot of dead moss hanging on this question of lying," he said presently. "You hear people brag that they never tell an untruth. We know that's rot, but we don't quite realize that it's utter rot. There isn't a decent human being who doesn't lie from morning to night. The sweeter they are by nature, the surer you can be I'm right. The gentler they are in their consideration for others, the shrewder are their prevarications. From your description of them, I can assure you that your father and mother are habitual liars."

She laughed in spite of herself. "You're only trying to comfort me."

"I'm in dead earnest," he asserted, "and I had only come to what I wished to say. You and I have a bigger job on hand than nursing our own happiness. If there is any hallowed virtue in inconsiderate truth, we can shout from the housetops that Joan was born out of technical wedlock and that you were lawfully married for the first time three weeks ago. Incidentally we would hurt those you love and give joy to enemy and scandalmonger. But we would be noble—noble as the dry skeleton of Puritanism—and you would be relieved of the burden of any secret."

"When you put it that way there's no argument, of course," she admitted; "but it doesn't change the fact that that same skeleton of Puritanism is in every American closet. I've watched us over here as well as in New York. Some have the door closed, some locked, some double locked, and a few have buried it under a ton of denial, but the skeleton is there just the same—so invariable that it's comical."

Tappen stopped and looked down at her quizzically. "I must know before we go any further whether you consider it an asset or a ball and chain, whether you're a defender or a rebel."

"To father and mother, it's an asset," she answered after a pause. "To me, it's a ball and chain. I am with the rebels, but only as an individual."

"I'll show you how to forget all that."

"How?" she asked almost pleadingly.

"Turn around."

They stood on the extreme edge of the terrace of flags, each bordered with a cushion of the fine grass which creeps up only between stones long undisturbed. It was laid on the level of the main floor of the château, whose many tall French doors opened directly upon it. Within they could see, by the diffused light of a blazing luster in the main salon, soft tapestries, expectant chairs and the half shadows of peaceful corners. The house itself, banked at one end by a black cloud of trees and bathed at the other by the odor of the matted roses just beneath them, appeared to grip the whole earth with a firm hold. She could imagine it saying "While I stand, nothing falls," and immediately her restless mood gave way to one of profound content.

She pressed against Tappen, but did not look up at him as she murmured, "You carry a magic wand. You wave it and a door opens on a pleasant garden of the mind. Of course I'll walk in it and share it. I'll even fight for it, and let skeletons go hang."

"That's the girl!" he laughed, and it seemed but a blank interlude before he was sitting on that same terrace two nights later, a placid little gentleman smoking comfortably at his side, watching Paula, Mrs. Newcombe and Joan pacing up and down, interlaced as only women can tangle themselves and still talk, gesture and walk.

"An adorable child," said Mr. Newcombe with a long trailing sigh of satisfaction, as if only at that moment had he come to a definite point of rest. "What does she remind me of?"

"Champagne," said Tappen promptly; "color, body and bubbles."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mr. Newcombe protestingly, and added in the next breath, "Must I admit you're right?"

"Why not?" asked Tappen, discovering the twinkle in the other's eye and deciding he was about to like him more than ever. "Why shouldn't you?"

"Don't you see? It would make me into a bootlegging grandfather."

No wonder they became companions and then fast friends. In spite of his mild manner, grizzled hair and small stature, Mr. Newcombe was sturdy at the core. He arose in the mornings when Tappen got up, ate what he ate, smoked cigars as strong as Tappen's pipes, and walked where he walked without vainglorious show, but also without apparent effort. He took a shrewd interest in the leased vineyards which made his daughter's property all but self-supporting, studied the methods employed on the remaining farm land, looked speculatively at the undulating waste within its towering girdle of encircling trees which gave to the château both setting and perspective, and came to certain satisfying conclusions.

"Do you know, if I were you, my boy, I wouldn't introduce tractors, mechanical manure spreaders, hay loaders, silos, water towers or barbed wire. I'd put up with movable sheep fences, wains, fat horses and a slow harvest—the slower the better—and I'll tell you why. You can't hurry without moving—without getting away from where you are." He left it at that.

x

SEVERAL days passed without Tappen's finding himself alone with Mrs. Newcombe for more than a moment at a time. The circumstance dawned on him slowly and made him wonder if subconsciously he had been avoiding her. Nothing could have been farther from his intention, for he had found her a pleasant enough woman, with much of Paula's poise, though little of her self-reliance. In fact, if he had been called upon to describe her he would have said she was Paula herself, only so muted as to have lost the timbre of a full tone. While he was pondering over her aloofness it suddenly struck him that perhaps she was merely shy.

In the event, this proved to be the case. He did not try to force things, but one evening it came about quite naturally that he should suggest showing her his favorite view of the house. They strolled slowly down the driveway and once or twice she half looked back, as if expecting or wishing Paula and the others to follow. When he put his hand under her elbow to steady her where the shadows amounted to actual darkness, she gently removed it and took his arm.

"I like this better," she explained.

"Little things like that interest me," he said with disarming frankness. "Why?"

"Habit," she answered with a short laugh—not Paula's chuckle, but something very near it. "It's the curse and the blessing of the elder Newcombes"

"That explains a lot," he said, speaking lightly. "I suppose I'll have to become a habit before you make up your mind whether you like me or not."

"Oh, no; I've decided that already. I like you, but I've been sorting out the reasons why in my own sleepy way."

"I'm more interested in why you're afraid of me," he plunged.

She did not answer at once. "It is not of you I'm afraid, but of myself. The things inside Mat and myself haven't changed, but the things around us have changed so swiftly that sometimes—like in the week since we got here—I live in a daze. It's foolish, isn't it?"

"No. But I'm just beginning to see you."

"Paula and you never seem to feel like that. You know exactly where you're going because you're traveling at the same pace with the things around you. And I suppose Joan ——" She stopped midway of her sentence.

"What about Joan?" he prompted.

"Well, I really think she's going to travel ahead of the things around her and let the worried world tag after her as best it may."

He laughed gayly. "You imply a worry about the old world, but none about Joan."

"That's the saving grace," she murmured, so low that he barely caught the words. His curiosity was thoroughly aroused, but he did not speak, knowing that she must go on. "I mean," she continued finally, as though driven by his silence, "that it actually is the world people like Mat and myself worry about when we think we're worrying about somebody we love. It's taken me years and years to learn it."

"If you can master a lesson like that," said Tappen, "you no longer have any reason to be afraid of yourself or anybody else."

"You would think so, wouldn't you? But perhaps it's a matter of balance. I'm terrified of falling into the temptation of asking questions or of being asked what I couldn't answer."

"All right," he said. A sudden relief from a menace which had been far from his mind struck across him like an unexpected breath of air on a sultry day. "Let's you and I banish questions."

"Spoken ones," she corrected.

"Yes," he admitted slowly. "It isn't so easy to get away from the others, is it?"

They sat for a moment on a bench set at the farthest bend of the drive, and faced so that its outlook presented a wide clear sweep up to the central emplacement of the château. The jewel-like building gleamed with many lights, and while they watched, a rich glow threw into relief the sharp lines of its precipitous roof and pillared chimneys. They were black, but presently shone with a leaden glint as a summer moon broke over the ridgepole and climbed slowly into the clear sky.

"What a peaceful soundless place," said Mrs. Newcombe, "warm, light and happy. I can tell you now some of the reasons I like you. For one thing, you seem so little afraid of life that you approach it as if it were a meal especially prepared for you and anyone who happens to be near you."

"Now I know you're Paula's mother," he said with a laugh. "She's always analyzing."

"It's a feminine trick. I also like you because you have a tolerant mind and an even amiability. I dislike you because I can't imagine why anybody should quarrel with you. Everybody dislikes mystifications."

She spoke so quietly that a moment passed before he absorbed her words, and a further long pause—rather panicky as far as he was concerned—followed while he reached out for their meaning. He gasped inwardly as he realized she had betrayed their pact almost in her next breath and had asked a tremendous question. He wanted to stare at her, but he did not need to. He could see her without looking, sitting there beside him, apparently so subdued, colorless and unaffected, soothing him into careless security, and then dealing this astonishing body blow. He would have liked to laugh, but he had no time. On what conceivable rock could he and Paula have split, and stayed split, for nine years?

"Never mind," she murmured.

"Oh, but I do mind," he managed to say, and then rushed on. "I shan't pretend to misunderstand. I may have been a little to blame, but nothing like as much as you."

"I!"

"Good!" he thought to himself. Already he had evened the scales. He could feel that she trembled at the shock of his accusation. "Yes; you, of all people." He knew he was on the right track, but he had to fish around for just the right words. "She was your daughter, wasn't she? Intimately. You turned her loose as ignorant of marriage as you have kept yourself aloof from life."

He could feel her drawing herself in defensively as he went on. "Because of your own habits of reticence you turned her out half finished."

The whole passage had been for him a desperate maneuver, ending with a shot in the dark, but by her sigh—a composition of relief and self-recrimination—he knew it had gone home. He sank back on the bench and began to measure his success against its consequences. He must see Paula and warn her. How would she take it? Would she understand the fix he had been in? Or would she be angry?

"I would never have placed Paula—Paula of all people ——" began Mrs. Newcombe, and stopped. She regained her composure. "But it is possible—barely possible. Don't forget she had been gone from home for a year. The war seemed to strike her like a cyclone. She was young, easily fired, not my daughter at all in the intimate sense you meant. In a month—a week—she was swept years and years away from me. She's only beginning to come back." She paused. "Don't you think the grass is damp here? I'm beginning to feel a little chilly."

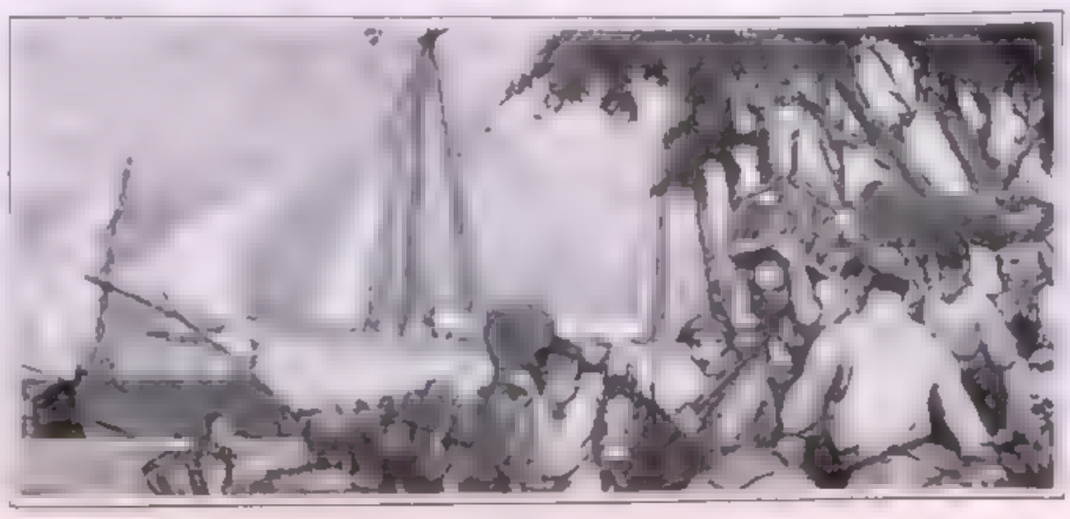
Paula took his news rather more quietly than he had expected, but with a faintly ironical smile. "Not quite another miracle, perhaps," she commented, "but at least you climbed a tremendous wall."

This time he took no particular satisfaction in the feat. "That means I was wrong," he said with his nearest approach to dejection.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed in an impulsive reversal. "I can't bear to have you look like that, Corny. You wouldn't pay any attention to my jeers if you could see behind them. Inside, I don't want you ever to fail. Why should I? If you should—if ever you miss your grip and fall—I fall with you. Never dare think of me again as an onlooker, will you?"

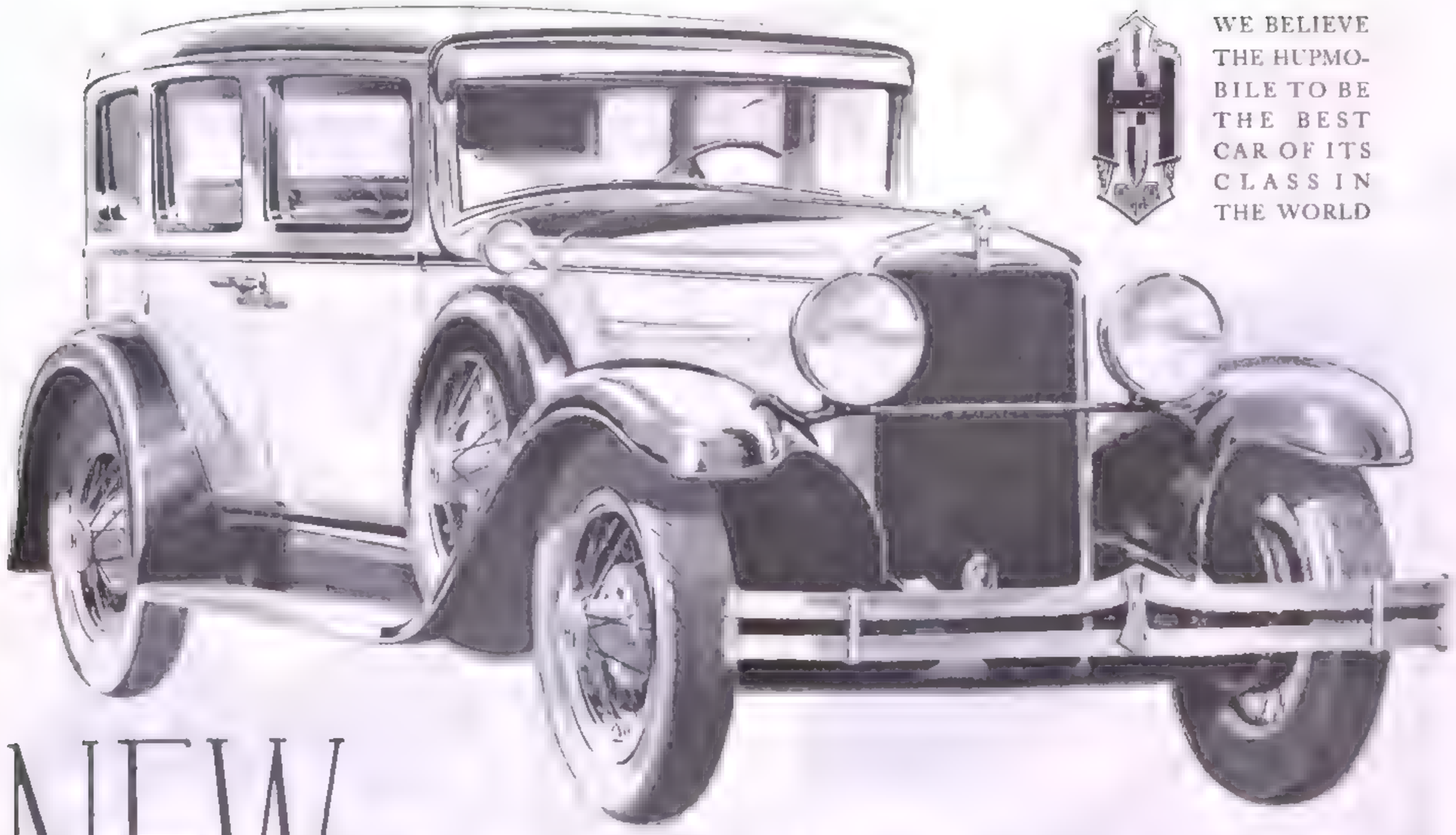
His smile broke out quite suddenly. "Of course I won't—not if that's the way you feel. I say, Paula, don't you have to do a bit of shopping or something? Couldn't you and I motor down to town for a few days?"

"Give me a little time and I'll fix it," she answered promptly.



They were alone in the house in the Rue Singer, and Tappen was amazed that he could find it a relief to be away from the many interests and the summer beauty of the Château aux Hêtres. He missed neither Joan nor Abdul, and least of all Paula's peaceable parents. What made the

(Continued on Page 47)



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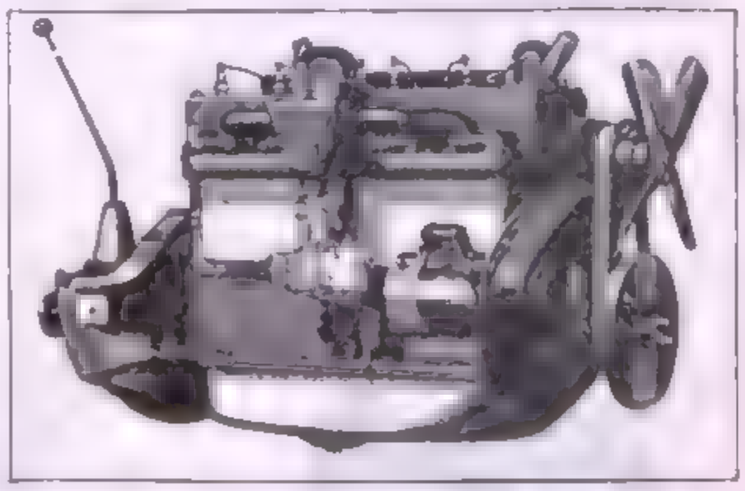

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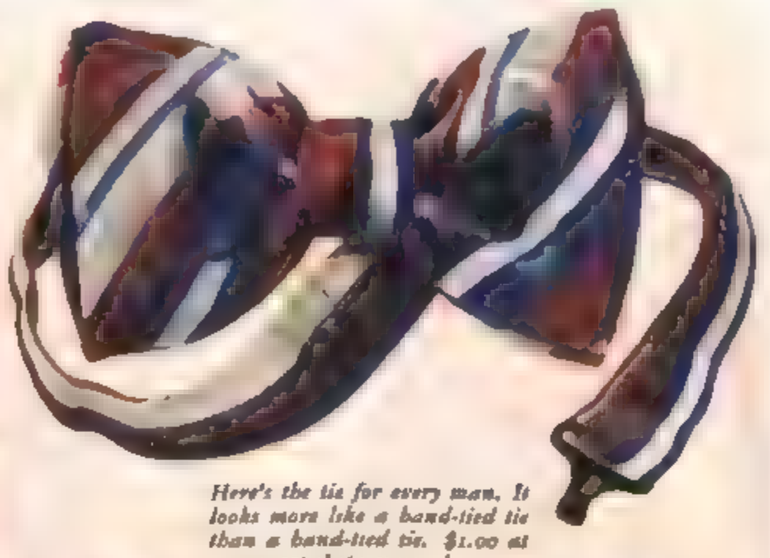

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Smart at the start and stays that way, because the exclusive patented H-shaped Innerform in all Spur Ties keeps them from curling, rolling or wrinkling. All-silk band, 75¢ at your favorite men's-wear store.

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"What's that?"

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BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, GARTERS, BELTS AND BUCKLES — LEADERS FOR 38 YEARS

(Continued from Page 44)

phenomenon all the more extraordinary was that Paris was in its most disastrous mood. The day of the Grand Prix had passed and with it all that element which gives glitter to the capital of wit and fashion. The Bois might be empty, but alien hordes thronged the streets and penetrated into the most unexpected byways. Their omnipresence finally forced itself on his attention. In despair and half jokingly he suggested that they brave the Allée des Cygnes, and to his surprise the proposal fitted in with her whim.

"Yes—why not?" she agreed. "But you must promise to run if anything happens."

"How fast?"

"As fast as I do."

"All right, that's a bargain."

Dressed in their oldest and least conspicuous clothes, they went down the steep steps at the end of the Rue Singer arm in arm and forgot to let go when the narrow alley forced them to crowd closely together at one side to avoid the central gutter. When they came to the spot where he had first talked to her, he stopped, swept her off her feet and kissed her. "Don't!" she murmured indistinctly. "Don't!" A couple came suddenly upon them and passed, climbing steadily up the Rue Berton.

"There! You see?" she whispered indignantly.

He glanced at the disappearing figures. "How disappointing! They didn't even notice!"

She could not help but laugh. They went on gayly, holding hands like children until they reached the Quai de Passy. From that point on they proceeded with more dignity but no less light-heartedly. They loitered along the promenade, but could not quite bring themselves to stop, and all too soon the walk was over.

"Here we are," said Paula, "and there's the Rue des Eaux. Do you want to climb the steps?"

"Not particularly. Where could we go when we got to the top? The apartment's still there, of course. I had to take it for six months or nothing. But it's been locked up for weeks and must be terribly dusty."

"That wouldn't matter, but I don't want to go there anyway. I haven't had enough of outdoors."

"I know what we'll do," he said, hailing a taxi and lifting her into it before he instructed the driver. "I'm going to give you a surprise."

It was half an hour before they drew up at a café halfway across the city. Well as she knew the town, Paula had been amazed at vast stretches so colorless that they gave the impression of a desert. She was pleased that their destination coincided with one of those tree-lined squares which form the myriad oases of Paris.

As they settled down at an outside table and ordered an *apéritif*, Tappen asked with a smile, "Well, do you see anything familiar?"

She looked around curiously, near and far. "No, I've never been here before."

"Oh, yes, you have. See the *mairie* across the street? No—down farther—the place with the bulletin boards. That's where we were married—nine years ago."

"Really?"

Long after she was ready to go, he insisted on remaining, and at last was able to intercept Monsieur Rivier-Debouts as he passed on the farther side of the way. He brought him over, said shortly "*C'est madame,*" and added for her benefit, "This is the gentleman who married us, my dear."

The little man was frankly taken aback by Paula's appearance. For a time he was ill at ease, even after being provided with a glass of his favorite tipple, but when she began to chat casually in French he gradually regained his self-composure. Presently he awoke abruptly to the realization that he liked her, and when he perceived that she was cut from the self-same cloth as Tappen, his reserve gave way to a sort of song of praise, subdued though fervent. So benign was the congratulatory look he bestowed on Tappen that Paula emitted her chuckling laugh and thereupon was admitted to the full degree of friendship.

It was at this point that Tappen leaned forward and said in a low tone, "Madame has unfortunately lost her *livret de mariage.* She has the transcript, of course, but the book itself is missing."

"I had thought of that," murmured Monsieur Rivier-Debouts with a shade of pride. "As a matter of fact, I happen to have found it. Can you wait here for me?"

"One moment," said Tappen. "There is an entry to be made in the proper place. A girl, Joanne, born on ——" He turned to Paula. "Just when was she born?"

"The eighth of June, 1916. Can you remember that, m'sieur?"

"It is engraved here, madame," said the clerk, tapping his head as he arose.

She sat holding Tappen's hand with a lax naturalness for a long time. "I forgot to tell him where."

"That's just as well. He'll leave it out."

They had received the oblong book of marriage lines and said good-by to Monsieur Rivier-Debouts. "Please let's walk," she suggested, and they strolled along a route quite different from that by which they had come. "You seem to be going somewhere," she remarked when they had been walking for a long quarter of an hour.

He laughed. "You're a mind reader. All this district is pretty familiar to me, of course. But perhaps we'd better climb into a cab, after all."

"Why?"

"Because at any turn you may meet some of those workmen you were so keen to invite to a house party and they might call your bluff."

"I wouldn't mind seeing them again. They were a nice lot. I can name at least half of them."

"It's too early for them yet," said Tappen, glancing at the sun. "Shall we take a chance? I'd like to show you a cheerful interior."

"Can we walk to it?"

"No; we'd better ride." They came into another square. "There's a rank of cabs."

She scarcely heard him. She was standing stock-still and gazing about her with a puzzled air. "Corny, I believe I've seen this place before."

"I doubt it," he said carelessly, and hailed a taxi. The one which broke away from the line had its top up. "Shall I tell him to open?"

"How far is it?"

"Not far."

"Then it isn't worth while—not if we're in a hurry."

He gave an address which the driver received with a solemn wink. Paula leaned forward as the cab dashed along, watching from the windows, first on one side, then on the other. "Look, Corny," she said suddenly, drawing herself out of the way. "Quick! Do you see the arch? On the right. Did you?"

"Yes, I caught a glimpse of it. I know it quite well. It leads into an abandoned quarry. Why?"

"That's where I was really married—standing in that arch."

Before he could recover from his astonishment the cab was drawing up before Berthe la Fine's *estaminet.* "Come in here for a minute," he suggested. "We won't even let the taxi go."

It was a bright day, and as her noisy clientele had not yet begun to arrive, both leaves of Berthe's narrow door were thrown wide. No wider than her eyes, however, when they beheld Tappen. She advanced with open arms, but they fell at her sides as she saw Paula standing on the running board of the cab and about to descend. Berthe's broad smile tightened into a pursed pout and one of her eyebrows went higher than the other.

The afternoon glare, reflected from a blank wall across the street, struck full into the little room, setting out each thing in it separately—the bar, the bottles, the table and chairs, the flags of the floor and the cracks between them, the benches, two children, and the blind man with his face lifted as always. Tappen felt gayly at home as he threw his arm around Berthe and patted her on the back. Here was something Paula could understand, something fine in its own way. A spirit of easy-going triumph in the midst of the most apparent defeat. He wanted to share it with her, but when he turned she was gone. He stepped back to the sidewalk and gazed helplessly up and down the street.

"Is it your fine lady you're looking for?" asked Berthe with a hearty laugh. "She's in the cab. She hopped back into the cab like a rabbit from a cat."

He put his head through the open window of the taxi and saw Paula's eyes staring at nothing from a white face. "What's the matter? What's happened? Paula!"

Her eyes turned slowly and looked at him. "I'll wait for you here."

"You won't come in just for a moment—just long enough to speak to my friends?"

"No. Please hurry."

He tore open the door of the taxi, calling over his shoulder, "Some other time, Berthe."

She sent another peal of laughter after the cab. Inside it, Tappen was sitting rather rigidly in one corner, his face almost as white as Paula's. "Are you ill?"

"No."

He frowned and laid his hand on hers, to find it cold and resisting. "What is it then?" he asked, keeping his voice steady with an effort. "Berthe has been a mighty good friend to me. She's a good woman. She's ——"

"Stop!" said Paula.

He took away his hand and sank into his corner of the cab. Five minutes passed before she spoke again: "Have you the keys to the apartment?"

His frown deepened. "I can get them from the concierge."

"I would like to go there."

He leaned out to direct the driver. Ten minutes more of silence and he was opening the door of his flat. Dust was on everything and the place smelled musty, as though it had been closed for months. He hurried to draw back the curtains and throw open the windows. When he turned, Paula was already at work cleaning up, putting everything in order. He stood for a long time in the balcony, watching her wonderingly, waiting for her to smile or give him some other sign that the joke was over. He was amazed at her thoroughness with sweeper and duster, at the unerring way she went straight to bed linen or anything else she wanted. He tired of watching her and turned to the sunset instead, but peace could find no place in him.

After a time the silence in the room behind him pressed on his consciousness with an increasing weight so that he was forced to face around. Paula was sitting on the edge of a chair, her eyes staring as they had stared in the cab and her hands clasped in her lap. She looked as if she had been waiting for him.

"Corny."

He hurried to her. She took both his hands and pressed them against her face, covering it.

"Go ahead, Paula. Tell me."

"I've seen him."

"Who?"

"Joan's father."

His body felt numb. Only his hands tingled.

"Where did you see him?"

"You know—you must know."

"You are wrong, dear. You haven't seen anyone. Was it somebody walking in the street?"

"No, no; in that place—on the bench—looking up."

"The blind man!"

A shudder went through her. "Is he blind?"

Tappen lifted her into his arms and held her. Presently the blood began to run in his veins again and the frown cleared from his forehead. He stood holding her against him closely as though only to warm her body.

"How can you be so sure?"

She began to sob, horribly, hoarsely. "He's Joan's father."

"That's all right, Paula. Don't cry, dear. Don't give in."

She checked like a frightened horse under a knowing hand and looked up at him. At the sight of his face, not at all dismayed, not even particularly distressed, self-composure flowed back into her in a flood.

"Corny, you're wonderful. I was a fool to leave you out even for a moment."

"Let's sit down, shall we? I'll drag the couch over near the window."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

An' so after her sayin' what she did, I says—you see she ain't got no call t' put on airs over me, her havin' worked out an' ever'thing before she was married, an' so I says t' her, I says—an' she's an ugly little mutt t' begin with, what with her frazzled hair, her squint eyes an' them bowlegs. I declare t' goodness, if I looked like her I certainly never wouldn't thinkin' of wearin' my skirts a fashionable length. Indeed, I wouldn't!

"An' so I says—but th' worst of all was her walkin' past when I had company on th' porch an' laughin' loud as if she knowed somethin' about me that wasn't complimentary. That made me about as mad as anything she'd done.

"I could stand hearin' her talk loud out in th' back yard. I just considered th' source an' never paid no attention, but that comin' past th' house an' tryin' t' make fun of me before my most intimate friends—well, that was th' straw that broke th' camel's back. An' so I just says t' myself, I says, 'I've stood this here thing long enough.' I walked out t' where she was an' I looked her right in th' eye an' I says—of course, you understand, I didn't want t' make no scene. I never was one t' go bawlin' out people so t' get th' whole neighborhood stirred up an' mebbe th' police called.

"I've stood a heap, just because I was a lady. Many's th' time I've been ready t' throw a skillet at her an' then I restrained myself, realizin' that anybody what belongs t' a literary club like I do has got her position t' maintain.

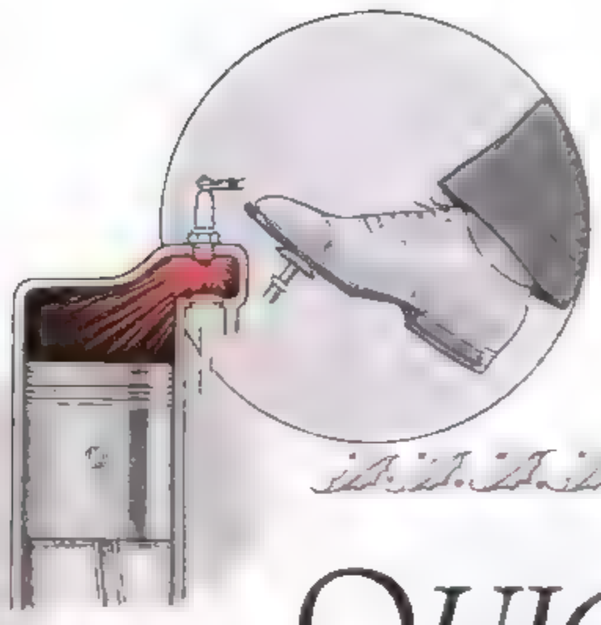
"Yes, I'd stood a heap; I'd stood more'n any ordinary lady would of stood an' then some. But this here last thing was too much. When she got t' laughin' like that an' tryin' t' make me out a ninny, I just walked out t' where she was an' I says, lookin' right at her, with my nose a little in th' air, I says, 'You think you're smart, don't you?'" —*Tom S. Elrod.*

A Word to the Wise

AND then I cried a while
Because your love must pass,
Because you dared to smile
And find another lass.

And so I cried, and then,
As all my forbears had,
I dried my tears again,
And found another lad.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*



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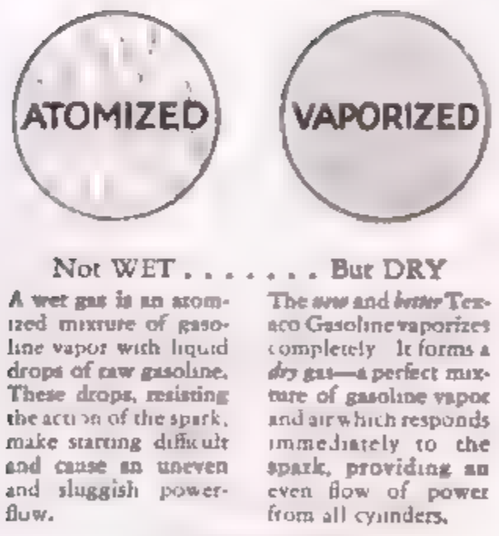
Instantly it leaps to the spark—even when your engine is chilled to the crankshaft—Winter starting seconds are tell-tale seconds. The way your engine responds these cold mornings *shows clearly the quality of your gasoline*—The *new* and *better* Texaco is an improved, non-doctored gasoline. It has what petroleum technologists term an unusually close and well-balanced distillation range. Under all weather conditions—even the coldest—it vaporizes perfectly (forms a dry gas)—That is why the *new* and *better* Texaco starts more quickly, why it accelerates so smoothly and swiftly, and why it always has such a reassuring reserve of quick-action power



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The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline vaporizes completely. It forms a *dry* gas—a perfect mixture of gasoline vapor and air which responds immediately to the spark, providing an even flow of power from all cylinders.

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TEXACO

PLUPYS FATHER AND MOTHER ENTERTAIN A MISSIONARY

(Continued from Page 26)

i taik my tallent for maiking up poitry from father and i have rote a good deel but i dont beleeve i ever rote a better one than that one of fathers. father is auful smart.

if peeple whitch live outside of Exeter gnew what fun we have here most evry day they wood come here to live from evrywhere. father says it reminds him of the time when old Seth Crummett piched into a circus feller whitch was paisting up sum circus bills. old Seth whitch had a lot of whiskers and only cut his hair onct a year in the spring, well he gumped for the circus man whitch jabbed his paist brush into his face and while old Seth was clawing paist out of his eys and nose and mouth the circus man put his paist pale rite down over his head paist and all.

well you never saw sutch a site. father sed they dident know the best way to get the paist off him. sum sed they had augt to bake him and slice it off and sum sed to leeve him under the dam for 2 or 3 days and sum sed to skin him like a eal. but finaly they pumped on him the rest of the day and when they got throug old Seth was cleen and sober for the ferst time in years.

Thursday, August 26, 186—it was hot today and peeple jest set round in their shert sleeves and fanned themselfs with their hats. it was too hot to gaw about the concreek sidewalks but it was splendid wether to go in swimming. i can swim under water 100 feet. it maiks me puff.

oh gosh there is a convension of ministers coming next week and we have got to have one to supper. mother says sumthing always happens. onct father swoar rite before one and mottifide mother most to deth. and onct when we had one to supper me and Pewt and Beany filled the fly screens with fuse and he got mad and left. i wonder what will happen this time. mother says she is sure sumthing will. so she and aunt Sarah are going to practise us so as not to say or do ennything rong.

Friday, August 27, 186—today we practised. Keene sed i gneeded the most practise. of coarse she knows evrything. so i had to practise shaking hands with the minister and say i am verry glad to see you sir whitch is a big lie and he had augt to know it. then i have got to chew without opening my mouth and not butter a hoal slice of bread but only small peaces and not try to talk with my mouth full and to use my knapkin and say please and thank you and please xcuse me if i have to go out. of coarse i know all these things only when i am at home with the family i am generally fiting with Keene and eeting with my gnife to maik her mad and guggling when i drink, whitch i woodent do befoar company and only do becaus Keene is so smart. mother has told Keene more than 4 hundred times that if she wood let me alone i wood do all rite.

Saterday, August 28, 186—today we practised sum moar. mother says i am all rite. mother is English and knows all the polite things and Aunt Sarah was educated in the Exeter Femail Academy and in Miss Temperence Walkers private school so they are all rite and Cele knows it all and doesent say mutch about it and Keene thinks she knows it all and says a good deal about it. mother and aunt Sarah are going to have a good supper and breckfast. the chirch society is going to give them a dinner in the vestry. evrybody is glad of that.

Sunday, August 29, 186—tomorrow the ministers come. we are going to have cold chicking and fride potatoes and hot biskits and current gelly and cake and coffee for supper and for breckfast we are going to have soasiges and pancakes with maple sugar siryp and coffee. if the old minister cant get along with that he gneedent stay. gosh it is tuff to have ministers 2 days running. it is bad enuf to see a minister in church onct a week.

Monday, August 30, 186—well this has been a verry xciting day. in the ferst place this morning mother was going throug the setting room with a tray of goblets and a glass picher when the parrot screached hi Joey, whitch is what father calls mother you know, and it scat her so she gumped 2 yards into the air and dropped the tray and broak 2 of the goblits and the snout off the picher. then mother laffed so she had to set down and wipe her eys. ennyway she sed she was glad the parrot sed sumthing in the morning becaus it never spoke but onct a day and she felt sure it woodent say ennything while the minister was here. ennyway she sed she wood put a cloth over the cage to maik sure.

well the minister came and brougt his wife whitch is a missionerys daughter and the minister has been a missionery and dident get et by the cannebiles but her father did. mother dident know she was coming and i gess she woodent have found falt if she had been et like her father was. but she told her how glad she was to see her and maid her taik of her shorl and bonnet and Cele took her carpet bag up to her room and mother sent her up sum hot water and a cloths brush and done evrything to maik her and the old minister comferble as mother always does although her heart was rung with sorrow for feer the hot biskits mite not hold out. but we all promised we woodent ask for a 2th helping of ennything althoug mother and aunt Sarah had cooked about a peck of evrything but mother sed she had seen missionery ministers eat befoar.

well father come home befoar the missionerys come down stares and when mother told him the missionery had brougt his wife father sed oh gosh is she a zooloo or a bushman maiden with a ring in her nose and mother sed George dont talk so loud. what if they shood hear you. and father begun to dance round the room maiking auful fases and snapping his fingers and lifting his legs high like a bushman and he begun to sing

if i was a cassowary
on the bank of Timbucktoo
i'd gobble up a missionery

and jest then the door opened and in come the missionery and his wife and caugt father with one hind leg in the air and caugt us all laffing and triing to keep quiet. well father put down his hind leg and mother interduced him and father shook hands and told them how glad he was to see them and told them he was having sum fun with the children as he always done when he got home from Boston. and the minister sed he notised he was having a good time and his wife sed so two. and then Cele come in and sed supper was ready and evrybody stoped talking and we were getting reddy to go in and set down to the table when that old parrot screached pull down your vest and what do you think, that old minister done it befoar he thougt. pull down your vest is sumthing new that smart fellers holler at eech other.

well the minister turned red when he saw it was the parrot whitch told him what to do and father maid a noise in his gozzle like a cat whitch had swollowed a fish boan. well nothing moar was sed until we set down and bowed our heds while the minister pernounced a blessing whitch mother had told us he wood and warned us not to interup. but she had augt to have warned the parrot becaus it was a pretty long blessing and we was hiching in our seets when the parrot screached get ap you crowbate get ap jest like a farmer driving a old plug.

then the minister stopped and father neerly coffed his head off while mother and aunt Sarah passed round the chicking and the biskits and the gelly and poared the water and the tea and we all begun to eet and evrything was going all rite when the old parrot screached again wipe off your chin and this time the minister and father both wiped off their chins and i did two. wipe off your chin is another thing that fellers holler to eech other. well father looked at the minister and the minister begun to laff and then father did and then they both leened back in their chairs and haw hawed and evrybody laffed.

then father told how he got the parrot and who gave him to me and all about it and while he was saying it the old parrot begun to dance up and down and screach and say what a lie, what a dam lie, hi Joey, what a lie. then father gumped up and grabed his glas of water and threw it all over the parrot and the parrot screached cheese it you old gote and then father put the cage in a dark closet and shet the door and after the parrot screached go to hel 3 times it shet up and dident say ennything more.

and then father told how he was going to kill and eat Ben Sidwell and Jaky Howe and Frank Harriman and Ivory Pope and Charly Mudge and Tris Talbot to pay them for the goke they had played on him. and the minister sed it reminds us of when we lived with the cannibiles mister Shute.

well you never in your life saw sutch nice people as the minister and his wife. they et and goked and talked and told stories and after supper the ministers wife went into the kitchen and helped wash the dishes and put them away and scrub the sink and sweep the floor. And when Keene and Cele asked what they shood sing the minister and his wife sed they preferred Annie Lorry and five oh clock in the morning and drink to me only with thy eys and i will drink with mine and i know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows and Katys letter and songs like them insted of shall we gather at the river and old hundred and hark from the tooms, whitch most ministers prefer. and Cele played a walce and a polka and a shottish and then we all sung way down on the swanee river and home sweet home and when Johnny comes marching home again hooray and then the ministers wife begged father to sing and danse the Timbucktoo song and father done it and i thougt they wood die.

then they had to go to the meating in the chirch and they dident get home until after we had went to bed. but father and mother and aunt Sarah staid up for them and they all set up to midnite talking. and the nex morning we had a good breckfast and when they went away on the trane they said they never had a better time in their lifes and i gess we never did eether. i dident know ministers cood be so good fellers. gosh they have got to go back to Africa in about 6 weaks and we shall never see them again proberly. it seams terible.

Tuesday, August 31, 186—yesterday father told the story of what happened and the men in the custom house neerly dide laffing over it. it isent verry often ennybody gets a goke on father. most always father gets the goke on the other fellers. father sed it went all over the hoal bilding. in the collectors department and the sirveyors department.

father sed there hadent been so mutch xcitement in the custom house since Gim Dolliver whitch keeps a resterant in the rotunder rased the price of a cup of coffee from $.03 cents to $.05 cents a peace. the rotunder is the big round room in the custom house.

well father sed all day men kep coming in and asking him if they cood join his school for publick speaking and father says sumthing is up becaus evry time he looked up from his desk he saw a lot of the men with their heads together talking low. so he knows they are going to play sum trick on him. father says they havent had so good a chanct at him sence he put the old man on the rong trane and got his naim in the Boston papers.

nothing mutch today. the days go auful fast. no moar fites about the concreek sidewalks but lots of gaws. old William Perry Moultons erly apples are ripe. how do i know. gess. this is the last day of summer. gosh.

Wensday, September 1, 186—well tonite father come home tonite with a copy of a newspaper whitch the men in the office had rote about him. father sed he had tride to get moar than one copy but he coodent becaus evrybody wanted one. the paper was in wrighting and was a advertisement about a school for the traning of parrots crows baboons and chimpanzoons. it was auful funny. father read it to us tonite. well father sed he gnew sumthing was up when he went into the custom house becaus the men was all wrighting at their desks and only sed hello George when he come in, when most always they say lots of things to him and he says lots of things back. so father kep quiet and kep his eys and ears open.

bumeby he herd a newsboy hollering the Exeter Elwife of Exeter, New Hampshire. all about a new school for traning parrots to sware and cuss. and he kep hollering this and all the men piled out and bougt the paper and give one to father.

tonite father read it to us tonite and let me copy it. father sed he thinks all the men in the office had a hand in it but he thinks most of it was rote by Mat Whittier whitch is a brother of old Jack Whittier the poit whitch lives in Amesbury. nobody calls him Jack but Mat does. Mat is a good wrighter but Jack is a poit. well it went like this

the Onerable George S. Shute of Exeter, New Hampshire, one of the clerks in the Navel office in the Boston custom house has opened a school for the traning of parrots for the entertainment of ministers, deecons, missionery and religous leeders of all sexes. also for the hier edication schools sunday and otherwise, chirch sosiables and Friday evening prair meatings et cetery et cetery. special coarses in perfanity, obscenery and billingsgait.

Mr. Shute will also use his remarkable powers in the training of crows and Jackdaws whitch can be taugt eezily to curse and sware.

communications to be addressed to George S. Shute, Exeter, New Hampshire. a large asortment of highly traned birds for sale or to let. special tutering given to privately oaned parrots by xceptionally talented tuters in blasfemy.

then come sum wirds of prase from eminent men whitch had bougt or hired parrots. they were the Referent Starr King Scroggins, the Referent Whitefield Pettigrew and the Reverent Thankful Whittaker all of whitch sed they xperienced the gratest delite in listening to the marvellus perfanity of Mr. Shutes tallented birds whitch they recommended highly to all vestry and sunday school celebrations.

well father sed he bet those custom house men rote all nite to get those papers out. he sed men kep coming in and asking him about it and of coarse he had to say sumthing to evrybody and father gave most of them sum pretty good hits. when Jaky Howe hollered across the rotunda George what is a chimpanzoon father hollered back, Jaky Howes father and mother, and Jaky shet up. and when Mat Whittier hollered George are you going to taik me into your school father hollered back no Mat the babboon department is full with Ben Sidwell and Charly Mudge and Gim Dolliver and Frank Harriman. and when Ivory Pike hollered aint there anny chanct for me George father hollered back i am going to put in a idiot department as soon as i can and i will give you the ferst chanct if the Cambrige assilem dont get you ferst. and Ivory he shet up.

so most of the men whitch hollered at father got the wirst of it as they always do. father is going to give the parrot to Beanys futher.

Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods

This NEW way provides security that is absolute and banishes forever the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

DUE to modern scientific advancements, women's most important hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain methods of yesterday have been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come ever as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or doubt. The woman of today meets *every day* unhandicapped.

Protection women KNOW is real

Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs *16 times its own weight* in moisture! Thus Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton!

(2) Kotex is scientifically designed for *safe* and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering and strong gauze attachment ends, to *eliminate absolutely* all chance—all hazard.

(3) Kotex actively *deodorises*. Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

Kotex, too, ends for all time the embarrassing problem of disposal. One uses it, then discards it—*as easily as tissue.*

Ask for them by name—Kotex

"Genuine Kotex" is plainly stamped on every box. If offered a substitute said to be "like Kotex"—beware. Imitations are, we are told, being offered for the sake of higher profit, by some stores, as the "same as Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex. Obtain at any store in boxes of 12 pads. Two sizes, Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at drug or dry goods stores,* simply by saying "Kotex"

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

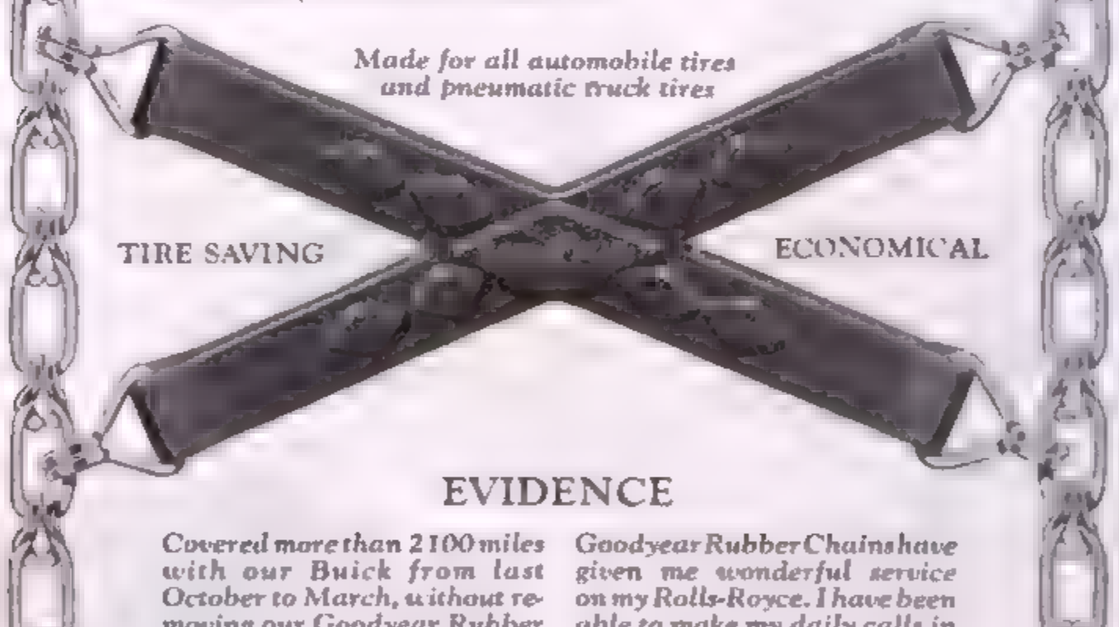
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

A *quiet* Tire Chain that grips and lasts

A TIRE CHAIN made of rubber—noiseless, tough, long-wearing Goodyear rubber! Saves and protects tires—costs less per mile—*clings tight*—resists skidding in any direction. A proved quality product of Goodyear—the Greatest Name in Rubber. Have your car equipped today at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Made for all automobile tires and pneumatic truck tires



EVIDENCE

Covered more than 2100 miles with our Buick from last October to March, without removing our Goodyear Rubber Chains. The only repair was one cross link. Both for non-skid value and quietness they are superior to any chain we have used.

Forrest A. Bliss,
Fitchburg, Mass.

Goodyear Rubber Chains have given me wonderful service on my Rolls-Royce. I have been able to make my daily calls in deep snows when other cars were all snowed under. In 1600 miles I have replaced only a few cross links.

Dr. Edwin A. Griffin,
165 Hancock Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Quality Product made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR

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TIRE CHAINS

DISCARDING FROM STRENGTH

Continued from Page 15

some who criticized her for taking such expensive gifts which she could not hope to return in kind. Of course, most of the criticism was behind her back. Only Austin Weeks told her frankly.

"You oughtn't to take things like that from people you hardly know, Paula," he said.

"Funny old provincial," she laughed at him. "Knowing a person doesn't have to take years and years. If it's an articulate person, you can get to know him or her intimately between the soup and the salad. Everybody isn't a tight-mouth like you. Why, I've been knowing you ever since you made tin cutters for my mud pies, and you've never yet let me see inside of you."

When Paula told me about this conversation, she said that Austin did not answer in words, but that he just looked at her and his look somehow made her feel ashamed. If she saw in his eyes that quivering pain which I had seen there, I can well believe she was ashamed of goading him. But he did not leave her in this wholesome state of remorse. Like all silent men when they get started, he must needs press his original point.

"Can't you see that these people count on your having no pride?" he asked. "They know you haven't money as they have it and that puts you, to their way of thinking, in a lower class. They find you beautiful, of course, and amusing company. So they pay you, just as they pay their other entertainers. When they hand you a dress or a jewel, they are simply giving you a glorified tip. I should think you'd be ashamed to let them see that your palm itched for it."

When Paula lost her temper, which was seldom, she lost it gloriously.

"It's you who are insulting!" she flamed at Austin. "My friends—my real friends—wouldn't be capable of the mean little thoughts you have in your mind. I don't want to speak to you again, ever."

Poor Austin. I felt sorry for him during those weeks when Paula, passing him on the street, would look straight through him, while those of us who happened to be with her would give him brief, nervous little nods. We didn't want to offend Paula.

But her generous spirit was capable of apology. She made her apology to Austin after she had been away on a ten-day visit to some friends of the Taliaferros who had a summer place up at the lake. I don't know what had happened on this visit, but I do know what she said to Austin, because I heard it. We were down on Main Street doing some shopping, when we ran plump into Austin outside the bank where he had a job as bookkeeper. I expected Paula to give him the cut to which he had become accustomed, but she stopped short and held out her hand.

"You were quite right," she told him, "about the tips. That is the way rich people feel when they give you things. I understand now and I shan't take any more. But I'm grateful to you, Austin. You were the only one who had the courage to tell me and I'm awfully sorry I was such a fool about it."

For a while Austin went about in a sort of glow of happiness. Then the glow was snuffed out and he looked like a man who has nerved himself up to an operation, but wishes they would shove along the anæsthetic. Paula had confided in him, first of all, that she was going to marry Jim Taliaferro.

A little later the engagement was announced formally and Jim began making weekly visits to Mapleton. Sometimes he would invite a few of Paula's old friends to make up a party and go off somewhere on a trip in one of his father's private cars. That was a tremendous thrill for the fortunate ones who got invitations. I remember how impressed we were with Paula's careless acceptance of it all, and with the prideful way in which Jim showed her off to friends of his whom we would meet at towns where we stopped.

In August Paula went with the Taliaferros to the races at Saratoga. Jim had a horse entered—a beautiful, spirited creature named Matchless—which was a favorite in the betting. The Taliaferros all went up to see Matchless win and Paula went along, too, to share Jim's triumph.

When she came back to Mapleton she had broken her engagement. I didn't hear the reason until years later, but she told Austin at the time.

"I've always laughed at Jim a lot," she said, "about his possessiveness. He has just exactly the same tone of voice for saying 'my horse' and 'my car' and 'my fiancée.' But I hadn't realized what his sense of possession meant.

"I suppose you read in the papers about the accident to Matchless?" she asked with apparent irrelevance. Austin nodded. She put her hand over her eyes as though to shut out the memory. "It was terrible—terrible," she said, "to see that creature of grace maimed. I can't forget the poor thing's eyes. . . . I stood by when they gave chloroform. But Jim wasn't grieved. He was only furious because Matchless had fallen and had lost the race. It was an unbearable thing that his horse should fail. All in a flash it was plain to me that when he says in that prideful way 'my horse' or 'my car' or 'my fiancée,' his pride isn't in the horse or the car or in me; his pride is in his ownership of what he thinks is a superior product."

Austin said nothing, but he put a steadying hand over hers. And Paula knew that he understood, as none of her other friends would understand, why she had thrown away her chance for a brilliant marriage.

"I can't be possessed, Austin. There is something in me that won't bear it."

For a while after the breaking of her engagement Paula gave up her round of visits and stayed quietly in Mapleton. "Quietly" is a relative word, for she was rushed by all the unmarried men in town, regarded longingly by not a few of the married ones, while the stream of out-of-town swains, which had been interrupted during the period of her engagement to Jim, resumed its flow.

Out of the mêlée of her admirers, Neil Farley presently emerged. The Farleys were not as rich as the Taliaferros, but they had had their money longer. Mrs. Farley, Neil's mother, was a leader in the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution, and she was always state chairman for any movement which had proper social backing. She came to Mapleton once, I remember, for the unveiling of some historic monument and sat on the speakers' platform, a majestic figure in purple, with all the local celebrities fluttering about her. Her daughters, both the married and the unmarried ones, went in for public affairs, too, and in a more sensational way than their mother.

Those were the days of militant suffragists, and two of the Farley girls won their prison pins for picketing. Then there was one who patronized the newest art fads and one who collected rimeless poets. Neil's brother had a famous collection of Chinese porcelains and Neil himself was experimenting with modern music.

The Farleys took Paula abroad with them—to educate her, according to certain mean tongues. She came back looking a little tired and confused, but exquisite, her beauty wearing a French accent. She told us mockingly:

"I know all the reasons why a picture shouldn't look like the thing you are painting and why music must never make a tune and why a poem must never rime. And I can murmur just the proper thing into the lion's ear at a studio tea."

But she told Austin more than that.

"I'm so frightfully tired of living with adjectives," she said to Austin. "These

(Continued on Page 55)

Better Health *and* Happiness

A NEW YEAR is always an invitation to progress—to adopt new methods that are good—to make old methods better. At this New Year the invitation is more pressing because the opportunities for progress are greater than ever before. When we now wish our friends better health and greater happiness, we may have more confidence that they will enjoy that good fortune.

In the matter of health. This generation has learned more about the rules of health than had been learned in all the years before. We know more about avoiding illness. We better know how to protect our health. We know more about the food we need. We better know how to be sure that our food is safe and wholesome—free from anything that endangers health—rich in everything that health demands.

The important item of milk. There is no reason why any person in America in this New Year should have less than perfect health through lack of safe, wholesome milk. There will be no excuse for any child suffering illness because of impure, unclean, or unwholesome milk. Evaporated Milk, sterilized in sealed cans, provides a milk supply that is always absolutely free from anything that can harm health—that is always surely rich in all the food substances which make milk the most important single item in our diet.

Evaporated Milk is not a substitute for milk. It *is* milk—and it is *better* milk. It is richer and safer than any other milk. The pure milk from the best dairy pastures and farms of America is concentrated—sixty per cent of the water removed. That makes it more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. Not a thing is added to it. It is put in sealed containers and sterilized, while it is fresh and sweet. That protects it from everything that could impair its freshness and richness and purity. Evaporated Milk is the last step in the long struggle for absolutely safe and wholesome milk for everybody at every place in all seasons.

The flavor is different. The distinctive flavor of Evaporated Milk has two causes: The extraordinary richness, and the certain safety—sterilization. If the flavor seems "queer" it is only because you are unaccustomed to it. When you are accustomed to the flavor and know the cause of it, you'll like the milk *because* of its flavor. Food made with Evaporated Milk has a flavor that is definitely due to the flavor of the milk—a rich flavor that makes the good food taste better.

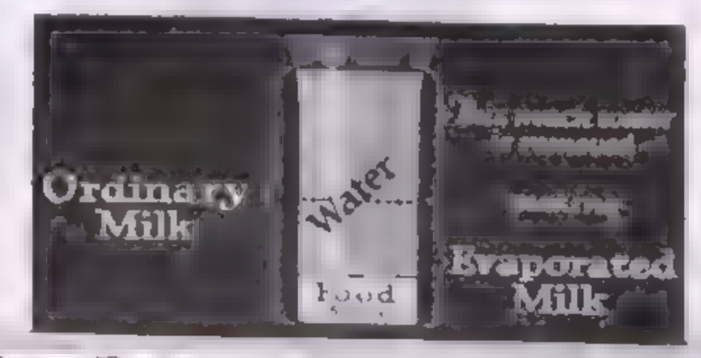
The modern cream and milk supply. Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream—not as a substitute, but as a better item of food. It has the richness and consistency you want when you use cream. But it has more than that. Cream is rich in only one food element of milk - butterfat. Evaporated Milk has an equal richness, but the richness consists of *all* the food substances of milk—the substances which make milk—*not* cream—the most important of all foods. In coffee, on cereals and desserts—wherever you use cream—Evaporated Milk takes the place of cream at less than half the cost. It can be diluted to suit any milk need—it costs less than ordinary milk.

These are the reasons why Evaporated Milk has become the favored cream and milk supply in thousands of homes.

Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cow's milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



In making Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.

It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION 231 So. LASALLE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Something tells me *this* is going to be a big day!

. . . and some day it will, if your husband starts out, thinking that way, every morning

A man's success depends upon many things. But first of all, he must start out each day feeling fit to conquer. With the feeling in his mind that "Today may bring my opportunity."

And if you can start him out this way each day, you've done a wife's first duty. So don't overlook little things. Even such things as pancakes.

For, if you stop to think, there's a reason why pancakes have become an institution in America. They make a good breakfast, of course! But more important, when a man sits down to a smiling plate of pancakes, he can't help smiling back. And in this way you help him "cross the first bridge"—

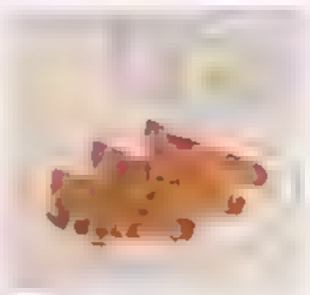
You've started him out for the day with a smile on his face.

There's just one thing to remember: Any pancake is still "flat as a pancake" without the *right kind* of syrup.

That "woodsy" maple flavor

The real old-time maple flavor of Log Cabin Syrup is the reason why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today—with both young and old.

Only the choicest of the maple from New England and Canadian maple sugar groves is used in making Log Cabin. These maple sugars are blended by the famous 40-year-old Towle process, with just enough purest sugar of cane—nothing else—to mellow and enhance that luscious maple taste.



French Toast *—Served with Log Cabin Syrup. A delightful change. Write for your free copy of "Ways to Vary the Menu."*

Log Cabin Syrup *on cereals, hot or cold, takes you from urging your children to eat. Good for them, too.*

Make this test at our risk

We are so sure that you and your family will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make you this offer. Buy a can of Log Cabin from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If your family does not adore the real old-time Log Cabin Maple flavor—if with it your pancakes or waffles do not taste better than any you have ever eaten—simply return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund you the full purchase price, including postage.

Could we make a fairer offer?

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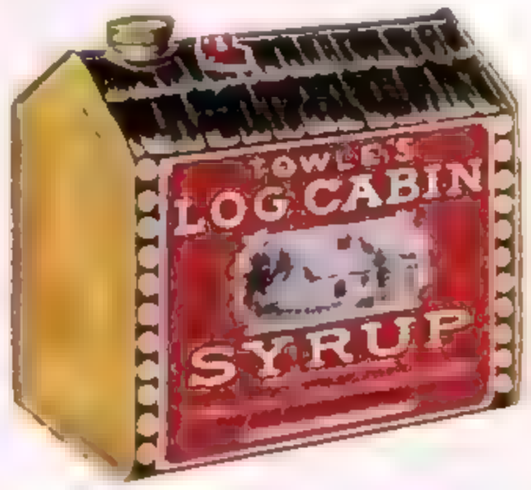
THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 26
St. Paul, Minnesota, the Center of North America



Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

© 1927, T. L. C. P. Co.

(Continued from Page 52)

people are forever thinking up new adjectives to describe themselves, and I'm catching the disease. I lie awake nights fitting myself to clever adjectives, trying to find fresh ones that aren't shopworn."

"Yours would be beautiful, anyway"—Austin conceded a compliment, rare for him.

Paula stared at him queerly.

"Do you know," she asked, "if I marry Neil Farley, what all my adjectives would boil down to after about two years?"

Austin gripped the edge of his chair, but answered in a cool, noncommittal monosyllable: "No."

"Bored—bored—bored!" Paula repeated passionately. "But I'm not going to marry Neil, because I simply won't go into old age with nothing behind me but adjectives. I want to be a verb. To live—that's the thing—the verb 'to live.'"

That was the end of Neil Farley so far as Paula was concerned, and the beginning, if one could trust rumors, of her efforts to conjugate the verb "to live." I was pretty busy with my personal life that year and had to be away from Mapleton half the time, so that I lost any close touch with Paula, but I heard the rumors that she was in with a very fast set and whispers that she was not so slow herself. Cocktails and cigarette smoking were mentioned as signs of her progress. In those days, you remember, the social speed limit was lower than it is now; and in Mapleton, at least, our social generators were set to charge the batteries of gossip at fifteen miles an hour. So I doubt, looking back at it, if Paula traveled quite so rapidly as we thought. But she ran around with a crowd which we vaguely called Bohemian.

It was at this time that one first began to hear suggestions that Paula's beauty was waning. I think perhaps she had lost a little of her radiance. But the beauty was still there. Not a one of the younger girls who had grown up about her could hold a candle to her, and certainly we who were her contemporaries could never court comparison. What they say about her matrimonial market failing simply isn't true. But I laugh to think how amazed Mapleton would be if they knew what I know—that Paula married the only man in our crowd who had never asked her to marry him. Paula told me this herself.

"Austin never would tell me that he loved me," she said, "and though I was pretty sure that he did, sometimes I would wake up at night all panicky for fear that he didn't. Even when I was engaged to Jim Taliaferro, even when I intended to marry Neil, all the time I was flirting with Tom, Dick and Harry, I used to shiver at the thought that maybe Austin did not love me. And finally, when life seemed to be slipping away into a meaningless race with time, I couldn't stand it any longer not to know. So I asked him if he would like to marry me. My heart practically quit beating, then it pounded like mad when I saw in his eyes that he wanted to. Though he kept insisting that he didn't.

"He said that he was the kind of person who had to sip life slowly, tasting every mouthful, and that I was the kind who wanted to gulp it down through a straw like a bottle of ginger pop. He said we couldn't possibly be happy; that we'd just smash both our lives.

"Then I think I gave him a real surprise—none of you, least of all Austin, had given me credit for making my own yardstick to measure life. I told him that I was sick to death of men who thought it was adventure to step on the gas and make an engine go fifty miles an hour. He asked me what my definition of 'adventure' was, and I told him that I hadn't completed it yet, but I had a notion that the first ingredient was love. After that there was lots more talk, but in the end we were married."

So far as Mapleton was concerned, Paula's marriage to Austin was, indeed, the end of her story. All the skyrockets had been shot and nothing but the dead sticks remained.

They went to live in Fralingham, down in the southeastern part of the state, where Austin got a job in one of the Farley company's branch houses—a little better job than the one he had had in the Mapleton bank. It seems that one of the adjectives Neil Farley fancied for himself was "magnanimous." People said at the time that there was a big opportunity in this new work if Austin had ambition enough to seize it, which they doubted. Evidently he did not have the ambition, because the few reports which drifted in to us indirectly were not reports of progress. The Machalls, Paula's family, moved away from Mapleton soon after her marriage and Paula herself was a notoriously poor correspondent, so we really got very little direct news of her.

But several times Miss Tracy, that dreamy-looking girl in the library—the one who is so apt to mix the dates on your card when you take books out—mentioned that she had seen an essay written by Austin Weeks. They always seemed to come out in magazines to which I did not subscribe. Once, however, I borrowed Miss Tracy's copy. I remember it was at Christmastime, when there were a million things to do and everybody was fussing with packages and trying to write something different from "Love and season's greetings" on gift cards. Life was at its most hectic. But I got to reading Austin's little piece in the magazine and I sat right down in the middle of red tissue and silver ribbon and forgot all about being in a hurry. There was something about that essay that made you feel as though you had all the time in the world, and peace too.

I mention this because when I went to visit Paula I found just that same thing in her home—time and peace. Her house is small and very simply furnished, but it is attractive, because she has color sense and she hasn't jumbled a lot of useless things in the rooms. There is a sense of space. And somehow you don't think about what things cost at Paula's. In fact you stop thinking about things at all. It's queer, because you'd imagine that if you stopped thinking about things, you'd stop thinking. But at Paula's, people get really excited about ideas, if you know what I mean. They have lots of nice friends who drop in informally and before you know it there's a party on. But instead of discussing somebody's new car or somebody's new bootlegger or wondering whether the Whoseits' divorce is going through, these friends of Austin and Paula talk about ideas and books and politics, and even about life itself. You'd be surprised how interesting it is.

Paula's children are charming; eager, interested youngsters who aren't always wanting new toys or money to spend. They seem to know how to entertain themselves and they know how to imagine the most thrilling stories and play the most fascinating games. Paula seems to find more time to spend with them than most mothers can. There's one game she plays with them every afternoon. After they have had their naps, they go into their mother's sewing room, where she has hung a big map of the world. Each child takes a turn at pointing to some place on the map for a story. Then, while she sews, Paula tells them a story about that place. Usually it's history, but the way Paula tells it makes it seem thrilling—not a bit like history in a schoolbook. I asked her how in the world she learned so much.

"Oh, Austin has taught me to read," she laughed.

You can see that she is very proud of Austin, even though he sips life slowly and doesn't know how to make money fast. There is a look in her eyes when he comes home in the evening, and a look in his eyes when they rest on Paula, that gives you a sense of something very deep and sure between them—something surer even than a bank account. It's quite true, as Grace Nash says, that the Austin Weeks family hasn't even a flivver. But they have something rarer.

Which brings me back to the Thursday bridge luncheon and to my particular table where three insistent women cross-examined me on the point of Paula's happiness.

"Paula," I told them, "is quite the happiest person I know. I think it even goes deeper than happiness. I think she has joy."

Immediately I was overwhelmed with sharp, staccato protests:

"Why, she couldn't ——"

"My husband says Austin Weeks makes less than three thousand a year."

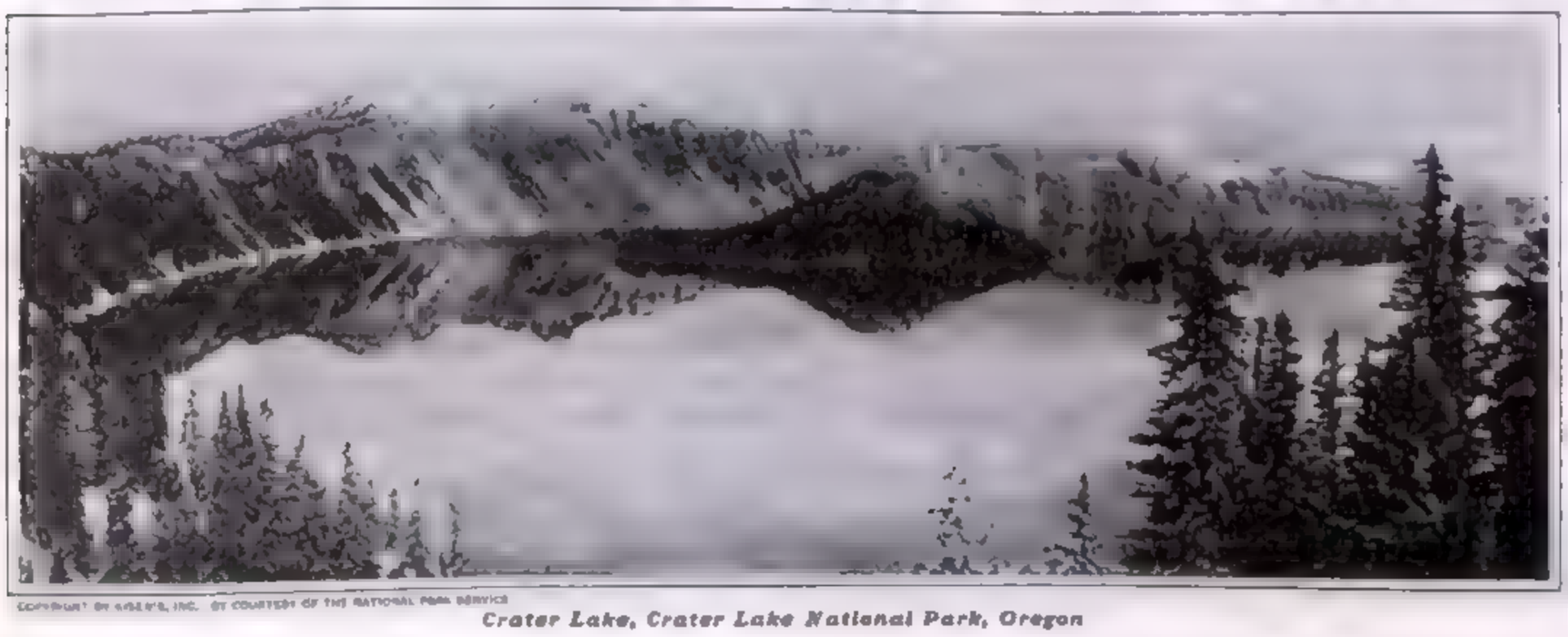
"She's bound to regret those chances she let slip."

They kept saying the same things over and over, determined to force me to retract Paula's happiness. Belle Glover went back to her sturdy old proverb.

"Paula went through the wood and then picked up a broken stick," she announced with finality.

"Maybe," I admitted. "But with a crooked stick one can build a lovely fire on the hearth."

Mabel Russell sniffed. "I bid one no trump," she said firmly.



Crater Lake, Crater Lake National Park, Oregon

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

CARL LAEMMLE

Wishes You a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

This message will reach you at Christmas Time, and I hope it will find you all happy, healthy and prosperous.

If Providence, or whatever it is that shapes our ends, will be kind to you and yours this coming year, it will be a source of great satisfaction to me.

Meantime let me express my thanks for the friendship you have shown to Universal, and the thousands of wonderful letters and suggestions you have written me.

How much these mean to me, I will never be able to tell you. They have been inspirational to a high degree and have helped me to produce the kind of picture entertainment which you most enjoy. Universal has never been as successful as it has this past year.

My gratitude for the remarkable reception accorded the opening of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* at the Central Theatre, New York, knows no bounds. I am amply repaid for the time and money expended on this production. I will remember that night as long as I live. The applause was tumultuous and I need not assure you it was sweetest music to me. New York audiences are mercilessly critical. They demand merit every minute. So, judging by their attitude, *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* is one of the big successes of screen history.

I give you as your Universal Christmas gift a new youthful star—GLENN TRYON—a comedian of the legitimate class whom I am sure you can't help liking. Watch his progress and let me know whether you approve of my enthusiasm over this youngster. Will you write me your opinion?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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Your men will be better drivers, safer drivers, more satisfied drivers in the new Speed Wagons.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

for faster, surer, easier, cheaper hauling

THE CRAB AND THE SUNBEAM

(Continued from Page 5)

hear me come in. I said "Good morning," and he hurriedly put the booklet aside and reached under the counter for my newspaper. I saw that the booklet was from a steamship company and bore, on its cover, a very large and very white ship speeding serenely over very blue water.

"Planning to take a trip?" I asked.

"It don't cost anything to plan," said Albert.

"Like to travel?"

"I don't mind it."

"Have you ever done much traveling?"

"Nope. No chance. Went to the Danbury Fair once."

"Have a good time?"

"Nope. Paid a dime to see a wild man of Borneo and he turned out to be a smoke who used to work in Lafe Gibson's livery stable, so I come home."

I glanced at the booklet. It advertised a Mediterranean cruise

"You might like the Mediterranean better," I said.

"I wouldn't give a hoot about it," said Albert Ambler. "If I want to see a lot of water I can go down to the Sound."

"You'd see a lot of strange sights," I said. "Algiers, Naples, Gibraltar ——"

"Gibraltar?" His manner changed. "Well, I would sort of like to see Gibraltar. Yes, I sure would like to see Gibraltar. It's the only place I'd care a hoot about seeing."

"Why Gibraltar especially?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Albert. "Guess I'm a fool, prob'ly. But I got a hankering that way. With some folks it's Paris and with some it's the Holy Land and with others it's Hollywood, but with me it's Gibraltar. Always has been. I been thinking about Gibraltar for years now—ever since I saw a picture of it in the geography in school. Of course I know it's only a big rock, but somehow it's got a hold of me."

"I hope you get over there some day," I said.

"Maybe I will."

"This winter perhaps?"

"If I have any luck, which I ain't apt to."

"Then you're really planning to go?"

Albert peered carefully around his store, which will just hold four people, and then surveyed the street outside. Satisfied that we were alone, he lowered his voice and said, "I've got my ticket."

"That's fine," I said. "When do you sail?"

"January third. But don't tell anybody."

"Why not?"

"Oh, the folks round here wouldn't understand. What do they know about Gibraltar? They'd think I'd gone off my nut or something, paying out all that good money for a boat ride."

"It must have set you back a lot," I said.

"Set me back? Say, it cleaned me out!"

"How much?"

"Seven hundred and twenty-five, not including passport, tips, laundry, souvenirs, wines and lee-cures."

He appeared to be quoting.

"Albert," I said, "have you been robbing a bank?"

"Not me," he said. "I'm not lucky enough to be a burglar. No, sir-ree, I didn't get all that money in one chunk. I've been saving up for close to ten years now. This emporium of mine ain't no gold mine, I'm here to tell you. I been getting along on two shirts a week and I've et so many hot dogs for dinner that I growl in my sleep. But I got my ticket and I'm going to see Gibraltar—unless they tear it down inside the next two months."

"I hope you have a grand time," I said.

"With my weak stummick, I'll prob'ly be as sick as a poisoned pup all the way over and back," said Albert.

"What's that new store somebody is opening over there at the other side of the station?" I asked.

"Greetings, Brother; and What Can I Do for You This Fine Fall Evening?"

"Lonnie Cobb's opening it," said Albert. "He's going to sell the same line of goods as me."

"Little competition, eh?"

"It'll prob'ly ruin me," said Albert.

"Why should it?"

"Lonnie Cobb's got the knack of making money," said Albert. "He's well fixed. Owns five cottages over at the beach. The roofs leak. He rents 'em to summer suckers from the city. Gets as much as a hundred and fifty dollars a month, they say. I hear he holds mortgages on a lot of farms around here too. Yes, Lonnie knows how to look after Number One."

"Lonnie Cobb?" I said. "I don't believe I know him."

"You will," said Albert.

"What's he like?"

"You'll like him if you like that kind. Some folks do. I don't."

"Why not?"

"We grew up together. The boys called him Sunbeam. He nicknamed me Crab."

Presently I did make the acquaintance of Lonnie Cobb. I stopped in his store to get a bottle of glue. I had the door only half open when I heard a hearty voice boom:

"Greetings, brother; and what can I do for you this fine fall evening?"

I closed the door quickly to keep out the drizzle of cold rain that was falling.

"I'd hardly call it a fine evening," I said.

"Depends on how you look at it," said Lonnie Cobb. "A touch of moisture freshens up Mother Earth, I think. Anyhow, I'm betting tomorrow will be sunny. . . . Well, sir, how can I serve you?"

I asked him if he had any glue.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "I carry a large stock of the very best. You'll want a big bottle, I suppose?"

"No; a small bottle."

While he was searching for it I noticed that the walls of his store were adorned with framed mottoes:

SERVICE FIRST
KEEP SMILING
WE WANT U 2 B SATISFIED
BOOST GREENLEAF
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

He couldn't find a bottle of glue, so I took a tube of paste. He personally escorted me to the door, held the door open and bowed me into the rain with a "Good night, and remember, I'm always at your service."

When next I went into his store he greeted me as an old friend.

"Haven't been living here long, have you?" he said.

"Not long."

"Wonderful place. Up and coming. Fine community spirit," he said. I agreed. "Know many folks here?"

I told him I knew some, and named among them Albert Ambler.

"Oh, yes," said Lonnie Cobb. "Poor old Albert. Always down in the mouth. We used to call him Crab when we were kids. Now I don't want you to think I'm knocking. I don't believe in it. Boosting's more in my line. Albert's all right in his way. He means well. I like Albert."

As he wrapped up my box of writing paper he remarked:

"Takes all kinds of people to make a world, don't it? Live and let live, I say. Guess you could call me a philosopher. I was making a talk the other day and I said: 'Fellows, it's a funny thing, but the most valuable thing in the world is the cheapest. I mean brotherly love. Why should anybody be mean when it's so easy to be kind? Nobody ever went far wrong loving and trusting his fellow men.' They gave me quite a hand."

On my next visit to the store of Albert Ambler I found him reading the Greenleaf Courier, our local paper.

"Well," he remarked, "Martin Henley's got it bad. Looks like he won't pull through."

"That's too bad," I said.

I knew Henley by sight as a pale, ineffectual-looking man of forty-five or so who seemed to be held together by his worn tweed suit. I'd seen him strolling about the village, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, not seeming to see anybody or anything. I asked Albert about him.

"He thinks he's an inventor," Albert said

"What has he ever invented?"

"Nothing that is, nothing of any account. Never will. No horse sense. He's been working on a fool contraption—a new machine to make plate glass—for six or seven years now. He had some big glass experts up looking it over only last week. They stopped in here to buy cigars on their way to the station. I heard 'em talking about it. They said it was a clever job of engineering, but wasn't practical. Not worth a thin dime, one of them said, and they ought to know."

"How does he make a living?" I asked.

"Heaven only knows," said Albert. "Mostly he don't, I guess. He's got a good education too. He's an engineer and once in a while they give him a job fixing the machinery over at the cotton mills at Fallbury, so he's just managed to scrape along. It's been mighty tough sledding, though, for his missus and kids. Of course, a fella like that would have four kids. Nice kids too. One of 'em will graduate from that engineering school up Boston way this summer."

"How will they get along if he dies?"

"They'll be up against it bad," said Albert, "since you can't eat plate glass. But Mrs. Henley is a mighty fine woman, and I guess she can start a tea room in their house. It's right on the Post Road—a good location, though, of course, most tea rooms fail wherever they are."

"She'll need capital," I said. "How will she get that?"

"From Lonnie Cobb. He's her cousin. I hear he's just cleaned up a bushel of money on a real-estate deal."

(Continued on Page 59

The Graybar Tag, symbol of distribution. Under this tag are distributed 60,000 electrical supplies, covering such material as:

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT
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Now the Shoemaker can stick to his last

IN former days each manufacturer had to do his own selling, often by trudging from farm to farm, from village to village. Modern business has developed the distributor, who, like Graybar Electric, takes care of bringing the product to the place where it is wanted.

This division of the work means a product made better and marketed more efficiently. It means that the output of reliable electrical manufacturers is brought within arm's reach of users everywhere, quickly and economically.

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Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: Graybar Building, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street, New York City

(Continued from Page 57)

"Maybe Martin Henley won't die," I said.

"He will," said Albert Ambler.

Martin Henley did die the following night.

It was Christmas. I went into Lonnie Cobb's store to buy some ornaments for our tree. The store was decked with holly and tinsel.

"It was too bad about Martin Henley," I said.

"Yes, indeed. A great shame," said Lonnie Cobb. "Martin was a fine fellow. Salt of the earth. I was very fond of poor Martin. Impractical, of course, but a fine fellow. . . . Do you want this Star of Bethlehem? It will look snappy on your tree."

I said yes and remarked: "They say he left his family absolutely penniless."

"I'm afraid so," said Lonnie Cobb. "Poor Martin never did have any idea of the value of money. A very sad case."

"What is Mrs. Henley going to do?"

"Oh, she'll come through all right," said Lonnie Cobb. "Amy is a proud woman and a woman of character, and it's character that counts."

"Food is rather important too," I said.

"Yes, that's right. . . . By the way, have you seen these maple-sugar Santa Clauses? They look well on a tree and the little ones can eat them. Ornamental and useful. You'll want a dozen, won't you?"

He wished me a very merry Christmas as I departed.

I stopped at Albert Ambler's store for my pipe tobacco. He had no tinsel or holly.

"You're not doing much about Christmas," I said.

"I don't believe in Santa Claus," he said.

"Well," I said, "it won't be long now before you're on your way to Gibraltar."

"No," he said—"unless I break a leg."

Just after Christmas, I was away from Greenleaf for some time, and when I returned January third had passed, so I was not surprised to see Albert Ambler's little store closed, and I wondered how he was enjoying Gibraltar.

A week later I had to go up to Fallbury, our nearest town of any size. I got off the train after dark and stepped into a mean New England night, full of chill, slanting sleet. I looked round for a taxi. Most of the drivers had decided that this was a good night to spend by their firesides, and the only available taxi was a particularly decrepit and antique sedan. I hopped in and gave the address of my friend's house to the driver. Shivering, he laboriously cranked the venerable car and we bumped away and eventually reached my destination. It was not until I paid him that I recognized the driver as Albert Ambler. I gaped at him.

"I thought you were cruising in the Mediterranean," I said.

"I'm not," said Albert.

"What happened?"

"Changed my mind."

"What about your ticket?"

"They gave me my money back."

"And what about your store?"

"Sold out."

"You did? Why?"

"Had an offer from Lonnie Cobb."

"Make a good profit?"

"Fat chance."

"What did you do with your money?"

"Invested it."

"Not in this cab?"

"Nope. . . . Well, I got to be going along. I might pick up another fare on the 10:19."

"It's a miserable night," I said.

"It'll be a worse one tomorrow," he said.

My wife and I decided to have dinner one night in the new tea room Mrs. Henley had opened in her house on the Post Road. The room was pleasant and newly decorated, the food was excellent and the place seemed to be doing a thriving business. In the village everyone was saying how kind Lonnie Cobb had been to set Mrs. Henley up in business.

When we had finished our dinner we started to go out by a side door. Mrs. Henley, a small woman, rather like a mouse, stopped us.

"Not that door, please," she said. "The other one."

I had partly opened the door and saw that it led to a large room filled with complicated-looking machinery.

"That was Mr. Henley's workshop," she explained.

"Oh," I said, "so that is his glass machine."

"Yes." Then hesitantly: "Do you know anything about such things?"

"No, not a thing."

"I was thinking," she said, "that maybe you might know someone who'd be interested in it."

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"I'd very much like to sell it," she said. "Mr. Henley always believed in it, no matter what discouraging things people said; and Mr. Ambler believes in it too."

I stared at her.

"Mr. Ambler? Not Albert Ambler?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Henley. "He told me he thinks it has great possibilities. That's why he invested in it."

"He did what?"

"Invested. He came to me shortly after Mr. Henley died and said he'd heard great things about the machine and would I sell him a quarter interest in it for twenty-five hundred dollars. Well, frankly, I was rather badly in need of money, so I asked my cousin, Mr. Cobb—Mr. Alonzo Cobb, you know—if I should sell an interest in it to Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Cobb said, 'Yes, by all means.' So I did."

"Did Mr. Cobb buy an interest in it too?" I asked.

"No, he didn't. He wanted to. He said it was a splendid machine and he felt sure I'd be able to sell it for a lot of money some day, but he wasn't in a position to make an investment. I knew that was so, because I'd gone to him to see if he would finance my tea room and he said then that he was enthusiastic about the idea, but his money was all tied up and he couldn't do anything for me just then."

"I see," I said, and on the way home I did some thinking. It was mostly about Albert Ambler.

Thursdays our cook puts on her sealskin coat and goes out for the day, so one Thursday in March my wife and I went to Mrs. Henley's tea room to have dinner. We were just finishing an unusually good meal when we heard a loud-voiced rumpus going on in the front hall.

"I didn't tell you to drive me to this place," a voice, obviously issuing from an indignant gentleman, was declaring.

Silver Creek Falls, Oregon

"The road to the country club is closed," said another voice, polite but exceedingly firm, "and you can get a better dinner here anyhow."

The door opened and a large red-faced man, rather like a grizzly in his shaggy fur coat, was gently propelled into the room.

I recognized him at once as Mr. John Porter Fifield, who had a big estate on the road between Greenleaf and Fallbury, and who, every year, as our newspaper duly reported, paid a bigger income tax than all the rest of the residents of our town put together.

We knew, in a vague way, that he was some sort of financier in New York. At the moment he was a rather wrathy financier. Over his shoulder he roared:

"Just wait till I lay my hands on the scoundrel who let all the air out of the tires on my limousine! If it wasn't for that I'd never have set foot in your wretched hack and have been carted to this place."

"Sorry, sir. Can't be helped," said the other man, and as he stepped from behind the vast fur coat I saw it was Albert Ambler, looking grim, even for him.

"The dinner here," said Albert, "is good—barring the pie."

"Well," grumbled Mr. Fifield, "while I'm here I might as well eat."

"The washroom is this way, sir," said Albert, and he piloted Mr. Fifield out a side door. I was puzzled at this. I knew the washroom was at the back of the house. The only room beyond that side door, I knew, was the room that Martin Henley had used as his workshop.

It snowed on the seventeenth of March, but I donned my galoshes and went for a walk. My walk took me down to the railroad station.

Lonnie Cobb, in his store, spied me and came to the door to shout:

"Morning, brother. A fine brisk day, isn't it?"

I said no and continued on my way.

Pacing up and down on the station platform were a few people waiting for the New York express. One of them wore obviously new clothes and bright banana-yellow shoes which were also new, and which, to judge from the way he walked, hurt him.

He turned and I beheld the sad face of Albert Ambler.

"Hello," I said. "How are you?"

"Just able to sit up and wait for the undertaker," answered Albert.

"Where's your car?"

"Fell to pieces. I knew it would. I was stung again."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Going away," he said.

"Where?"

"Oh, just a little trip."

I noticed a new cheap suitcase standing near by. It had a steamship label on it.

"Albert," I said, "is that yours?"

"Yep. And it's liable to bust open any minute. I mighta known you can't expect real leather for nine dollars."

"Then you're going on a liner?" I said.

"Yep."

"Not to Gibraltar?"

"Yep, Gibraltar."

"Oh," I said, "then your investment did turn out well?"

"Might have been better," said Albert.

I took a newspaper from under his arm. It was the Greenleaf Courier, and it had a front-page story to the effect that Mrs. Henley had sold the glass machine to Mr. John Porter Fifield for twenty-five thousand dollars and a royalty.

"Albert," I said, "what do you know about this?"

"Nothing," said Albert. "Why should I? I guess old Fifield didn't get stuck. He's one of those Wall Street men. . . . Well, here comes my train. Late as usual."

"What boat are you sailing on?" I asked.

"The Baratania," said Albert.

"That's a marvelous ship," I said.

"She'll prob'ly hit an iceberg," said Albert as he swung aboard his train.

It Smacks of HOME, *that's why* folks love Oh Henry!

Made the home-made way, no other candy can ever take the place of this generous, rough-hewn Oh Henry!—whether you're eating it ravenously on an outing, or daintily (sliced into choice bits) in your hospitable home. For Oh Henry! has the same delicious wholesomeness as if you'd made it yourself. See:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So when you have that hanker for home-made candy, wherever you are, step up to the nearest counter and say, Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

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Save a little and travel!

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Join our unique club... dedicated to old world travel and available to all who feel the urge to see Europe. Inaugurated by the Cunard Steam Ship Company ... known as the Cunard Travel Club . . . it offers unusual privileges . . . brings to you the facilities of the Cunard Budget Plan, thus making your traveling free of all worry and concern about expense.

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WHY NOT PICK A GOOD ONE?

(Continued from Page 7)

is this: Is this the sort of politics that will dictate the nominations in 1928?

I have spoken of Republican politics exclusively thus far, because Republican politicians have dominated the White House since 1861 save for the eight years of Cleveland and the eight years of Wilson, and because the Democratic Party is, at present, a political nondescript with three bodies and no head. It is composed of a Southern party, largely rural, an Eastern party, largely urban, and a Western party which is a little of both and not much of either. However, the Democratic politicians have no new stuff. They act, with more noise and bitterness, exactly as the Republican politicians do. For example, they fought the nomination of Wilson at Baltimore in 1912 for twelve days, seeking to nominate Champ Clark instead; and what they did in New York in 1924 looked, sounded and reads like a convocation of lunatics instead of a national political convention.

At present they have their troubles, and, as this is written, they do not seem to be getting anywhere with them. Consequently, as the Republican situation is fairly clean cut, this paper will continue along Republican lines. We find, in the month of November, several candidates for the Republican nomination next June in action according to their various conceptions of what should be done to advance their individual interests, and we find the Republican politicians busy everywhere as usual to take control of the situation at the proper time and put over the nomination of the man who will be most amenable to their demands, which, of course, are paramount to any needs or interests of the country and the people whatsoever.

The full significance of the politics of a country like this is not widely understood. The nomination of a President isn't only a nomination for the purpose of electing some individual to that position. It is far more than a political proposition involving the executive control of the government by a representative of one party or the other, and the Washington political aggrandizement of that representative and the party he belongs to. It runs down through Congress, state officials, county officials to village officials. A man running for Congress in a close district will be helped by a political nomination for President that will bring out the vote. The candidate for governor in a debatable state who runs in a presidential year thinks of the presidential nomination in local terms, of how that nomination will help him. So it goes down the list through sheriffs, county clerks and so on to constables. These boys are the wheel horses of the organization. They are the chaps who make the big fellows politically possible.

What Price the People?

Hence when the politicians take over the task of nominating a candidate for President, what they really have in mind is, first, will this fellow hold Washington for us? And, second, will he be useful in getting votes and adding strength to the boys back in the states who have their governorships, mayoralties, shrievalties and other political what not at stake? This second item is what the boys who want their minor jobs think about, too—make no mistake about that—and exclusively. The poor old country and the poor old people do not get much of a look-in. The strength and efficiency of a political organization, national, state, county or ward, depend entirely on the number of jobs the boss who runs it can get for the boys. And the strength and efficiency of a political boss depend entirely on the character of his organization and its operative power. What price the people in circumstances like that?

The present Republican political situation is made to order for the politicians. Until President Coolidge refused to be a candidate, there was no nourishment visible save the sort that had been on the table for five years and would probably be on the table for another five years, for there was small chance of the defeat of Coolidge in 1928. Now that sort of nourishment, though sustaining, is not particularly high in caloric values. There is a good deal of gruel in it, politically speaking, and not so much sugar and fats as could be assimilated by the boys. But with this economical dispenser out of the way, there came visions of full and hearty meals, and the big fellows immediately began to set the table and discuss the cook.

Material to Choose From

Meanwhile there came the natural influx of candidates into the field that had seemed preëmpted. This is one political prerogative that remains to the commonalty. Any person who fulfills constitutional requirements can become a candidate for President either by saying so himself or having somebody else say it for him. No machinery is required for the beginning. All that is necessary is the announcement. After that many things are essential, but the opening gambit is exactly that simple. Also, candidates for President occur by means of a sort of political abiogenesis. They are spontaneously generated. For example, as soon as it was known that the President had decided not to run in 1928, four names of Republicans who might run instantly occurred Herbert Hoover, Frank O. Lowden, Charles E. Hughes and Charles G. Dawes.

That was an instinctive line-up in the consideration of those politically minded, whether any or all of the four men mentioned were parties to it or not. So we had something to go on with, and we are going on with it as I write. A very fair and capable something it is, too, as such things go. On the face of it, any one of these men should make a good President. But will any one of them be made President? That is something else again.

What are the specifications for the presidency as stipulated by our present-day needs? Simple enough, as anyone who understands the country will admit. First, this is a business country, and the President should have a full knowledge of business conditions, requirements and possibilities. Second, this is a party-governed country and the President should have a full knowledge of the Government in all its phases, an accurate comprehension of Washington and the ramifications thereof. With all due respect to our great business men, a man elected President who knew only business and had but a cursory idea of government and the mechanics of it, which are very complicated, would make a greater hash of being the executive head of the country than a politician who knew only politics, because the politician could run the politically governmental machine in some sort of fashion. The real combination, the man who would be most successful, would be the man who knows business and its proper relations to government and who knows government and its proper relations to business.

Well, what have we? We have Herbert Hoover, who has been Secretary of Commerce in the Harding and Coolidge cabinets since March 4, 1921, who was Food Administrator during the war, who was in business himself for years before the war, who has a wide understanding of business conditions and requirements and a complete knowledge of governmental processes, limitations, necessities and operations in their financial, agrarian and other aspects.

We have Frank O. Lowden, who was six years in Congress as a representative from Illinois, who was governor of Illinois, where he originated the highly businesslike budget system, who has been actively in business himself for years, and who, in addition, is a farmer and understands the most important relations of the food producer and the Government.

We have Charles E. Hughes, who was the Republican candidate for President in 1916, who has been a member of the United States Supreme Court and Secretary of State, who has had large business experience as a lawyer and who understands our theory and practice of government in every detail.

We have Charles G. Dawes, now Vice President, who was in the Treasury Department under McKinley, who was in Washington again under Harding when he organized our national budget system and put it into effect, and who returned to Washington in 1925 to preside over the United States Senate as Vice President. Between whiles, he made himself one of the great bankers of Chicago.

One would think the politicians might toss the presidential nomination into that group confident that whichever one it hit would be a good candidate for President. It may be that some one of these candidates will develop such strength that the politicians will be deprived of their nomination-tossing perquisites, and will get the nomination whether the politicians like it or lump it, but not if the politicians can help it. They have no stomach for going to a convention following a situation like this merely to ratify the nomination of someone not hand-picked. There is no nourishment in that. What they want—and will get, if possible—is a situation at convention time where the solution will be up to them and the obligations of the person they solve it with incumbent to them. The identity of the solving candidate is of no major importance. To be sure, they want a popularly acceptable candidate, but the first and most important rule of their procedure will be that the candidate will be, first, acceptable to them in every sense of the term and will accept them also. That must be arranged before anything can be done.

Prospects of a Nice Deadlock

The situation, from their viewpoint, seems perfect. Here are four men, and some others, all of whom probably will have votes in the convention either on the first ballot or on succeeding ballots. Now unless one of these four, or some other, has a commanding lead, a deadlock must ensue for a few ballots anyhow. Nothing could be better. With a nice deadlock proceeding in an orderly manner, and no candidate before the convention near enough to a majority to be dangerous, the boys will go to it, and for the sake of the Grand Old Party and for their own sakes fix up a compromise. This compromise may not be so good for the country as might be, but do not labor under any delusions that it will not be good for the politicians in every respect. It will be.

There is no outstanding evidence that the big politicians and the big business men to whom the big politicians listen with interest and respect and profit are keen about any one of these four men. They nominated Hughes at Chicago in 1916 because they thought they could defeat Wilson with him, and they almost did. The old geography fetish was working when Dawes was nominated for Vice President at Cleveland in 1924. The candidate for President was an Eastern man, so there must be a Western man, or, at least, a semi-Western man on the ticket. They picked Lowden and nominated him, but he would have none of it, so they selected Dawes, from Illinois, which is Lowden's state also, made things all right geographically and nominated him. But all this was politics, not affection.

If all these men stay in the race, and all the others come in who have made or are

(Continued on Page 62)

Light up.... for cheerfulness

A DOOR flung wide; warm light from within to bid cheerful welcome—nothing so adds to a home's hearty hospitality at so little cost as proper lighting.

Light up for cheerfulness with the *new* Edison MAZDA* Lamps. The new lamps are more efficient, yet cost less than any previous type. They are frosted on the *inside*, realizing the long cherished dream of a lamp giving soft, diffused light without loss. They represent the latest achievement of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 60)

making gestures about coming in, the probabilities are that no candidate will have a commanding and near-majority lead at the beginning of the balloting. One may, but it is probable none will. Then the general managers and strategists and proprietors of the Republican Party will get to work, in conference assembled at the proper moment, in company with their general managers and proprietors—to wit, half a dozen or so captains of business and finance who might be named but will not be at the moment. It is easy to recount the conversation.

"How about Hoover?"

"Oh, Hoover won't do. The farmers don't like him because he fixed the price of wheat during the war."

Thus, as a final deterrent, out comes that cat from the bag, the story that has been used by every anti-Hoover man and pro-somebody-else man since August second last.

Now what are the facts about that fixing the price of wheat after we got into the war? This seems as good a place as any to set them down and bash that yarn on the head once for all. Hoover did not fix the price of wheat. That price was fixed by the Fair Price Committee, named by President Wilson, of which Hoover was not a member. Hoover took no part in the work of the committee and had no voice in the fixing of the price.

On the contrary, what Hoover did do was to make it possible for the farmers to get $2.20 a bushel for their wheat instead of $1.50 a bushel, which is what they would have got if Hoover had not gone to their rescue.

This is what happened: On July 10, 1917, before the Food Control Bill became a law, Hoover wrote to President Wilson calling his attention to the fact that the Allies had consolidated their buying into one hand and that the export price of wheat, if not controlled, was subject to the will of the Allied buyer. He went into the existing situation as to wheat and flour and the glut that was coming, and said:

"It is absolutely vital that we shall protect the farmer from a slump in price this year due to glut. I am informed that most of the Allied countries have fixed the price of wheat to the farmer at $1.80 a bushel, and many of them believe that, as Allies, it is our duty to furnish wheat at a price which, delivered to them, will not exceed their domestic price; in other words, about $1.50 per bushel, Chicago. Neither our responsible officials nor I hold this view, because I consider the stimulation to production, if no other reason, is, in the long run, in the interest of the Allies."

Who Fixed the Wheat Price?

The Food Control Bill as finally passed carried a guaranty of two dollars a bushel at the terminal markets for Number 1 Northern wheat and equivalent grades of the crop of 1918. No reference was made to the crop of 1917, then being harvested and for which there was the greatest need for protection both for producer and consumer.

Therefore Hoover suggested to President Wilson that an independent committee be appointed to fix a basic price for the wheat crop of 1917 which would be fair to both producer and consumer, and this committee was appointed. Mr. Hoover was not a member of this committee, and the committee had no connection with either the Food Administration or the Grain Corporation. The committee had twelve members, of whom six represented the agricultural interests, two represented business, two represented labor, one was an economist, and Dr. Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams College, was chairman.

This committee was in session during the last two weeks of August, 1917, behind locked doors. It allowed no interference or suggestion, nor were any but members of the committee admitted at any time while the debate over the price was going on. Finally it was unanimously recommended to the President that $2.20 a bushel be fixed as the price for 1917 Number 1 Northern spring wheat. That recommendation was sent to President Wilson on August thirtieth and on the same day the President issued these instructions:

"The price now recommended by that committee, $2.20 per bushel at Chicago for the basic grade, will be rigidly adhered to by the Food Administration."

The President added this paragraph to his letter of instructions:

"Mr. Hoover, at his express wish, has taken no part in the deliberations of the committee on whose recommendation I determine the Government's fair price, nor has he in any way intimated an opinion regarding the price."

Picking Off the Candidates

When this price of $2.20 a bushel was fixed in 1917 there were great stocks of wheat in Australia and the Argentine, for which the Allies were paying from $1.25 to $1.50 a bushel. The real reason for buying American wheat was to relieve the ships of the Allies from the long haul and leave them free for the transport of troops. Moreover, the price of $2.20 a bushel for wheat was 141 per cent above the wheat price of 1913, the year before the war began, and the average of all other commodity prices in 1917 over 1913 prices was but 87 per cent.

That is the truth of the wheat-price-fixing story about Hoover. But will it make a dent on the compromiser and way-outers and colorless-candidate seekers? Who can tell?

Then they will come to Lowden. "How about Lowden?"

"Oh, he won't do. Remember that jam he got into in 1920?"

Well, what about that? This about it: The preconvention campaign in 1920 was a wide-open affair. Hughes had been beaten in 1916 and was not in the field again. Among the leading candidates for the nomination were Lowden, Gen. Leonard Wood and Senator Hiram Johnson, of California. These three made active national campaigns and, as many a candidate since has discovered, found that seeking for delegates to a national convention under a preferential presidential primary law is far more expensive business than seeking delegates was before the presidential primary came in.

Wood had heavy financial backing and Lowden is a rich man in his own right. The backers of Wood spent three dollars to Lowden's one; but, at that, Lowden spent considerable money. However, the money spent was his own money and did not carry a dollar of political or other obligation to anybody but himself.

Lowden's chances for the nomination were good until the news came out, via an investigating committee that was looking into the expenditures of all hands, that two politicians in Missouri had received Lowden money for political purposes. The fact that Lowden knew nothing about this money, had not authorized the payment of it, which was done by a political lieutenant without Lowden's authority or permission, that Lowden was personally unconnected with the transaction in every way, cut no figure. They slaughtered Lowden because of the zeal of his foolish friends, and the slaughtering was done by men who had had political money in their own pockets so many times they had lost count.

These are the facts of that episode, with the further fact that Lowden took his medicine like a man, did not try to shift the blame to the shoulders where it justly belonged.

Lowden probably lost a presidency at that time, because he had no protection against fool friends doing things that he neither authorized nor countenanced.

Thus we come to Charles Evans Hughes in our conference of fixers. "What about Hughes?"

"Oh, Hughes won't do. He was beaten in 1916."

Well, what about that? Hughes was beaten in 1916, and for two reasons. The first was some boneheaded politics in California—exactly the same sort of politics those grand panjandrums of the destinies of the Republican Party are playing right there in that room. The second was because the sob sisters and the sob brothers, in the West especially, who didn't raise their boys to be soldiers, fell for Tom Pence's smart Wilson slogan: He Kept Us Out of War; which it is true Mr. Wilson did until after election in 1916. However, it may be recalled that within six weeks of Mr. Wilson's inauguration in 1917 we were in war up to our eyebrows, and we won't be clear of what happened to us then for fifty years.

Then Dawes comes into the discussion. "Well, there is Dawes. What about him?"

You can imagine what they will say about Dawes. No use of setting that down here. It wouldn't be fit to print in a great family weekly anyhow. The politicians do not like Dawes, having arrived at that state of mind after they had learned direct just how Dawes feels about them. Oh, no, Dawes cannot be considered. He does not hold the managing directors of the party in sufficient reverence.

That is about the way it will happen. After the commanding generals of the party have neatly drawn, quartered and hung these contenders on convenient hooks, they will get down to the serious business of picking out a mediocrity who will take orders and obey them, who has never offended the farmer vote or the labor vote or the racial vote or the religious vote or the woman vote or any other kind of vote by having an opinion on anything—an available and geographical gentleman upon whom all can unite, and with certainty he will be regular no matter whether or not he has any other presidential qualifications, save that he is white, American born and thirty-five.

The Anxious Mr. Fixits

It is all camouflage—bunk. These men know now, and will know when they get together at convention time to try to conjure a candidate suitable to them, that Hoover had nothing to do with the fixing of the price of wheat, that Frank Lowden knew nothing about what his lieutenants did in Missouri, that the defeat of Hughes in 1916 did not detract an iota from his stature as a big American, and the fact that Dawes thinks politicians are boneheads is an asset with the public, however much of a liability it may be with the politicians themselves.

What is troubling these politicians now, and will be troubling them at convention time in June, 1928, is that if any one of these men happens to be nominated they will have had little to do with the nomination. That is the bug under the political chip. The situation they want to create is the perfect political one wherein they can fix things with the convention for some candidate of their choice and then fix things with the candidate for themselves. They need to be in a place where they can impress indelibly the obligations the candidate has to them as the candidate and before he is the nominee—not afterward; nothing so crude as that—before.

To be sure, they will go to the nominee, if he is their nominee after the convention has adjourned, and say, with many back-slappings:

"Old man, look what we done for you! We put you over! You never would have had a look-in if it hadn't been for us. We told you how it would come out, and don't forget our little talk about things. You ain't elected yet, you know."

To Put the Politicians in Line

Inevitably, this is what will happen unless the people take some part in these convention preliminaries now in progress. If the selection of delegates is left to the politicians, delegates useful to and usable by the politicians will be selected. If some man the people want comes to the convention backed by a powerful popular sentiment and a good-sized lot of delegates, the men who will seek to run things for their own political benefits will have nothing to run. They will be forced to fall in in the procession. But if there is an indeterminate popular expression, if the people blow hot here and blow cold there, they will get exactly what they have had many times before—a candidate for President whose greatest asset is that he is negligible enough in all his aspects to be inoffensive to everybody. All these boys need is a convention in a jam over two or three good men and they will slip across their own choice, who will be roped, tied and branded with their brand before they nominate him, and will so continue for his four years in office if he is elected.

Why not pick a good candidate for President instead of having an amenable one picked for you? Why not nominate a man who has known and proved abilities and qualifications instead of one whose abilities and qualifications must be manufactured by the national committee press agents after the campaign begins? Well, why not? The thing can be done if only half of the voting population that takes the trouble to vote will set about it—or a quarter—or an eighth. These politicians who hope to run the convention and name their own man, whoever he may be, are no fearless and fighting heroes to withstand public opinion and public sentiment. They are a lot of rabbits and will run for the brush at the first signs of even a semi-popular sentiment. They get their results by manipulation, not by manhandling. If there is a widely expressed popular demand for a candidate, they will all bark their shins and tear their trousers in their scramble to get on the band wagon.

All that is required is a little consideration of the requirements of the country, of the abilities of the men who are before the people as candidates for the nomination, translated into a demand for the one who seems to be best fitted, and the thing is done. Forty or fifty local organizations in any state for a man who would make a real and not a dummy President will bring the politicians running to find out what it is all about, and when they have found out, will put them in line. These boys do not dare fight public opinion. Their positions are too precarious for that. Politicians are not in such high favor nowadays as they used to be. They get away with what they do under sufferance, not by their own power.

If the people of the United States are interested enough in the idea of having a fit man for President instead of a fitted man, they can make messenger boys of the politicians in having their desires rendered into a nomination. If they are not interested enough to do some work, the politicians will make messenger boys of them, and that is as sure as sunrise, as the salt in the seven seas, as the desire of the office-holders to hang onto their jobs, which is the surest thing there is.

Christmas is coming, will soon be here,
The happiest time of all the year.
The geese and turkeys are plump and fine
On the fat of the land we all will dine
And after meals we'll Doublemint take
For stomach and digestion's sake.
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Wrigley's Doublemint is the logical aid after hearty meals.

Full of *real* Peppermint flavor —antiseptic, cleansing, digestion aiding.

If we use Doublemint after every meal a great improvement will be noticed in digestive action.

Teeth are cleansed, throat soothed, nutrition aided by this real Peppermint treat. H97

THE AMERICAN BOOK OF WONDER

(Continued from Page 17)

In the first twenty-five years of this century—1900 to 1925—the population of the country increased about one-half.

In the same period the output of agricultural, mineral and manufactured commodities and the output of railroad transportation, also regarded as a commodity, increased two and a half times.

The output of wealth per capita was actually much greater than these figures indicate. The number of people employed in agriculture, mines, industry and railroad transportation increased only about one-third, as against an increase of one-half in the total population. To have produced two and a half times as much wealth in 1925 as in 1899, with no increase of productivity per worker, would have required the labor of 43,000,000 people. We did it with the labor of 23,000,000.

And even yet the increased power of per capita production is not fully indicated. All this time the length of the workday was being shortened. The statistics here are incomplete. We know that since 1910 the hours of labor in all industry have been reduced more than one-tenth. Working fewer and fewer hours, one-third more workers produced two and a half times more wealth in 1925 than in 1899. Thus the increase of the worker's power was greater than the increase in the actual quantity of wealth produced.

To compare 1925 with 1919 will give results even more striking, tending to show not only that the curve of productivity continues to rise; its rise is self-accelerating.

Taking again the four great divisions—agriculture, mining, industry and railroad transportation the output in 1925 was nearly one-fifth greater than in 1919 from the effort of 1,860,000 fewer workers. Actually, in these four fields, a release of workers, though the output of wealth increased nearly one-fifth. Note that the increase in all cases is calculated in quantity, not in value. The value, if you took that, would be affected by fluctuations of price.

What became of the 1,800,000 workers released from agriculture, mining, industry and railroad transportation? They were absorbed into other fields. More than that number were required in the new service of motor-truck transportation alone. The increase in motor trucks in those five years was nearly 2,000,000.

With Half the Men

This dispersion of workers is a continuous movement. With no change in productive power per man, such a thing as increasing the product of agriculture, mines, industry and railroads two and a half times in twenty-five years would have been impossible for two reasons. The labor could not have been found, for it would have required one-third of the total population to be engaged in those four divisions of economic activity; secondly, if that amount of labor had been forced into these occupations, there would have been nobody left to man the motor trucks, mind the filling stations, make concrete roads, build garages, more houses, more factories, more bridges. Which is to say, even if the wealth had been produced, it could not have been consumed.

Having finished a survey of the country's productive efficiency, 1925 in contrast with 1900, the National Industrial Conference Board was moved to say of the future:

> If the productivity of industry through mechanization should continue to increase in the same manner and at the same rate for the next twenty-five years it would, at the end of that time require but forty-five men to produce what now requires a force of nearly seventy and which a little more than twenty-five years ago necessitated the employment of 100 men. Such calculations, however speculative it may seem, does not overdraw the striking advances constantly being made in the way of mechanization and more efficient coordination of effort in manufacturing processes.

On the results so far it said:

> This process of mechanization has multiplied the available stock of consumption goods, has made possible the wider use of many commodities formerly in the class of luxuries, and is strikingly reflected in an effective increase of our national income of more than 40 per cent since 1914. The real wage of industrial workers—that is, the purchasing power of the industrial wage earner's average weekly pay—is now more than a third greater than it was in 1914. The increased mechanization also in effect has released many who otherwise would have been claimed for manual tasks for activity in other fields, thus affording opportunity for not only a materially but also culturally richer and broader national life, as is evidenced by the increased proportion of the population attending schools and colleges during the past few years.

All this is a phenomenon. The intensive mechanization of industry itself comes under that head. Machines are not a gift. Like everything else, they have to be produced, and if forces of production new in kind or degree had not been liberated among us, American industry would not be mechanized as it is.

The More, the Cheaper

There is no new principle in machines. They are all built upon six simple mechanical powers—the wheel, the pulley, the lever, the inclined plane, the screw and the wedge—and all their actions are compounded of two movements, one rotary and one tangent. Man discovered himself using these powers. Where or how he learned them he does not remember. His first machines were driven by hand and foot power. Then he hitched them to brute power, to water power and to the wind. Only a century and a half ago he learned how to drive them with steam power, and that was the beginning of what we call the industrial era.

We have nothing strange in the line of machines—certainly nothing that other people may not copy, as we to begin with copied theirs. A machine as such is no more powerful or cunning in this climate than in any other. That we use it more deftly may be doubted. There is no evidence that we do. But we do use more machines than any other people, and use them harder. Why we do that is the whole matter. We do it because we have a peculiar philosophy of wealth. Pursuing it, we came to see machines from a new point of view.

First were certain characteristic ways of thinking and feeling that had to survive the sudden impact of industrialism governed by an alien doctrine of political economy. This has already been represented as a drama of the spirit in which the joint dignity of hand and mind was triumphant, together with the faith that economic and social motives were to be reconciled. Then the approach to economic problems began insensibly to change. Production had two meanings, not one. It had a social meaning that was, or should be, universal. Ideas of this, ideas of quantity, ideas of serving prosperity as a common good. You cannot say quite where or how they emerged. There was an unconscious movement of the mind in that direction. Now here, now there, someone acted as if upon dual motives. In a given case the individual would probably be himself unable to say whether it was for profit or for another reason that he embraced the thought of quantity. Enormous additions of power brought to bear upon the continuous production of goods in quantity in order to reduce their cost and so increase consumption. No matter what the motive was. The idea of quantity was economically sound; it swept American industry and caused a great change of view.

Formerly a manufacturer guessed at his costs, added his profit to arrive at a price, then lifted his prayer for a demand that would bear it. Now it is the other way around. The manufacturer whose object is quantity assumes, to begin with, that demand is expansible. It is all a question of price. To reduce his price he must reduce his costs; to reduce his costs he must have quantity upon which to act with more power, higher science of method, keener imagination. Therefore cost is a function of quantity. The more, the cheaper. Instead of adding profit to your costs to make a price, you reduce your costs to make a profit from the price that was necessary to increase the demand. The margin may be small, but when a small unit profit is multiplied by a great quantity the total profit may be much larger than before.

But there is also a wonderful dilemma in this magic of quantity. To keep your costs down you have to go on increasing the quantity. If your output becomes static your costs will begin to rise. Why that is so would require too much explanation. Anyway, it is a fact. For many reasons costs tend always to rise; they run uphill naturally. To reduce them you have to increase the quantity; then to keep them down you have to continue increasing it. Unless you do, someone else will. The competition is keen.

From what now appears in the case it is easily understood why industry is bound to witness the consumer in a new light. Demand is no longer that want which creates itself and comes knocking at the door. Demand equals consumer buying power. Its potentiality may be calculated scientifically. The United States Treasury's figure of total national income divided by the population—that is the average consumer buying power per capita. That is the money there is to spend for all goods. The consumer is everybody. Whatever else one may be, one is certainly that—a consumer. The wage earners—they are consumers. They represent in the aggregate the largest single body of consuming power. The quantity goes there. Demand—a very great part of it always—is the dollar in the wage earner's pocket. Two dollars will represent twice as much demand as one. Who puts the dollar in the wage earner's pocket? Industry does that. How can it put two dollars there instead of one, to increase demand? Simply by doubling the wage earner's power of production.

From this way of conceiving demand comes a new way of regarding the machine in relation to labor.

Always before this the machine had been regarded as a substitute for labor. The capitalist had no other opinion of it. If the cost of a machine and the working of it were less than the cost of the labor dispensed with, then it was said to be profitable. Industry adopted the machine and the labor was dispensed with. That is why labor so bitterly opposed the introduction of labor-saving machines and why industrialism for so many years was a cruel mirage. Power of plenty, power of quantity, yet want and wretchedness at the base of the social pyramid.

The King's Paupers

Labor was dispensed with. That part of it for which the machine was substituted had no buying power. True, as the machine process of manufacture cheapened goods, which it was bound to do, and as the cheapening of goods did ultimately increase demand, the labor that had been dispensed with came to be required again as machine workers. But in the meantime, waiting for this of itself to happen, labor suffered terribly; and the competition for jobs was so great that wages were depressed, according to the ancient rule of supply and demand. So it was that for a long time machine industry did tend to reduce the wage earner's buying power, actually and relatively.

Seeing this, and unable to imagine any other result, socia-minded economists denounced machines. Where was the good of increasing the production of wealth by use of machinery if poverty increased at the same time, inevitably, as everyone believed?

A Swiss economist named Sismondi invented against machines what became celebrated as the winch argument. Suppose it were possible in England to do all work of every kind by steam power, so that the king, by merely turning a winch once a day, could produce as much wealth as his subjects had formerly produced by their collective exertions. In that case, all labor whatever having been dispensed with, save only that one daily act of the king, it followed that the people high and low became the king's paupers.

This illustrates no principle in economics. It does illustrate, first, an incredibly naïve notion of machine power, simply that it comes to exist, no one to invent it, mind it, repair it or reproduce it; and, secondly, the fatal opinion that the machine was a substitute for labor. The truth is that the economists who gave laws to the industrial age never understood machine power in either economic or social principle, never glimpsed the possibilities of an industrialized society.

Making Better Customers

In what is characteristic of our scheme the machine is not regarded as a substitute for labor. What we perceive is that when you dispense with the worker as a producer you dispense with him also as a consumer. And as a consumer he is indispensable. Unemployment, once the anxiety of the worker alone, now becomes the anxiety of business. How to sustain and improve the wage earner's buying power is its scientific study.

The machine, therefore, comes rightly to be regarded as an extension of the wage earner's power of production in order that his power of consumption may rise. Cheap labor is no longer an asset; its wants are necessarily limited. Unskilled labor represents a waste of human effort. With the same expenditure of time and effort, plus skill, much more might be produced, much more for that reason might be consumed. The cost of digging a ditch with hand shovelers at $2.50 a day might be the same as digging it with power machines handled by men working in gloves at ten dollars a day—exactly the same cost per cubic yard of material moved. But in the latter case you have high productivity per man, and as a consumer that man is worth four hand shovelers.

A few years ago, anytime before the war, you might have seen men carrying pig iron and steel ingots from the stock pile to the charging hoppers on their backs. Their day was twelve hours long and the pay was $2.50—a little more or less. That was what that kind of labor was worth.

Now you will see this drudgery performed by a crane and swinging magnet. This one machine does the work that formerly required sixty or seventy human burden bearers. If the two men now operating the crane magnet were receiving the same wage as when they carried the load on their backs, then you would say the machine was a substitute for labor. But their wage is now seven or eight dollars for an eight-hour day. This is responsible work and much more productive. What has become of the others? They, too, have been graded up into semiskilled work touching machines, according to their aptitudes, and their wages have increased as their labor has become more productive.

The mechanization of American industry does not dispense with skill. On the contrary, it requires at the top more and more skill and at the bottom less and less unskilled drudgery. In the automobile industry at Detroit alone you will find more skilled men than in the entire motor industry of Europe. They are designers and builders of machines, makers of tools and patterns and gauges, engravers of dies, workers in the mechanical research laboratories. And in the factories, serving the

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Y O U R H O M E S H O U L D C O M E F I R S T

Living Room Suite No. 794
High Back Chair No. 788

Only Kroehler can give such values in *living room furniture*

THERE is an irresistible charm in a stylish Kroehler davenport or chair, for it is a fascinating blend of exquisitely textured covering materials, depth and softness of cushions, and grace of line.

You can see at once that here is smartness and comfort. What you cannot see —but it is there, nevertheless—is the inbuilt worth, both in workmanship and materials, that gives this furniture its amazingly long life and that retains to the utmost limit the luxurious restfulness for which Kroehler furniture has always been famous.

And yet, with all this quality—comparable only with the most costly pieces—Kroehler furniture is surprisingly moderate in price. For the immense facilities of Kroehler are all concentrated on producing the best that can be built at the lowest possible cost. That is why there is more Kroehler living room furniture sold than any other kind.

Hidden Qualities

Whenever you see the Kroehler label on a piece of furniture it means that every part is built of selected materials. The frame, for example, is of kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued and doweled—*not merely soft wood nailed together.*

The resilient and non-sagging seat springs are of heavy, high-carbon wire of premier quality, interlocked with a flexible spring steel understructure firmly attached to the hardwood frame. *This is far stronger than the old style webbing.*

Sterilized flax fiber, best moss and felted cotton are used for filling. Seat cushions are filled with patented, resilient, soft-yielding coil springs—thickly padded with clean, white felted cotton.

Concealed Beds

Your Kroehler davenport may be had, if you wish, with a full-size, comfortable double bed, entirely concealed under the seat cushions. It has room for removable mattress and bedding, and is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs.

See your Kroehler dealer. He will be glad to show you a wide variety of fine-quality covering materials in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, cut pattern and jacquard velours, linen frieze and moquette, leather or Chase leatherwove.

Convenient Terms

Insist on seeing the Kroehler label on every piece. Your dealer will be glad to arrange convenient terms.

Upon request we will send you the name of your nearest Kroehler dealer and copy of our illustrated book, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.
or Stratford, Canada

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, N.Y.; Los Angeles, Cal.; San Francisco, Cal.; Cleveland, O. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER *Living Room Furniture*

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE . KROEHLER MADE LOOK FOR THIS KROEHLER LABEL

for Christmas, give

Gilberts the Chocolates of Connoisseurs

Chocolates are as much a part of Christmas as the holly and mistletoe. Have the reputation of being a chocolate connoisseur by giving Gilberts.... This year, in addition to the well-known Panama, Very Best and other favorite Gilberts, the new Caballero package is especially suggested as a gift that is truly supreme.... Each package of Gilberts is guaranteed by John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan, and Los Angeles, California.

Caballero package, $2 the pound. Panama and Very Best, $1.50... Other Gilberts, $1, $1.25 and $1.50... Ask your dealer.

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assembly line, you will find thousands who formerly were and might have been always unskilled workers.

One will say there was vision in American industry. Another will say it was necessity acting. The supply of cheap labor was failing; wages began to rise; industry was obliged for the sake of its costs to find ways of doing with power a great deal of work that had been performed as manual drudgery. That is to debate whether efficiency was the cause of high wages or high wages the cause of efficiency. It does not matter. Probably it was both. Here is the rule that works:

Save the man and spend the machine.

This rule now colors the whole language of American industry. For a typical expression of it, take these words from a message addressed to industry in general by the makers and designers of handling equipment, who are now an industry of themselves:

> In many a concern and many an industry the loss of a nickel's worth of material is a great offense while the waste of men is suffered without the batting of an eye. This is neither logical, humane nor profitable. Wasting men by keeping them at unproductive work, when machinery would do it faster, better and cheaper, is indefensible. The better way—the American way—is to concentrate men upon productive work at better pay and let iron and steel in the form of material-handling equipment attend to the moving of materials.

The great example is that the most prosperous industries, or, within an industry, the representatives of it that have the lowest costs, the highest profits, the headway over competitors, are those that waste human labor least. And that is saving in the highest sense—the kind of saving that takes the place of thrift as self-denial.

Once people begin really to command the power of the machine as a free extension of themselves, it is as if a new force of Nature had been released. The rise of mechanical power in this country during the past twenty-five years resembles a cosmic advent. The industrial age was a century old, yet no one faintly imagined that it contained a planetary possibility like this. Regard it:

In the year 1899 the capacity of prime movers in American manufacturing was 10,000,000 horse power. That was just more than two horse power for each worker, and this was considered very high—the highest in the world. By a prime mover one means only the primary power unit, or the power-generating plant, not any of the driven machines that consume the power.

In the year 1925 the capacity of prime movers in American manufacturing was 37,735,000 horse power. That is 4.5 horse power for each worker.

Taking one horse power to be ten times one man power, what do you see? In manufacturing alone we have mechanical power equal to 377,350,000 tame slaves exerting their bodies for us—and that is more than three times the total population. This is in manufacturing only.

Each Man With Fifty Slaves

The Commerce Year Book of the United States, 1926, says the total capacity of prime movers in manufacturing and mining establishments and in electric plants in 1925 was approximately 73,373,000 horse power.

That is the equivalent of 733,730,000 tame slaves exerting their bodies for us.

And this is nowhere near all. In railroad locomotives we have 26,000,000 horse power, equal to 260,000,000 draft slaves.

In agriculture we have 5,000,000 mechanical horse power, equal to 50,000,000 ground slaves.

And lastly, in 23,000,000 automobiles and motor trucks, taken at an average of twenty horse power each, we have 460,000,000 horse power, and that is as if we had 4,600,000,000 Chinese coolies to carry us about.

The figures are difficult to comprehend merely as facts of magnitude. But consider, moreover, that nearly all this has occurred in twenty-five years.

Since 1899 the horse-power capacity of prime movers in manufacturing, mining and electric plants has increased five times. The horse-power capacity of railroad locomotives has increased four times. The mechanical horse power in agriculture has perhaps doubled. Twenty-five years ago there were no motor cars.

The total amount of primary mechanical power that could be accounted for in 1899 was probably not more than 25,000,000, or the equivalent of 250,000,000 human slaves.

The total in 1925, including automobiles, was 564,000,000 horse power, or the equivalent of 5,640,000,000 human slaves.

Of the whole earth the population is about 1,750,000,000. In terms of mechanical power we have multiplied it more than three times in twenty-five years. The increase is here. We have created it. Mechanical energy equal to nearly fifty docile slaves per capita.

As Good as Gold

There are effects that are statistically visible and may be expressed in physical terms. There are others to which we are still so strange that we have no terms by which to suggest them. One has been discussed—what happened to thrift as self-denial. There is another effect, profound and startling, which we have hardly begun to realize. It is almost as if time had changed, with nobody aware of it. If the sun hastened its journey one minute a day—that is to say, if the world should suddenly begin to make its revolutions at that accelerated speed—we should suppose our clocks were running slow and gear them up to keep pace with the earth. Simply the tempo of life would change. We should live each day one minute faster, perhaps without knowing it.

Well, the machine has changed the tempo of life. Everyone knows this, and yet how little we think of what it means. We look at the clocks. They are running as before. Nothing has happened to the astronomical mechanism. Life, nevertheless, is running very much faster. Take it not by the clock; take it by the time required to do things, to go from place to place, by the rate at which we consume goods that formerly could not be consumed because enough could not be produced in time for everyone to enjoy them—now as compared with twenty-five years ago. By that measure we are living maybe thirty or forty hours between suns.

The tempo of life is so much faster here than in Europe that we may be said to exist on another time plane. What now is to be illustrated is how speed, the tempo, the foreshortening of the time required to produce, distribute and consume wealth, whatever you call it—how this has altered the economic premises. For one thing—and this is the particular effect—it has greatly modified the capital function of money.

It is well to make sure we know what we mean when we speak of the capital function of money. There is this story of money: First it had local token value only. It was something of small bulk, like beads or ivory teeth, that people would take in exchange for any kind of goods; and that was the beginning of a money economy in place of the more primitive barter economy, which was the swapping of goods for goods. As money was standardized in the ideal substance of gold, it came to have a universal hoarding and capital value.

Economists now say, and have said for many years, that gold is not wealth, because you cannot eat it or wear it or warm yourself with it. They have never said it was not capital; they have always treated it as capital, which of course leaves them in the position of saying capital is not wealth. The fact is that gold as the universal money was wealth. It was the perfect form of wealth. If you had gold, you had command of wealth in any other form up to the value of the gold measured in goods. You could not eat or wear the gold—no; and yet no man with gold was ever hungry or without garments in any civilized society. The merchant princes of old had no bank credit to work with. There were no banks, only money lenders, who kept their wealth in gold and loaned it under pledge that two pieces should be returned as three.

Then banking was invented and there was a new form of capital called credit. The banker issued for token purposes pieces of paper that everybody thought were as good as gold, because, whenever they liked, they could go to the banker and cash them for gold.

As a matter of fact, the banker issued more paper than he could cash in gold all at once. He worked on the assumption that it would never come back to him all at once, and it never did so long as everybody was content to think the paper was as good as gold and could be cashed for gold. If they began to doubt it and went all at one time with their paper demanding its face value in gold, the banker had to shut up shop. This happened very often; yet banking survived because the convenience of paper over gold was too great to be lost.

Credit is precisely this power of the banker to issue not only paper in place of gold but more paper than gold. It became presently necessary that he should do this. Commerce increased much faster than the gold supply and there was not enough gold to transact the world's business.

But as such power was bound to be abused, and as bankers were always failing, the state was obliged to interfere, saying: "It is all very well to issue paper money in excess of your gold. Business could not otherwise be transacted. Nevertheless, it must be made safe. You must have on hand never less than a certain proportion of gold—say, one-half or one-third of the amount of your paper money outstanding."

Such was the origin of the gold reserve, on which all banking now is founded. Thereafter banks announced regularly how much paper money they had outstanding and how much gold they had in their vaults to protect the paper; and though everybody could see there was two or three times more paper than the banker could cash in gold if it should happen to be presented all at once, still, that made no difference. Everybody knew the practice and how necessary it was, and knew also as a matter of experience that it was safe. The paper never was all presented at one time to be cashed in gold. The gold remained in one place; the paper circulated continually from hand to hand, effecting the endless exchanges of daily life.

Token Money and Capital

Now it appears that gold has a new function. It is the basis of bank credit. As the use of it in that function increased very fast, use of it directly as either token money or capital declined. The merchant princes were overthrown and ruined by the competition of traders working with borrowed credit.

The next thing to happen was that bank credit, based upon gold reserves in the banker's vault, came to have two distinct functions. One was a token function—pieces of paper to pass from hand to hand in place of gold. The other was a capital function purely. This has to be made clear.

Suppose you are a manufacturer. You will need to borrow at the bank a great deal of money for token purposes, such as to buy raw materials and to pay weekly wages. But this you need only for short periods—a week, a month, three months perhaps. As fast as the materials are worked up you sell them and from the proceeds you pay back what you have borrowed at the bank. But if you want to build a new plant, that is a different matter. Credit borrowed for that purpose you may be unable to pay back in less than ten years. Hence the distinction. Credit borrowed for only a few weeks, as token money, to buy raw materials and pay wages, would be called fluid capital. It is continually circulating; you spend it, the people who receive it spend it. But credit

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PAST PERFORMANCE the only proof of *Rust-Resistance*

SEVENTY-FIVE was a long time ago. Under the presidency of General Grant, the Centennial Exposition was being planned. Horse cars were the means of rapid transit in New York; and Alexander Bell had just patented a contrivance for transmitting sound along a wire. It was then that the old German Insurance Building in Buffalo was erected and Byers Pipe was installed.

In the 80's, when Byers Pipe went into the fine, new St. Louis Post Office, Thomas Edison was being acclaimed as inventor of his carbon filament electric lamp.

During the 90's, William Jennings Bryan preached his doctrine of the magical 16 to 1. Byers Pipe was installed in the Cuyahoga and other large buildings, in Cleveland and elsewhere.

Times have changed; but Byers Pipe has not. Through the decades, there has never been anything shifting, doubtful, or theoretic about the character of Byers. Its merits, plainly and simply stated, were always those of honest, well-fashioned wrought iron, well known for extraordinary resistance to rust. Its service has been but added proof of those qualities.

Short-time corrosion tests, theoretical arguments and laboratory findings may be interesting, but when they are contradicted by actual experience, as often happens, obviously one must believe the latter and not the former.

the *Spiral Stripe*
protects you against
mistakes and substitution
Also look for the name and your symbol in metal

The qualities of Byers have been proved by half a century of use. Remember this when examining evidence submitted in favor of cheaper pipe, represented as equal to Byers. Look for the record of long service; for only by that can the durability of pipe metal be known!

Bear in mind, too, the excessive cost of pipe failures. To replace a hundred dollars' worth of pipe in an occupied building, usually costs a thousand dollars and upwards—many times the small extra cost of Byers which would have prevented such failure.

On its record, Byers Pipe is being specified and bought today by experienced architects and engineers and by well advised owners. Now as in former times, they are safe who stake reputation or investment on the durability of the pipe with the Spiral Stripe. Send for free book: Notable Buildings Equipped with Byers Pipe.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.
Branches in Principal Cities

Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland
Not yet so venerable in point of age but an interesting one of a half dozen large buildings in Cleveland equipped with Byers Pipe about thirty years ago. There has never been any trouble with the installation, nor any fault discovered.

German Insurance Bldg., Buffalo
Byers Pipe was used for both hot and cold water systems. The building has been in charge of the same superintendent and engineer, Mr. J. T. Monk, for over 40 years, and the facts concerning the installation are all clearly recorded.

Woolworth Bldg., N. Y.
One of the most notable of American building achievements, erected by Frank W. Woolworth, designed and erected by Cass Gilbert. Architecture and [illegible] by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman as the Cathedral of Commerce. [illegible] throughout with Byers Pipe, exclusively. 43 miles of genuine wrought iron pipe.

St. Louis Post Office and Custom House
Nearly 10 miles of Byers Pipe went into this building. After more than forty years of service it was lately inspected and pronounced "better [illegible] than most new pipe that can be bought today."

1875 1890 1913 1924 1881

Citizen's National Bank, Baltimore
An impressive and highly modern bank edifice. Byers Pipe used for [illegible] supply lines, heating coils, building [illegible] stack, waste and vent lines and [illegible] lines. Also by the Carrier Air Conditioning Co. of America, Chicago. Plumbing and Heating Contractors Riggs, Distler & Co., Inc., Baltimore.

BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

It starts at the Table!

And there is the logical place to correct it

Too little bulk in the daily food is one of the principal causes of constipation to which physicians attribute a high percentage of all sickness.

In most cases this condition can easily be corrected and prevented merely by making one simple change in the diet.

Why temporize with pills and drug laxatives which bring only temporary relief when there is a pleasant, natural corrective that millions have found beneficial?

Post's Bran Flakes is a bulk food made so delicious you can eat it every day. Make the two weeks' test and we believe you will see how easy it is to avoid constipation when you eat this tempting cereal as a daily regulator.

It is dangerous to experiment with patent medicines and drug laxatives. They bring only temporary relief and may make matters much worse. Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by lack of bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, don't experiment! Consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

A two weeks' test will convince you

Constipation must not be neglected! Start our Two Weeks' Test now and begin the experiment by writing for a free sample, which will show you how delicious this product is, or by ordering Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer.

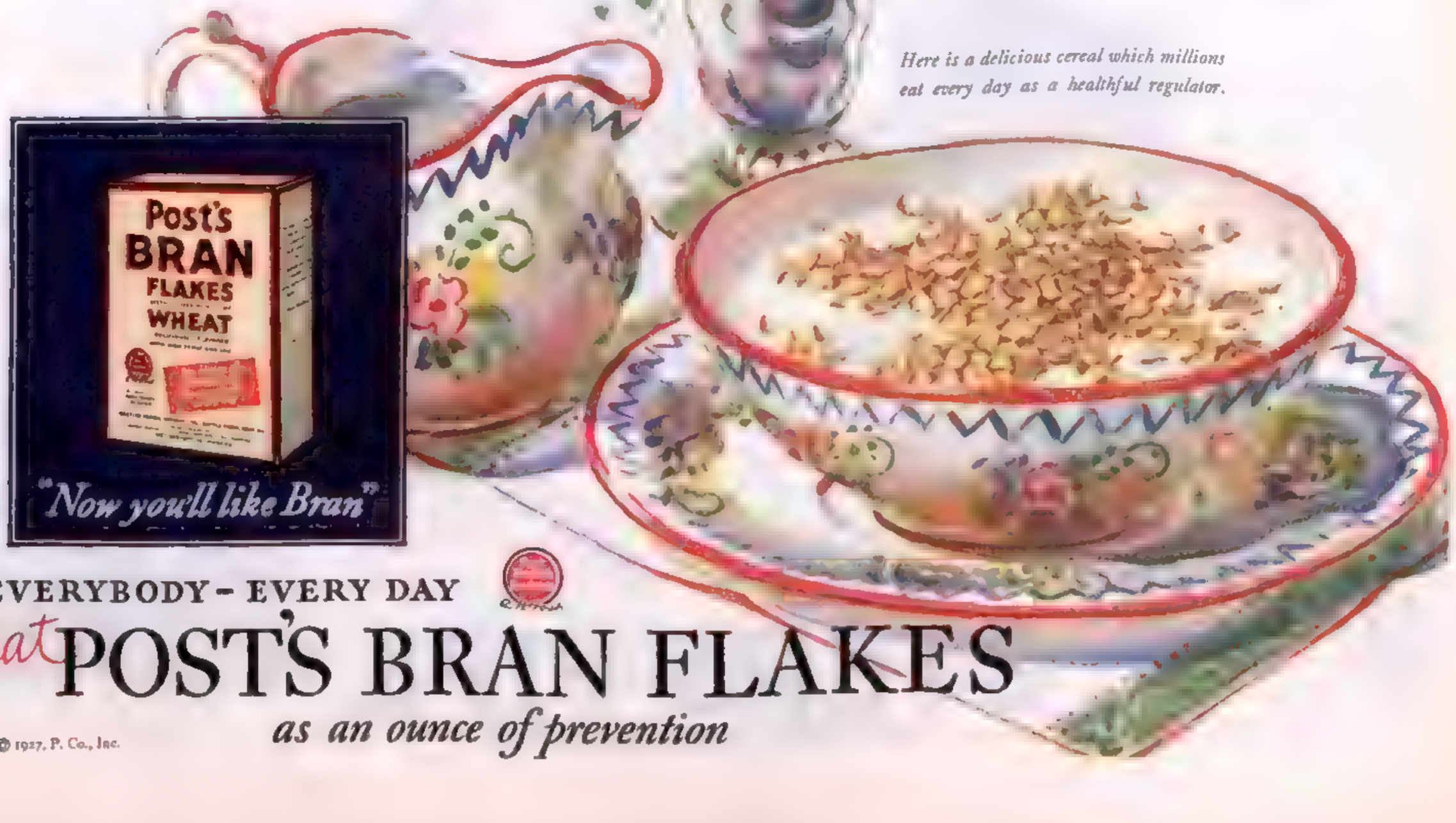
Eat it as a cereal with milk or cream. You will be delighted with the crispness and the delicious flavor of the nut-brown flakes. You will find it as good as any cereal you ever tasted.

Keep up the program faithfully for two weeks. You can vary it if you like by combining Post's Bran Flakes with fruits or berries, fresh or preserved. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

By the time you have completed the Two Weeks' Test we predict you will notice a real difference in the way you feel and you will find that Post's Bran Flakes has acted as a natural and effective regulator.

But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Follow the example of millions of healthy people who keep on the "Road to Wellville" by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

Postum Company, Inc., Dept. B-112, Battle Creek, Mich., Makers of Post Health Products: Postum Cereal, Post's Bran Chocolate, Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties, Grape-Nuts and Instant Postum. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Building, Toronto 2, Ont



Here is a delicious cereal which millions eat every day as a healthful regulator.

EVERYBODY - EVERY DAY

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

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borrowed for the purpose of building a factory would be called fixed capital, because for a number of years it is fixed there in bricks and mortar and cannot be paid back except slowly and a little at a time from the annual revenues of the business.

A banker must be very careful not to lend too much credit as fixed capital, for if he does, there will not be enough fluid credit left to transact business from day to day—that is, for token money purposes, to buy materials, to pay wages, to effect the exchange of goods among people. If there is not enough fluid credit for these purposes people get very uneasy; there is a rumor that money is bad, and then somebody will come in the old way with a piece of paper, demanding that it be cashed in gold. The banker cannot cash it in gold without drawing on his gold reserve, and he cannot touch that because it is the basis of all the credit he has loaned away. So he is insolvent. He cannot pay. When a good many banks are in this position at one time, from having loaned too much of their credit as fixed capital, there is a panic.

Formerly it happened from time to time, toward the end of a great boom, that Wall Street bankers would say publicly:

"We have got to stop. We cannot build any more railroads or factories or power plants; we have used up all the credit that can be loaned for such capital purposes. We cannot perform any new works until we have saved some more."

Then everything stopped and there was a time of unemployment, less spending, more saving, until the credit reservoir had been refilled with credit that could be used for so-called permanent investment.

In fact there is no such thing as a permanent investment. No form of created wealth is permanent. Railroads, factories, power plants, machines—they all wear out, and yet they are capital works for which long-time credit is required. They represent fixed capital.

If you analyze it, the only difference between fluid capital and fixed capital is a difference of time. In one case the borrower is continually returning the credit to the bank; in the course of a year the same credit may be used many times. In the other case, where it is used to build a factory, it will not be returned, it cannot be used again, for maybe ten years.

Getting Production

Now it must be obvious that if you reduce the time required to perform capital works so that the credit is sooner returned to the bank, so in the same degree you reduce the difference between what are the fluid and what are the fixed uses of credit.

To prove the controlling importance of time, suppose, as a contractor, you were able to build a house, sell it and get paid for it all between sunrise and sunset. In that case you would not require any credit capital at all. This is not a fantastic illustration; it has only that appearance.

Take it now in reality. You are going to found a manufacturing enterprise. What do you need? A site, buildings, machinery, personnel, a perfected product, then a market; and you might well suppose it would be four or five years from the time of beginning your outlay before your capital began to come back as revenue from operation. You might expect to operate for some time at a loss. So, of course, there is need for long-term credit—that is, fixed capital, repayable in—say, to be safe—seven years.

But suppose you could build a factory, equip it, get your personnel, your product and your market all in seven months. Clearly, in that case you need credit for a much shorter time, since in less than a year you will be paying it back out of revenue.

Well, it does actually occur now at that rate of speed. One of the big new motor plants in Michigan is the Oakland-Pontiac, with thirty-five acres of floor space, costing $15,000,000. Seven months after the ground was broken for the foundation, finished motor cars were rolling down the assembly line. Another motor plant, even larger, now is building in the same vicinity under plans which demand that it shall be in production within 200 days from the time of breaking ground.

An Investment in Time

When capital works that formerly were years in making may be created and brought to the point of production in a few months all relations are changed. Credit for capital purposes is needed for much shorter periods; it becomes sooner productive and self-liquidating, is sooner returned; is sooner available again to finance other capital works at the like speed. And it is the same as if credit capital had been multiplied. Or it may be said in another way. Industry at this tempo creates new capital many times faster than it was ever created before.

When one begins to consider the effect of time upon economic results a vast field opens.

Beginning in 1922, the railroads spent during four years $3,000,000,000 to improve transportation service. Their schedules were shortened, freight moved faster and people could count on its prompt arrival. This was nothing less than an investment of $3,000,000,000 in time. It was as if many times the amount had been added suddenly to the working capital of business. Secretary Hoover, after a study of it, said:

> We found that the lumber dealers were able to carry on their business with approximately 4,000,000,000 less board feet in stock than six years ago, estimated to be a saving of $200,000,000 of capital in that one industry alone.

Such was the experience of all industries, all business, down to the retail trade. Less money tied up in stocks because stock could be replenished quickly without fail. From this came a practice for which no name quite appropriate has yet been found. A business magazine recently set up a competition in naming it. What everybody calls it is hand-to-mouth buying. The retailer buys from the wholesaler only as his immediate need is; the wholesaler buys from the manufacturer accordingly. The manufacturer, a steel man, perhaps, finds on his desk Monday morning only enough orders to run the mill until Tuesday night. A few years ago if that had happened he would have been scared out of his wits, accustomed as he was to have orders ahead for weeks, months—maybe a year. In the afternoon mail some orders come, the next morning a few more, and the mill keeps running steadily.

What all this means is that less capital lies dead on shelves and in warehouses. Therefore much less capital is required in the transactions of business.

No one comments on American prosperity but to say one great cause of it is the abundance of capital. The foreign observer generally sets that out as the first cause. We seem to have no end of capital. Using it up faster than people ever consumed capital before, still we have $1,000,000,000 more or less each year to lend away to other countries.

Seldom does anyone try to account for the fact itself. Where does the capital come from? It does not fall out of the sky. It does not gush up from the earth. The explanation stands illustrated. We create capital two or three times faster than any other people. What does that mean—faster? It means that we perform the work in less time.

Imagine that we lived on a timeless plan, that this life were eternal. In that case it would not matter how many automobiles we produced in what now we call a day or a year. We might produce only one in 1000 years and yet ultimately the number would be infinite, provided they were infinitely durable, and everybody might eventually have one. Now bring time back and you see that the number of people who may enjoy automobiles in the cycle of one lifetime is in proportion to the speed at which they are produced. The cost of them likewise is in proportion to the time it takes to make them. You will find it very difficult to think of an item of cost that does not analyze out to be a matter of time. Production per man is not the measure. Production per man per hour—that is it. And there is time again.

The Movement of Material

Quantity production is the method by which raw materials can be transformed in the least possible time. That is why costs are low. Time is cost. Continuous movement saves time, therefore it saves cost.

The head of the Buick Motor Company, telling how in fifteen years the output of cars increased 1400 per cent, with an increase of only 10 per cent in the number of men employed and only 25 per cent in floor space, says:

> Nowhere in our plant is there space for a day's supply of any finished part except frames. It would take a new set of buildings if we undertook to keep such a supply. One day's supply comes in sometime during the day before it will be used. If incoming materials or parts, for instance, are unloaded from the freight car and handled directly to the point at which they will be used, this saves the customary handling from stock to the machine. If space is not provided for storing goods between machine operations, the rental charge against material and parts is lower. It used to take eighteen days from the time a wheel entered the wheel paint shop until it was ready for use. Now within four hours of the time a wheel enters the paint shop it is on the automobile.

Formerly between machines in long lines you would see tote boxes. One operator filled his tote box, then it was moved to the next machine. But the tote box represented material in a static state, not moving in a continuous manner through time and space. Now no more tote boxes. The machines are closer together, and as one operator finishes his job on the material he slides it along to the next one.

The result of this timesaving multiplied in thousands of details is that the company turns its working capital over ten times faster than it once did. That is to say, it needs only one-tenth as much working capital—token money—per 1000 cars of output as it required before.

Acting under a new sense of the meaning of time, particularly as it affects costs, American industry more and more creates its own capital as it goes along. Out of its current revenues it builds more plant and more machines, or replaces old with new, with a view to passing more production through a unit of time; and these capital works are so quickly performed, become so soon productive of more revenue, that expansion of capacity tends to become self-financing in a pyramidal manner. To the degree in which industry becomes self-contained in this way, in the same degree it is able to dispense with the benefit of organized Wall Street finance. Now it is that great corporations which were formerly borrowers of credit in Wall Street are lenders there to employ temporarily at interest their surplus means. Actually, of course, the amount of capital employed in production is increasing. In proportion to the number of wage earners, it is increasing. The capital per worker in the mining industry is $10,500; in railroad transportation it is $8000; in manufacturing it is $5250. Yet relatively to the volume of wealth produced we use less and less capital, meaning only that capital itself is more productive.

A Tyranny Broken

Parallel is the effect of hand-to-mouth buying, the quick handling of stock, more rapid turnover of working capital in business generally—actually the sale of merchandise to the consumer while it is in process of manufacture—all of which is greatly to reduce the amount of credit necessary to conduct trade.

There is no mystery about the abundance of American capital. Timesaving enables us to create it faster than any other people; timesaving enables us to conduct business with a minimum amount of it. We do not regard machines as labor-saving devices; they are timesavers. We gear them to a sense of time.

All this, as you would think, is reflected in the capital market. Formerly the problem of Wall Street was how to find capital for business. Latterly its problem has been how to find business for capital. It has had more credit to sell than American business and industry could use, for all the enormous expansion that has taken place. That is why Wall Street has been going so heavily into foreign loans. And as the necessity of business to seek credit in Wall Street is less, so is Wall Street's authority over business diminished. Once Wall Street, as banker and creditor, controlled big business. That tyranny is broken.

These are new facts of a new time. Whither do they tend? What is this time for that we save?

There is no facile answer. But you may see already that a great deal of the time we save is for leisure. The hours of labor are fewer. A return to the ten-hour day or the full six-day week would be economically disastrous. Why? Because people would not have sufficient time or leisure to consume that enormous quantity of divisible goods which has come from liberating the forces of production.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The fourth will appear in two weeks.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 28

enable people to buy things for which they lack the money to pay, but rather to contribute to their convenience by enabling them to pay all their bills in a lump, once a month.

"Credit is founded pretty much on character, and character is something that a man keeps building all his life. It is something, too, that is most vitally affected by the individual's habits.

"We credit men give much weight to the two factors of ability to pay and willingness to pay. These two factors influence each other—and often in the wrong direction.

"The man who has the money to pay his bills, and leave a little to spare, meets his obligations promptly and cheerfully. Meanwhile, he forms the habit of paying promptly.

"Every young man must realize that business is business. The stores from which he buys must meet their bills every month. The lifeblood of business isn't promises, or good intentions, but money.

"Yet, despite all this, business is human. There's deliverance even for the fellow who gets in too deep.

"If the young fellow who does impair his credit, who does make a mistake and tackle more than he can finish, if he'll be manly about it, if he'll clear up what he owes, meet the world level-eyed and after that go back to the credit man and say, 'I'm sorry for what happened, but I'm square now and I'm going to stay square'—well, there isn't a credit man in the wide world that will not meet him more than halfway."

—Arthur H. Little.

When Beauty is at Stake —*take care*

Use a soap made for ONE purpose only: to safeguard good complexions

FOR your sake and for ours, we publish this in the interest of all concerned who value a good complexion. Some people, we learn, think ordinary toilet soaps, soaps claiming to be "for the complexion," have Palmolive effects on the skin.

That is wrong. They don't. Palmolive complexions come only from Palmolive.

In old days, women were told, "Use no soap on the face." For all soaps then were said to be too harsh.

Then came Palmolive. It was made with cosmetic oils famous since the days of Cleopatra. It was made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin. Its ONE and SOLE purpose was to foster good complexions.

That soap changed previous ideas of soaps. Largely on expert advice, women tried it. And the results it brought in new beauty and new youth attracted millions to its use.

Palmolive soon became the leading toilet soap of the world. In France, home of cosmetics, it supplanted French soaps by the score. It is one of the two largest-selling soaps in France today. French women find Palmolive their ideal of a soap. Its cosmetic qualities hold a supreme place in French beauty culture.

Now you may be tempted by rival claims to try unproved soaps on your skin. Think, please, before you do.

62 years of soap study, in the interest of skin beauty, stand behind Palmolive. It is made to do ONE thing well. That is to gently protect your complexion; to guard your youth and charm.

No other claims are made for it. Palmolive is not intended for other than toilet purposes. It is too neutral to be effective for fabrics. To make it good for other than complexion use its cosmetic qualities would be much reduced. Good complexions are too priceless to be endangered, and, frankly, we don't know how to make a beauty soap that is also effective for general use.

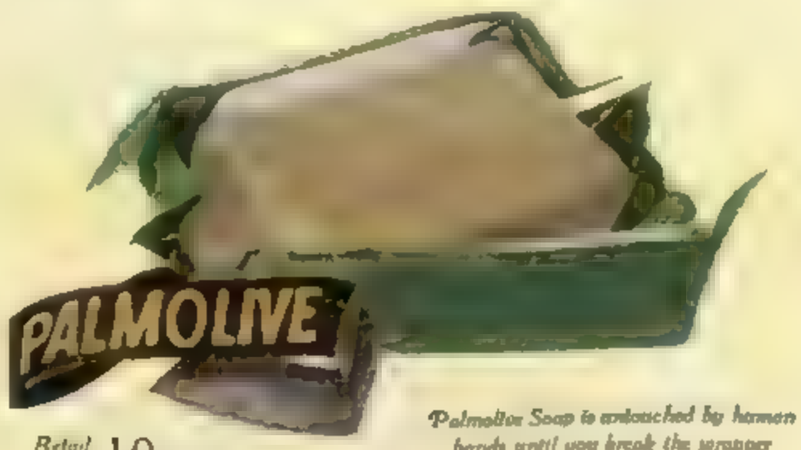
There are complexion soaps at 25c and more, we admit, that approach Palmolive quality. We know of some. But Palmolive sells at 10c—no more than ordinary soaps. Enormous production brings you this modest cost.

Carry that in mind, for your own sake, when asked to "try" another soap that claims Palmolive results. When beauty is at stake, use Palmolive, a soap you know is safe to use. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

In Paris, Itself, Palmolive Fast Supplanting French Soaps

In France, Mecca of the beauty seeker, home of the cosmetic art in its most sophisticated aspects, Palmolive is constantly supplanting old-formula French soaps. *Palmolive is one of the two largest-selling soaps in France today!* Please remember this when tempted to "try" an imported soap on your face.



Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper —it is never sold unwrapped

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

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THE HUMAN CHASE

Continued from Page 4

moving. I have noticed incidents already which you, naturally, would not be looking out for. We are strangers here, and we look fairly opulent. That is quite enough for Braund. I saw him send for the manager, just as I knew he would. He has our names already, copied from the book. He knows by this time that you are Andrew Walsh, banker, of Sydney, and that I am Lady Muriel Carter."

"Yes; but you will forgive my pointing out," Brett ventured, after a moment's hesitation, "that Debrett's is a very easily accessible volume. Your name is, I presume, like my own, fabricated."

She shook her head. "Mr. Absolom is not quite such a bungler as that," she assured him. "Muriel Carter is my name and I have a perfect right to my title. My people are all settled at a convenient distance in the wilds of Ireland and I am supposed to be doing a little journalism in town—which, indeed, is the truth. That is where our friend is rather clever in his stage settings. One of us being genuine is a guaranty for the other."

"I see," Brett ruminated. "And the next step?"

"Will come from them—if not tonight, tomorrow night."

It came even sooner than they had expected. Before they had proceeded very far with their dinner they saw the two people in whom they were interested rise from their places, and, preceded by a bowing maitre d'hôtel, cross the floor and establish themselves in the other half of their recess. The man caught Brett's eye and leaned forward.

"You will forgive our intrusion," he begged. "Madame finds the draft in our usual corner intolerable."

The preambles of a little desultory conversation were already established. An hour or so later, when Braund and his companion rose to leave, the latter turned to Lady Muriel.

"You go on, perhaps, to the Florida?"

Lady Muriel shook her head doubtfully.

"I am afraid not," she replied. "My friend, Mr. Walsh, is not very fond of dancing. I fear he has more reprehensible tastes."

"As for example?" Braund inquired politely.

The candor of Brett's confession was irresistible.

"It is very foolish," he admitted apologetically. "I am a colonial, you see, and I am afraid we are all fonder of a little gambling when we have a night off."

Braund's eyes seemed suddenly to narrow.

"Well," he said, after a moment's pause, and as though satisfied with his scrutiny, "there's plenty of gambling in London if one knows the ropes and has introductions."

"I suppose so," Brett assented listlessly. "I've been put up for a bridge club already, where they play two pounds a hundred—rather a gamble, the secretary called it! That isn't the gamble I mean though."

"If you'd really like a little of the real thing," Braund suggested, after a moment's hesitation, "may I ask to whom I have the pleasure of talking?" Mutual introductions were effected. Braund took his new friend by the arm. "Hypocritical city, London, you know," he observed. "We have to keep this sort of thing very quiet, but you can have a game of chemin de fer tonight, if you'd care for it. I can't promise that it will be a big affair, but there's always money there."

"Nothing I should like better," the pseudo Australian banker admitted with enthusiasm. "I thought it was illegal in London though."

Braund smiled. "We have good friends amongst the police," he confided.

The inspector was in an exceedingly ruffled state when Brett called upon him to report a week later. After the briefest of greetings, he passed a telegram across the table.

"What do you make of that?" he demanded.

Brett read the few words carefully. It had been handed in at the Gare du Nord, Paris, late on the previous afternoon:

COMING O ER BY BLUE TRAIN THURSDAY IN-GAGE SUITABLE ACCOMMODATION AND [illegible] VICTORIA [illegible] MATTHEW

The inspector was thoroughly upset. In Brett's eyes, however, there flamed, for a moment only, a sudden fire; afterward he laughed softly.

"The man's vanity again!"

"Ordering me to meet him!" the inspector spluttered. "Gad, I should like him to have the accommodation I'd find him! He'd hear the tapping under his window before long, and I don't think he'd find his bed too comfortable."

"Anyway, we'll meet the train, I suppose," Brett observed.

"Yes, we'll meet the train, but whether we'll find him or not's a different matter. He's just as likely to be traveling as the Archbishop of Canterbury or working as an extra stoker on the engine."

He took up the telephone receiver.

"Put me through to the passports office at Dover, afterward to the chief commissioner at Dover, and come and fetch a wireless for the captain of the Maid of Kent. . . . How are you getting on, young man?" he inquired, taking a cigarette from his case and tapping it.

"Quite well, thank you, sir," his visitor reported. "I've been at the club most nights, and I think they're becoming used to me there. The chemie seems straight enough except that there's a 7.5 per cent *cagnotte*. The baccarat's faked. There are three men, one of whom always takes the bank—Vanderleyde, a chocolate manufacturer from Brussels; Solomon, an elderly Jew living up at Highgate; or Amos Wheatley, a retired cotton spinner from Lancashire. I'm pretty good at card tricks myself, but there's nothing any one of these three could learn from Maskelcyne and Cook."

"What about the company?"

"Extraordinary! Last night I could have made four arrests, including Lampson, the man who is wanted for the Bethnal Green forgery. I passed on certain information to Inspector Collins, with your instructions that no one is to be arrested leaving or entering the club."

"Quite right," the other assented. "We can put our hands on the small fry any time."

"Lady Muriel is making a list of other people she knows," Brett went on. "Good names, some of them, but a pretty disreputable lot, I fancy. There's plenty of money about though. I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't just the place to attract our friend."

The inspector spoke on the telephone for several minutes. When he had finished, he had regained his equanimity. He pushed a box of cigarettes across to Brett.

"The trouble will be to recognize the fellow," he confided. "I was talking to the *chef de sûreté* in Paris only yesterday. They have him entered under the name of Forestier, and they have four murders and seven robberies against him. He told me that never in history has there been any man, amateur or professional, such a complete artist in the matter of disguises. He could have made a fortune upon the stage as an impersonator."

"Have you any idea what he really looks like?" Brett asked. "I've read the books, of course; I mean, apart from that."

"Brodie, the American detective, faltered out a few words before he died," the inspector reflected. "Matthew got him in a café at Bordeaux. The substance of what he said was that Matthew appeared to be a man of breeding—slim, with a frame of steel, very lissom in his movements, and with particularly brilliant eyes, which he generally concealed behind spectacles. According to Brodie, they are of slightly different shades of brown, which is probably why he generally wears spectacles. No use talking about his hair, because he puts on a wig as easily as we should put on a hat. There's one thing you'll always have to remember: He's the quickest man with a gun of any of the famous criminals. He believes in killing as the safest way out of any situation, and he's lived up to his creed. I never encourage bloodshed, as you know, but if you're sure of your man, don't hesitate. He'll never be taken alive if he can help it. Let's see how quick you can be."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he was looking into the black muzzle of an automatic. He started, as he threw himself back in his chair.

"That's one on me," he admitted. "I don't know where you learned that trick, but it's good."

"I practice ten minutes every morning, sir," Brett confided. "We may go down together, but I don't think he'll get me first."

"Meet me in Private Waiting Room Number 16 at Victoria Station this afternoon," the inspector directed, with a little gesture of dismissal.

The arrival of a crowded boat train at Victoria is usually an event of some interest to the police force at Scotland Yard. Upon this particular occasion, the chief inspector, having issued his instructions to his little company of assistants in the waiting room reserved for the use of the police, was strolling up and down the platform, smoking a cigar and looking about him with the cheerful air of one expecting welcome guests. Brett, a little more in the background, covered a section of the train, and twelve other keen-eyed myrmidons of the Yard, who appeared upon the platform only at the last second, were also exercising a close though inconspicuous surveillance over the stream of descending passengers. There was a royal prince, democratically seated in one of the Pullmans, who was greeted by a little group of friends and hurried away; an English lawn-tennis champion, fresh from his successes in Paris, received a small company of journalists before stepping into his taxicab with a case of rackets under his arm. A cabinet minister almost escaped observation until the last moment, when his secretary, arriving late, had to rescue him from the journalists who had just become aware of his identity. Apart from these three, the travelers seemed to be the usual sort of nondescript crowd. Not one of the watchers had anything to report of the slightest importance. Chief Inspector Absolom and Brett left the station together. The former was taciturn and a little depressed.

"After all, we're only human beings," he remarked, "and it's like looking for a needle in a haystack until we get something to start on. There were at least fifty men got off that train who might have been Matthew. Looks as though the first move would rest with them."

"I'm not so sure," Brett ruminated. "Colonel Braund told me that they were expecting some very high play tonight."

"That sounds interesting," Absolom observed, a little more cheerfully. "Didn't mention any names, I suppose?"

"Better than that, he was inclined to be mysterious," Brett confided.

The two men stood together, waiting for a taxi. A drizzling rain was falling and everyone else had stepped back into shelter.

"I shall leave you to it," his chief decided. "If Matthew goes to the club tonight, he'll have his own men watching outside, and they'd spot it at once if any of ours were there. I shall leave the place entirely alone. If you want help, you know what to do."

Brett nodded. "You're quite right, sir," he approved. "Leave the door open and unwatched. It's our best chance."

A taxicab arrived at last. The inspector stepped inside. Brett had resolved on another stroll upon the platform.

"You won't go down there before midnight, I suppose?" the former asked, leaning out of the taxicab window.

"Never anything doing till one o'clock, sir."

"Dine with me at the Olympic Club at ten, if you don't mind waiting so late," the chief inspector invited. "If any news comes in, I can let you have it."

"I'll be there, sir."

Brett and his chief were lingering over their coffee in the smoke room of the Olympic when the latter, who had been glancing through the late edition of an evening paper, suddenly sat up with a little start.

"What's the meaning of this, I wonder?" he demanded, leaning forward with his forefinger upon an item in the Stop Press:

Edgar Howson, the English Lawn-Tennis Champion, this afternoon won the men's singles in the Open Tournament at Versailles, defeating Boiret 6-3, 6-4, 6-0.

Brett read the paragraph through again, frowning.

"Why, surely that was Howson upon the train!" he muttered. "I saw him with a case of rackets and half a dozen journalists around him."

"And, my God, look here!" his companion exclaimed. "Listen!"

Lord Ellacott, who was expected to return to England today, is confined to his room at the Hotel Meurice, Paris, by an attack of influenza and will be unable to travel for several days.

"Why, I saw him on the platform shaking hands with Stevens of the Times!"

The two men looked at each other. Probably the same thought was forcing its way into both their minds. A club servant respectfully intervened.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Absolom, but a special messenger has just arrived from Scotland Yard. He wishes to see you on urgent business. As there was no one here, I took the liberty of bringing him up at once."

A uniformed sergeant of the police stepped forward.

"What is it, Saunders?" his chief asked.

"Two burglaries, sir, reported within the last half hour," the man replied. "One at Ellacott House—a lot of jewelry missing: another at a flat in Dover Street, occupied by Howson, the tennis player."

"Any violence?"

"Howson's servant is rather badly knocked about, sir. He's able to talk, but rambled all the time—will have it that it was his master who attacked him. At Ellacott House, the butler declares that his master returned by the Continental train this afternoon and went out again later. The whole of Her Ladyship's jewelry is gone, and many other treasures."

The chief inspector, with Brett by his side, hurried downstairs. In the hall, the bemedaled commissionaire presented a note. The chief inspector read it through and winced. He passed it on to his companion:

Dear Mr. Absolom: Not bad for a start. We are here, you see, close to you, comfortably established and looking forward to a prosperous time. Don't change your personnel. We are anticipating many amiable encounters with Mr. Brett.

Ever yours,
MATTHEW.

"Who left this note?" Absolom demanded.

"That's just what I can't tell you, sir," the commissionaire replied, in a puzzled tone. "When I went up to the smoke room, bringing you the messenger from Scotland Yard, it certainly wasn't here. I found it lying on my desk when I got back."

Your DESTINY
~milk will help you rule it!

WILL you be physically able to fulfill your destiny? Will success be yours? In these times of keen competition, success comes to those who possess the physical and mental vigor that only exercise and proper eating make possible. Rule your diet and you rule your destiny.

Authorities agree that in milk nature has provided every element essential to the proper nutrition of the body. Drink pure, rich bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too.

Leading dairies everywhere deliver clean, wholesome milk in sanitary glass bottles.

Glass Container Association of America
New York, N. Y.

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

Fresh, rich bottled milk imparts to cooked foods that savory, healthful richness all good cooks demand.

See What You Buy— BUY IN GLASS

Brett, with a word of apology, put it carefully away in his pocketbook.

"We must grin and bear it, I suppose," he remarked. "Some day, though, there will be one too many of these gibing episodes."

At Ellacott House, where an inspector was already in charge, the whole business appeared almost too pathetically simple. The servants were still hard to convince that it was not their master who had entered, who had ordered a whisky and soda, gone to his room for some time and left the house with apparently the same luggage as he had brought, announcing his intention of staying the night at his club. The original contents of the principal bag, however, were discovered in the bedroom, and it had evidently been repacked with the jewels and many other objects of great value.

"His Lordship's return," the butler explained, "was quite unexpected, as we had received a telegram only an hour previously stating that he was indisposed and unable to travel. No preparations had been made for him, therefore, or dinner arranged for. His valet was out and it was only a chance that I myself was in the house. None of us thought it in the least out of the way, and we were all rather relieved, as a matter of fact, when His Lordship said that he would dine and sleep at the club."

"The devil's own luck!" Absolom grumbled, as the two men took their leave. "Everything seems to have conspired to make his get-away a perfectly natural affair."

At Howson's flat there was nothing whatever to be gathered in the way of a clew. The only person who had seen the intruder was Howson's servant, and he, only partially conscious, was still obstinately convinced that it was his master who had attacked him. Absolom and Brett were both a little depressed when they parted at the corner of Dover Street.

"I'm off to bed," the former announced. "You'd better do the same. We shall have all the hotel reports to go through in the morning."

Brett called a taxi. "I shall just spend an hour in Belgrave Square," he confided.

The chief inspector nodded indifferently. "Waste of time tonight, I should think."

"The place always interests me," Brett admitted quietly.

Brett found Lady Muriel exchanging some bank notes for chips in the secretary's little apartment, an annex to the main room. She called him to her.

"Such foul luck," she sighed. "Three times eights against nines, and the only bank I drew in for a trifle ran eleven times. I'm just changing my last three notes. Give me a drink before you start playing."

"Rather!" he assented with enthusiasm.

"How much may I change for you, Mr. Walsh?" the secretary inquired genially.

Brett handed over a hundred pounds' worth of bank notes and received blue and red chips in exchange, after which he followed Muriel to a corner and ordered some wine from a waiter. As soon as they were alone she leaned toward him. Her misty gray eyes were full of a serious light, her tone was anxious.

"I'm so glad you've come," she confided. "There's something wrong about the place tonight."

He looked around him, the keenness of his observation masked a little by the good-humored smile upon his lips.

"I don't notice anything particular," he murmured. "Rather more people, perhaps, but very few strangers."

She shook her head. "It's just a feeling I have," she went on, "but I know I'm right. Even the habitués seem changed. There's old Mr. Solomon, for instance. He's playing much higher than usual, and he doesn't seem the same somehow. Who's the consumptive-looking man with the haggard face we were introduced to the first night?"

"Wheatley," Brett reminded her—"Amos Wheatley. He's a cotton spinner from somewhere in Lancashire. I've looked him up in the book and he conforms all right. Made three or four millions in the amalgamation of all those mills up north and has dropped half of it since."

"That's the man," she nodded. "He gave *banque ouverte* tonight, a thing I've never seen him do, and when he lost, he laughed—laughed outright, and I've never noticed him even smile before. The whole place gives one a queer impression of everyone being different. . . . Look, there's a vacant place just opposite Mr. Solomon's. You take it and watch him. I'll come and put in your bank."

Brett rose to his feet and, crossing the room, took the chair which the croupier was holding for him. Exactly opposite was Mr. Solomon, indulging in his favorite gesture—dropping his counters through his fingers, collecting them again and building them into neat piles. He indulged in his usual ceremonious "Good evening" when Brett seated himself, and then resumed his harmless occupation.

"The game is slow tonight," he observed presently, taking off his spectacles for a moment, as though to rest his eyes. "Our friends at the other end of the table are monopolizing it. They take every *banco*, buy every bank and leave us with nothing to do."

Brett smiled sympathetically. His keen gray eyes had never appeared more ingenuous. He scratched his chin for a moment and glanced up at the struggle which was proceeding a few places away. But, indifferent though he seemed, and as good-naturedly emotionless as ever, the whole of his being was suddenly thrilled. Never for a second, however, did he lose his self-control. He felt himself subjected to a close and searching scrutiny, and he bore it without flinching. He even, after a few seconds' pause, carried a little further the desultory conversation.

"Were you here last night, Mr. Solomon?" he inquired.

"Last night and the night before, and, as a matter of fact, every night for the last month. If one is a gambler at heart, what else is there for one to do? I love to gamble. I have business interests in England, or I should live abroad, as near one of the best casinos as possible. As I cannot do that, I make myself Colonel Braund's best client."

The bank reached the man who was seated on Brett's left. He tossed a ten-pound chip into the pool, which Brett promptly *banqued* and won. He started his own bank with the same amount.

"Will you permit me to join you, sir?" Mr. Solomon suggested.

Brett looked around, but Lady Muriel was nowhere in evidence.

"With pleasure," he assented.

They won three coups, but on the fourth *banco* was called by Amos Wheatley, leaning, thin and eager, over the table. Brett shook his head.

"You are quite right, sir," Solomon declared approvingly. "There is enough there for us to divide pleasantly. One must not be too ambitious."

The bank was auctioned and bought at once. Brett rose from his place, leaving his chips in front of him.

"I shall go and finish my drink," he observed. "I'd hate to see it run another three or four times."

He strolled about the rooms, apparently aimlessly. Gradually he edged his way into the hall and toward the telephone booth. The hall porter pointed apologetically to a notice pinned outside.

"Sorry, sir," he announced, "the telephone's out of order. They're coming to see to it the first thing in the morning."

Brett was for a moment nonplused.

"Surely there's another somewhere in the building?" he demanded.

"There's one in Colonel Braund's private office, sir," the man replied, "but that's up at the very top of the house."

"I'll speak from there," Brett decided.

"It's three stories up, sir," the man told him doubtfully, "and the lift hasn't been working since we took the premises."

Brett produced a ten-shilling note and the concierge promptly came out from behind his counter.

"This way, sir," he invited. They climbed to the top of the house. The concierge unlocked the door of a room and motioned his companion to enter. "There's the instrument on the table, sir," he pointed out. "I've pushed the latch back, but do you mind locking the door when you leave? Thank you, sir."

The man received his tip and departed. Brett crossed the floor quickly, sat down at the table, and took up the receiver.

"400 Y," he demanded.

For some time there was no response. He rang again.

"What number did you want?" a tired voice asked.

"400 Y—urgent."

Again there was a long wait. Then the same tired voice:

"Were you asking for 400 Y? There is no such number."

"Is that the exchange?" Brett inquired.

"Yes."

"Look in your book of private numbers quickly," he enjoined. "You'll find 400 Y all right. Put me through."

There was a longer wait than ever. At the end of it, however, came a man's voice, prompt and decisive:

"400 Y speaking."

"Walsh," Brett announced firmly. "You know where I am. Send me a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds?" the voice repeated. "Very good, Mr. Walsh."

Brett rang off and leaned back in his chair. The number 400 Y was the night department of Scotland Yard, and "a thousand pounds" were the code words for the strongest force of armed police which could be collected without delay.

Colonel Braund's office was comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished, and in a distant corner was a camp bedstead discreetly concealed by a screen. Brett lingered for a moment in the softly padded chair, his mind fixed upon the little scene below. Step by step he was building up his plans for the next half hour. He decided not to enter the card room himself again for the present, but to send the concierge in for Lady Muriel, dispatch her to a place of safety and, on the arrival of the police, rush the place after the manner of an ordinary raid. Suddenly his reflections were broken in upon. He fancied that he heard the sound of a footstep outside upon the stairs. He half rose to his feet, thrilled by that queer, indefinable sense of danger which nearly all hunters of criminals possess. Then, without the slightest warning, every light in the room went out and he was left in complete darkness.

There followed several moments of acute and breathless suspense. Brett's hand strayed cautiously round his body to his hip pocket. He gripped his automatic tightly and stood a little away from the table. There were three doors, and he faced the one through which he had entered. Gradually a thin line of light warned him that it was being pushed gently open. At the same time, however, two other thin lines of light appeared in different parts of the room. All three doors were now an inch or so ajar. From one of them, at last, a suave but compelling voice broke the terrifying silence:

"Better put that gun down. You're covered three times over through the cracks of the doors." The detective hesitated. Each of the thin lines of light was broken at about the same height from the ground by a dark blob. "We don't tell lies, my young friend," the same voice continued calmly. "Throw your gun on the table in front of you and stand away."

Brett's brain worked quickly. His unseen enemy, without a doubt, had his life in his hands. He threw his gun upon the table. Instantly the room was flooded with light. On the threshold in front of him stood Mr. Solomon, lank and gray of visage, cigarette ash spilled over his old-fashioned frock coat and his wisp of black cravat as usual a little

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-a Successful Six

Will soon bid for Even Greater Success

See Further Details Next Week

(Continued from Page 72)

awry. Framed in the two other doorways stood Mr. Vanderleyde and Amos Wheatley. Mr. Solomon lowered the gun which he had been carrying.

"Keep away from the table, Brett," he enjoined. "You see, I am dispensing with my own gun, but my friends there, Mr. Vanderleyde and Mr. Wheatley, are watching you very closely." The speaker dragged a chair up to the table. He reached over and dropped Brett's automatic into one of the drawers of the desk. "I have underrated you, Philip Brett," he confessed sorrowfully. "It is very sad, but I shall have to pay the penalty. I shall have to deny myself the one recreation in this dull city of yours to which I was looking forward. This establishment, which I had hoped to find a harbor of refuge, will probably have to close its doors."

Brett slowly subsided into the chair against which he had been leaning.

"Do you mind my pointing out that as, according to your instructions, I am unarmed," he said, "there is no need for Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Vanderleyde to keep their guns in that unpleasantly horizontal position? Those hair triggers are infernally sensitive."

Mr. Solomon waved his hand.

"Never take your eyes off my little friend," he directed his two companions. "I do not altogether trust him even now. On the other hand, he will probably feel more at his ease if you do as he suggests."

The two men came a step or two nearer, but lowered their guns. Mr. Vanderleyde, whose manners and courtesy downstairs had earned him many compliments, sank into an easy-chair, with his automatic upon his knee.

"I think you're wrong, chief," he said. "I have always had a presentiment that this little man might bring us trouble."

Mr. Wheatley coughed hoarsely.

"I should get rid of him," he wheezed. "Put the fear of God into them at the Yard. Nothing like starting as you mean to go on."

Mr. Solomon reflected for a moment.

"No," he decided. "I'm very angry with you, Philip Brett—very angry with you, indeed—but I don't think we can spare you just yet. I wonder if you realize what a nuisance you are. Solomon, Vanderleyde and Wheatley here have been at least a month building up identities into which we were to slip when they disappeared, and here, on the very first night, you destroy our whole scheme. One up to you, Brett! I will confess that. In return, as a favor—as a very special favor—do tell me where I failed. Thirty seconds after you took that chair opposite me at the chemie table, you realized that I was not the Mr. Solomon of last night. What was wrong?"

"The eyes," Brett replied. "You took off your spectacles for a moment."

Mr. Solomon nodded in melancholy fashion. He turned toward his friends.

"What did I tell you?" he demanded. "Whatever you may think about him, and however you may be misled by his appearance, I contend that our young friend here is a very intelligent person. He will show us, I am sure—if we decide to give him the opportunity—plenty of sport. By the by, I noticed you at Victoria, Mr. Brett. It was very fortunate for us that you did not subject Lord Ellacott and Howson to the same—shall we call it inspired—scrutiny. You might seriously have interfered with our evening's work, as well as our pleasure. . . . May I ask you why you are looking at the clock so often?"

Brett tapped with his fingers upon the table. "To tell you the truth," he confided, "I was looking at the clock to see what time it was."

The quality of Mr. Solomon's smile became a trifle more sardonic.

"A pretty humor," he murmured. "For the moment I was afraid that you were courting disappointment—that you were speculating as to the arrival of that posse of police."

Brett was conscious of a sudden sense of dismay. Mr. Solomon shook his head.

"Of course you know," the latter continued, "that you were speaking into a house telephone. You got no nearer to 400 Y than the housekeeper's room in the basement."

Brett was silent for a moment.

"The success of the evening does not lie entirely with me then," he remarked.

"Not entirely," Mr. Solomon acknowledged. "We shall leave these premises in dignified fashion and without hurry, certainly in more comfort than you had designed for us. Am I right in supposing that you can see the time from where you sit?"

"It is three o'clock."

Mr. Solomon rose to his feet. His two companions, whose eyes had watched Brett's every movement, were already on their way to the door.

"I take it," the former observed, "that you are too clever a man to attempt the impossible. At ten minutes past three you are free to descend to your friends, continue, if you will, your mild gambling, or communicate in any way you choose with Scotland Yard. If you attempt to leave this room by either door before then, the result will be unfortunate. . . . No, stay exactly where you are, please. No nearer that drawer."

Brett watched their retreating figures with anguish in his heart.

"Scarcely living up to your reputation, Matthew, are you?" he observed. "I thought that you never lost a chance of getting rid of an enemy."

Mr. Solomon turned back from the door with a faint smile at the corners of his lips a smile which seemed somehow intensified by the deepening of the lines about his eyes.

"Philip Brett," he said, "if I thought that you were really an object of future danger to me, I should be regretfully compelled to participate in one of life's minor tragedies. You would be found here with your brains blown out—suicide after your losses at chemie, of course, as many people would be ready to testify. I flatter myself, however, that I am an artist. I do nothing without necessity. If ever, as I have already warned you, the time should arrive when you really become dangerous, when the open way is not there behind, then I promise you that I would not hesitate—one—two—a dozen of you. I would kill as I kill flies, but not for the sake of killing. Be wise, my young friend. Stay where you are until that long hand is well over the ten minutes past the hour. Then you may open the door without fear."

They left the room, and in precisely ten minutes Brett followed them, conscious of retreating footsteps in the direction of the back stairs. The game was still in full progress below. Mr. Solomon—but, alas, not the same Mr. Solomon—was running a bank; Mr. Vanderleyde, without the bloodthirsty smile of his prototype, was cashing a check with the cashier; the perfect reproduction of Mr. Amos Wheatley was prowling round the table with hawklike face. Lady Muriel rose from her seat and came to meet him.

"You seem a little dazed," she remarked wonderingly. "Has anything happened?"

He shook his head. "Tomorrow," he confided, with a bitterness which no effort could conceal, "I am going to ask for my police constable's uniform back again and beg for a post as traffic inspector somewhere in the suburbs."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 30)

Margaret Culkin Banning

something else. I am of Irish descent on both sides of the family, and that's how I happened to write that sentence. The short spaces in my time go to running a house, enjoying my children, reading never quite so much as I want, serving on committees and boards of directors more than I like, buying clothes more often than I should, and seeing my friends as often as I can. So I live a casual, ordinary life in a modern city in a modern manner, and yet whenever I look at my own life closely it does not seem to be ordinary at all, but most interesting and novel.

That is what makes me know, when I write about other people, that no person lacks a story which could be made interesting to thousands of people if it could be truly and delicately told. But it takes a great deal of natural exhibitionism to write even a sketch of yourself, and even if you could, it would probably be out of drawing. Almost any one of your friends could do it better.

My Hooshoo

(Grant Reynard)

Every time Primrose & Dockstader Minstrels hit town Lew Dockstader came over from Koehler House just time make up. Looked like chimney sweep and was marvelous. Once remember Mr. Dockstader was ill, so manager announced very promising young man to take place. It was Al Jolson. Got sketch once Bryan speaking back platform U. P. train. Good speech. Hadn't been Koehler House.

Climbed up on railing train pulling out and asked Fred Ashton, town lawyer, get Bryan sign it. Wrote name all right, but underneath added, "Too old." Used pump organ in Presbyterian Church. Had hard time keeping job. Sketched too much. Great types in choir and congregation, so no air on hymns. Preacher would think organist asleep; she'd come round end organ, give me kick, and wind would commence. Found had boy-soprano voice. Wonder didn't ruin me. Sang so sweetly, looked so cherubic, ladies always crying and kissing me. Just like Hobson.

Rooney's Boys used give concert our town, wanted take me along. Folks said too young. When voice changed tried get job, Dockstader. Manager fat fellow, lost voice, whispered. Hard-looking egg, but gave me good talking to. Decided wouldn't try make male quartet. Drawings all over school books; sometimes appreciated, sometimes canned. Copied Gibson Girls. Aren't they wonderful, look just like them, and so on. Took correspondence course art. Draw this spare time, send in and we'll have you earning thousands. Decided if ever going to be cartoonist like Cesare or Briggs, Chicago Tribune, have to leave Wild West. Came Chicago, worked Marshall Field's one-finger typewriting, ninth floor old building, madam, so go art school nights. Had forty-cent food allowance. Ten-cent breakfast, ten-cent lunch, sumptuous twenty-cent supper. Got thin. Couldn't cartoon worth whoop.

Decided "go back West, young man," make pile, and do it right next time. Worked on California celery ranch. Japs, Mexicans, native sons, bedbugs, beans, bunkhouse, climate, native daughters n'everything. Too lonesome. Came back dead winter on celery train, sixty dollars in sock, lunch basket and old lantern. Made Nebraska in ten days and went work another music store. Played in German dance orchestra nights, extra money. Sand Krog and Hans Park and dances at A. O. U. W. hall and Liederkranz. Hired girls and beer. Just like page out of who is it, Sherwood Anderson or Willa Cather. Give farm see one of those dances again. Finally made stake go back school in Chicago. Won scholarship best something or other, sold some cartoons to Burns Mantle, dramatic editor Tribune. Bought one Caruso and Frank Daniels. Editor Journal sent me on tryout sketch Kitty Gordon and Sam Bernard from stage box. All remember is Kitty's back and Bernard's z-z-z-zither. Sketches terrible, stage fright and lost job. Got chance on motor magazine drawing carburetors, nuts, and so on. Awful flop. Souped at grand opera, got highbrow with voice and took few lessons George Hamlin. Getting up in world, you see; given up cartooning and mere piano playing, going in for opera. Was donkey one night in Pagliacci. Constantino supposed to make first entry Canio in cart. Real donkey balked last minute, so they put me and another awful-looking soup in shafts, and let's go. Nearly sprained Constantino's tenor way we steered cart. Wonderful sketching backstage.

Came New York knock 'em cold. Succeeded. Those not in conference took my name; "Keep in touch with us; we like your things, you know." Terrible homesick Chicago. Roomed on Seventeenth Street with guy had cousin running one those health exhibits—canned lungs and lovely livers in alcohol. Got my goat. Missed the Loop, stockyards breeze, good friends who thought I was great, and Illinois Central smoke. Went back Chicago. Got job regular magazine, half-baked designer and art editor. No real art department, so sat right in office with boss. Heard good writers and bad plots, plagiarism, egotism, geniuses and salaries. Got hep to game.

Came East again. Jersey, misquoted mosquitoes, ferries, humidity, more art school, Harvey Dunn, Charles S. Chapman and the Metropolitan. Got to know that Greco wasn't a breakfast food. Really getting more and more highbrow, or hat, which is it? Fifth Avenue, Faker's Balls, Romance, Matrimony, Salmagundi, Paris, London, St. Ives and back—who knows may be an artist someday. Trouble is might give me swelled head, so guess go on making Ritzy pictures for unsuspecting art editors. Jeemes, the-motah-please stuff, spite of an opera-house start.

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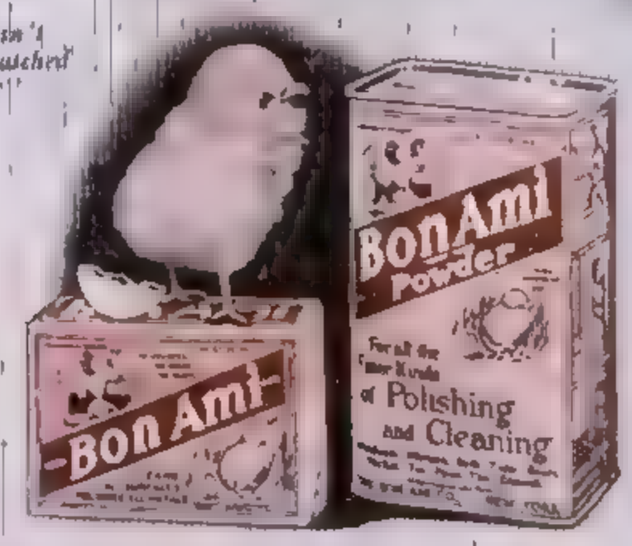

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The FILM of PROTECTION

THE FAIR-HAIRED BOYS

(Continued from Page 9)

same man. I don't mind that, of course. It may turn out that you're right. But it means that I've got to do a good deal more sniffing around on my own account than usual. We'll just keep still, all of us, and wait until I find out more about Randle. Frankly, I'm impressed. I don't want to quit Dave Larkin, but we can't afford to be backing a loser. There's nothing in that for him or anyone else. What we want is the winner. The trouble, though, is that all three of you went and sold out."

"We did what?" shouted Carlton Hudson.

"Why, you sold out," Weaver repeated, smiling and perfectly calm. "Understand, I don't mind. The only difference is that I will have to check up everything for myself now. If Randle's father-in-law wants to pay you three to convince me that Randle is the right man for me to support, I don't see any objection. You just go right ahead and earn your money. That's all right with me. How much did you get?"

Carlton Hudson looked at Goforth and laughed.

"I told you," he said, "that we might as well lay our cards on the table to start with." Then to Weaver: "The old man offered Goforth one thousand dollars to get you interested. Goforth wouldn't trade unless Wainwright and I got the same amount, and it was agreed that nobody was to lie to you about it. We honestly do think Randle's leading by a mile."

"I know you do. It's all right. But tomorrow get me one of Randle's very best friends and admirers—someone in his office, someone with some sense. I want somebody to make me see his candidacy, if possible. That's what I came here for. I like the idea of starting out with one hundred thousand berries in the campaign fund, but I can't elect a fool no matter how much money he's got. You fellows are sold mainly on the hundred thousand dollars. I'd like to be, but it's the wrong approach. I've got to know my man."

IV

ON THE following evening Carlton Hudson conducted Arthur Dove, assistant attorney-general, to seven-o-five and introduced him to Weaver. Dove had had almost no experience in politics. To him Weaver was a sort of mythological ogre. Ever since he could remember reading the newspapers he had heard of the wily and clever Weaver who in some mysterious manner seemed to influence thousands of votes and had powerful friends scattered all over the state. It was exciting to meet this strange person; and it was also a fearsome experience, for one was forewarned that Weaver crushed his opponents with the ease and silence of a snake. Dove was thus on notice that if anything dramatic actually should happen during the interview there would be no firing of rockets or shouting from the housetops to signify the fact. Whatever happened would just silently slip into the record and eventually take its toll for good or evil, while Weaver doubtless would continue to smile as though the critical moment had passed him by unnoticed. Dove observed that Weaver's brown eyes were kind and that they expressed the eager anticipation characteristic of accomplished listeners. They seemed to say: "Tell me more. Your conversation is charming." In fact, they said this even before a word had been uttered.

"It is a great pleasure and an honor to meet you, Mr. Weaver," Dove said, and then wondered why he had included the word "honor." It must, he concluded, have been the influence of that imposing chair in which his host sat so regally.

Surely there was no great honor in meeting Weaver. He had been on every side of every important issue in state affairs for more than twenty years. Dove himself knew that Weaver's record in the state senate, where he had served two terms some eighteen years ago, was labeled by the prohibitionists as perfect, but that nevertheless the antiprohibitionists labeled him all right. And thus it was with Weaver on virtually every issue.

But facing the man, this really seemed strange, because he didn't appear shrewd at all. His gestures were slow, in fact lazy; his speech also was slow. Weaver had deliberately cultivated these mannerisms as the most effective possible concealment for a mind that functioned with lightning rapidity. Such minds, unless they operate under cover, arouse animosity.

"I don't know just what you want from me," Dove continued, "but I'm here to accommodate you if I can."

"Well," Weaver drawled, "what I want is just about the simplest thing in the world, so I won't have any trouble asking for it." He smiled lazily and continued: "You've doubtless heard that there is a fair chance for your chief to run for governor. Now I'm always interested in the race for governor, Mr. Dove, and I like to support the best man. I don't know Mr. Randle very well; in fact I barely know him at all. It occurred to me that a very sensible thing for me to do in that situation would be to call in a good friend of Randle's, someone who is working with him and knows him, and let that friend tell me why he thinks Randle would make a good governor. What I want is just a good campaign speech, Mr. Dove, perhaps with a little of the trimmings cut off; but then I don't insist on even that. I'm just a country boy and I enjoy a good political speech, trimmings and all. . . . By the way, Mr. Dove, are you the crown prince?"

"Am I what, Mr. Weaver? I didn't quite get that."

"Are you the crown prince? I mean, are you Mr. Randle's choice for attorney-general?"

"Why, I think not, Mr. Weaver."

"Who is?"

"I don't believe our office boasts a crown prince, Mr. Weaver."

"Well, now if you are right, that's unusual."

"Yes, so I have been told; but Mr. Randle feels that we ought not to turn the office into a political organization."

"That's rather difficult to avoid, Mr. Dove; it's a political office. Somebody is going to be attorney-general when your friend Randle retires. I should think he would prefer to pass the office on to one of his faithful subjects."

"He believes that the office should seek the man and so do we. In the meantime it is our function to attend to the state's legal business and not try to perpetuate ourselves in office."

"I see," Weaver drawled. "Your staff is about thirty men, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, about thirty."

"About how many resignations have you had in the past two years?"

"About twelve, I think."

"That's too many, Mr. Dove. If you had a tighter political organization, including a crown prince, you wouldn't have had so many resignations."

"But those who left were not disgruntled, Mr. Weaver. They merely accepted more remunerative or more promising places."

"U-u-um—well, then to that extent they were not completely happy in the places they resigned. However, the point is not vital. I want to hear what you have to say for your friend Randle as a candidate for governor."

"All right, Mr. Weaver. First of all, he came into the office of attorney-general under the most auspicious of circumstances. He was recognized by the governor of the state as a young lawyer of outstanding integrity and ability and appointed without political influence having been brought to bear."

"You really believe that?" Weaver queried. "Or is this part of the trimmings?"

"Why, I believe it absolutely," Dove protested, embarrassed. "Don't you?" he demanded.

"No, Mr. Dove. You see, I couldn't possibly believe it. I'm a little too close to politics. Governors don't make attorney-generals in any such manner as that."

"I should certainly like to know then just what the facts are," Dove remarked with spirit.

Weaver smiled and attempted to dismiss the point, but Dove was insistent.

"The governor will run for United States senator two years hence," Weaver finally explained. "He therefore made a little agreement with Randle's daddy-in-law that Randle is to succeed him as governor, if possible, and then both Randle and his daddy-in-law are to support the present governor when he runs for senator. Does that clear up the point?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you."

"All right, Dove, go ahead with your speech and pardon my interruption. I won't offend again."

"All right, Mr. Weaver. As I see it, Mr. Randle will necessarily run on his record as attorney-general, so I shall discuss that record as the gist of the whole case. The first important work he undertook in that office was the recovery of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on fraudulent contracts with the state. Powerful influence was brought to bear, both business and political, to compromise those suits, but he pressed them to successful conclusions; the money was recovered and the offenders forced into bankruptcy.

"Next, he undertook two important antitrust suits both of which he won, with the penalties prescribed by law. You are familiar with the details of those suits, I assume." Weaver nodded.

"Third, and probably most important from a political point of view, he instituted proceedings against the sheriff of the largest county in this state, alleging fraudulent collection of fees. That, Mr. Weaver, is one of the most amazing cases I have ever handled. The testimony clearly shows that this sheriff and his predecessors before him had been earning about twenty thousand dollars annually from that office. It is a sum more than double the salary of the governor and it was made possible by illegal, dishonest and in many cases perjured statements with regard to the fees to which he was entitled. You are doubtless familiar with that situation. In a large city the police make fully 80 per cent of the arrests and turn their prisoners over to the sheriff, who does little more than provide a jail for their safekeeping. The police handle both the arrests and preparation of cases under the direction of the prosecutors, but the sheriff collected fees just as though no police force existed and he had borne all the expense of safeguarding life and property. That suit will unquestionably be won when it goes before the court.

"Now there, I believe, is a record for efficiency, bravery and uncompromising devotion to the state that entitles a public servant to promotion. Beyond question it would win promotion for the servant of a corporation. There is a great deal more that I could say about him, but this is the gist of Randle's record as attorney-general, and that record will, of course, constitute the basis of his claim for the governorship. Have I"—Dove hesitated, smiled and blushed "have I made a good speech, Mr. Weaver?"

"Very enlightening, Dove, very enlightening."

"Would you like to cross-examine me on any of the points raised?"

"No," Weaver drawled, "that wouldn't be fair. I asked you to make a speech and you've made a very informative one. I think I'd like to cross-examine Randle, but not you. You haven't had much political experience, have you?"

"None at all, Mr. Weaver."

"Never been county attorney or anything like that?"

"No. I've never run for office."

"Where are you from, Mr. Dove?"

"Randle and I live in the same city block; we went through law school together."

"I see." Weaver picked up a brief case that was leaning against his chair, opened it and drew out a map of the state. It was a peculiar map, showing only county lines in plain black and white with dots for a few of the principal cities. There was no printing or writing on the map. "Show me which counties are represented in your office," he requested.

Dove adjusted his glasses and fountain pen, turned the map around until he found which was top and which bottom, then wrote figures in six of the spaces indicating counties. Weaver observed that seven of the attorney-general's staff were from his own home county, which was the second largest in the state. Five were from the largest county in the state. Eight others were from three cities. Only four men were from remote counties. Dove handed the map back to Weaver, who examined it thoughtfully.

"That's not so good," he commented. "Too many men from too few counties. When a man is making political appointments, he must remember Tootsville."

"I don't believe I have ever heard of the place," Dove confessed.

"That's just a name I made up to keep from saying Pumptown," Weaver explained. "You see, those seven men from Randle's own county won't help him much in a race for governor. They live in too big a town. Half their own neighbors will not be entirely sure just what jobs they hold. But in Tootsville it's different. If Tootsville has an assistant attorney-general, they all know it; and if he is a pretty decent sort, he'll have lots of influence there. Randle has rather short-changed Tootsville. I think I had better talk to Randle. Will you ask him if I may call and what time will be convenient for him? I don't know just how busy he is during office hours or what his social engagements may be at home; perhaps you had better tell him that I am at his disposal here at any time of the day or night. I'd appreciate it if you will do that, Mr. Dove."

"Certainly I'll do that," Dove said, and rose abruptly. "May I hope that your interest in Mr. Randle's candidacy has not decreased as a result of our interview?"

"You certainly may, Dove. It was a very enlightening speech." Weaver rose and bowed his guest out.

V

PRESENTLY the door leading into Room 704 opened. Carlton Hudson, Goforth and Wainwright strolled in.

"What do you think of him?" Carlton asked.

"He's all right," Weaver answered absent-mindedly. "Good man."

"Did he convince you?" Goforth queried.

"Of what?"

"About Randle."

"Why, he isn't very well acquainted with Randle. Anyway, he never has run for office. He's just a nice young fellow who practices law for a living. I wanted someone that's pretty smart."

"Who?" Carlton asked. "Who do you want to see? I'll bring the whole office down here one by one, if you want 'em, chief. Dove is the heavyweight up there. They regard him as their big shot."

"I'm going to talk to Randle himself tomorrow."

"That's the stuff, chief! You'll fall for that bird. He's O. K. seven ways from the jack. A square shooter and all to the good."

"Look here," Weaver drawled, smiling, "it doesn't seem like I'm running this show

(Continued on Page 80

THE FORDSON

PRODUCTION costs are usually the only factor in industry over which the industrialist has any control.

If competition is to be met . . . if increasing raw material costs are to be overcome, they must be challenged by mass production.

The other great item of cost . . . labor . . . can be justified only when labor is equipped with the tools of high production, for the present high labor scale is based on the earning capacity of the workman with power at his disposal.

Selling prices, too, are determined not by the business that needs the highest return for its products or services, but by the one that needs the least. That is the first and basic law of competition.

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Thus, new profits are to be found only in better methods . . . power methods . . . of production.

It is a fact of striking significance that more than fourteen million Fordson horsepower are creating additional profits throughout the world!

* * *

The Fordson Industrial Power Unit is essentially a tool of high production. The Fordson *is* power in its most easily available, economical form. Because the Fordson is equipped to move under its own power and haul a load it has been called a tractor.

But traction is simply the most obvious use of Fordson power . . . while loading, lifting and

...POWER APPLIED AT THE SOURCE OF INDUSTRIAL PROFIT

turning belts . . . operating winches, shovels, backfillers, concrete mixers, rock crushers, cranes, tugboats, and an amazing list of other uses, have presented themselves only through the need of industry for economical power.

In almost every industry the Fordson is playing some part . . . replacing man and animal power or unwieldy stationary engines . . . reducing operation costs by speeding up the cycle of production.

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Will you call your local Fordson dealer? Behind him is the whole Ford engineering department . . . ready to help him adapt Fordson power to your individual need.

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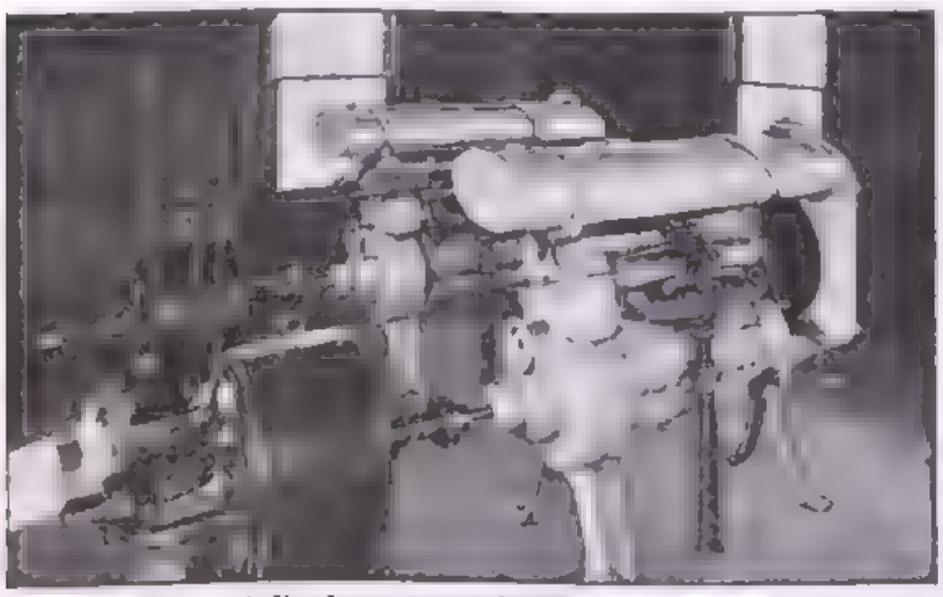

A Fordson-powered lighting plant

A compact Fordson-powered dump wagon

Snow removal with Fordson-powered grader

An efficient, Fordson-powered loader

(Continued from Page 77)

any more. Sit down, you three political plotters." They sat down. "I think it's getting about time for us to understand one another. At present it seems that my job up here is simply to put an O. K. on your selection of Randle and open the campaign quickly so that you can help spend the hundred thousand berries. Well, I don't see it that way at all. If Randle looks all right to me, we can elect him whether he has one hundred thousand berries or not. But I'm doing the looking and the selecting. Get me? That's my specialty. If I see Randle, we're all working together; but if I don't see Randle, then what? Are we still working together?"

Goforth, Wainwright and Carlton Hudson considered this in troubled silence for nearly thirty seconds.

Finally Goforth said: "Chief, I'll make you a proposition. You challenged us to prove up on Randle and we're trying to do it. If we don't prove up on Randle, would you undertake to prove to us that something's so wrong with him that he can't be elected? In other words, will you tackle the same job we tackled?"

"Certainly."

"That's fair enough. You'll be about through with your investigation after you talk to Randle, won't you?"

"Yes."

"And that will be tomorrow night?"

"I hope so. Yes, I think he'll come here tomorrow night."

"How about letting us three listen in?"

"All right. I don't want you present, though. You can use the same old private telephone connections that run through this suite. Sit back in seven-o-two. Will that be all right?"

"Sure."

"Get Dave Larkin for me," Weaver ordered, and the conference was at a close.

VI

"DAVE," said Weaver, when they were alone together, "what do you think of Randle?"

"I think he's a fool." But Larkin's kindly gray eyes took all the harshness from his criticism.

"What kind of a fool, Dave?"

"Political fool. In every other way he's a patriot, a scholar and a gentleman, and I not only admire him but if he were a little more human I'd love him."

"Well, Dave, I'm going to have a conference with him tomorrow night to determine whether I support him for governor."

Dave smiled. "You won't," he said.

"I may, Dave. I'm making no promises in advance. But if I don't, I'm going to set off a package of firecrackers under his tail. Now the question is, if I don't support him, do we want him in the race? In other words, shall I set off cannon crackers and blow him clear out of the race, or shall I set off little fizzle crackers that will make a fool of him but keep him in?"

"Better keep him in, Weaver. He'll cut into Slade's vote far more than mine if we have a three-cornered fight. I'd much rather see it that way. Let Slade and Randle give each other hell in the towns while I get away with the country. That's my opinion."

"That's all I wanted to know, Dave. But I may support him. I don't know him very well. He's got a powerful lead right now over all of you, and a grand war chest. I'm going to look him over tomorrow and make up my mind."

"You won't support him. I'm not worried."

"All right, Dave. But even if I do, I'll have a weather eye peeled for your future."

"I know that, Weaver."

"Good night, old scout."

"Good night."

VII

AT NINE o'clock on the following night William T. Randle was ushered into seven-o-five by Carlton Hudson. Weaver rose to greet him, admired his impressive face and figure, then resumed his seat on the throne and the decisive conference was on. Carlton excused himself and hastened to join Goforth and Wainwright, who sat in seven-o-two with telephone receivers clamped over their ears. These telephones were connected with a listening-in device concealed behind a picture on the wall just above Weaver's head.

"I'm trying to make up my mind whether to support you for governor," Weaver began. "You've made an impressive record. Just at present, however, it looms larger than later estimates may confirm. To be specific, your record hasn't yet been criticized. The campaign, of course, hasn't opened yet. I want to anticipate some of the criticism while we talk matters over from the point of view of practical politics. The paramount question before us two in this room just at this moment is whether you can be elected governor."

"That's right," Randle agreed. "Fire away."

"All right, Mr. Randle, when you prosecuted those fraud cases in connection with state contracts you refused to consider any offers of compromise?"

"That's right."

"What was your reason?"

"My duty under the law was to prosecute. I had clear cases. Consequently there was nothing to compromise."

"Don't you know that the state—any state—is a terrible customer to do business with, and that people often slip over the bounds a little in order to protect themselves against an unbusinesslike and not entirely reliable party?"

"The law was violated, Mr. Weaver."

"All right, you prosecuted, recovered the money, put the offenders into bankruptcy, and at the present time the construction work upon which they were engaged is not even under way, much less completed. The latest bids were rejected because they are too high. They are about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars higher than the contracts you scrapped, so the state isn't going to save any money. That's true, isn't it?"

"Perhaps."

"Wouldn't it have been better to compromise?"

"I don't compromise with lawbreakers."

"All right, Mr. Randle, we'll take up the antitrust suits. The three first were excellent. No question about their value to the public. After that you filed five more suits alleging purely technical violations of the law; you accepted pleas of guilty with injunctions, and now you have the twelve defendant firms in those five cases doing business under the direction of the court. That's what I'd call business administration by injunction. You've got a judge passing on the peaceful acts of sales managers instead of trying murder cases. What's the good of that?"

"They were violating the law and it was my duty to prosecute them."

"Did you think it would help you politically?"

"Certainly not."

"Did you realize that your action might unite thousands of business men against you?"

"I didn't think of such things at all."

"Next we come to the suit against the sheriff, Mr. Randle. That was a good suit. No sheriff ought to make more than the governor, and certainly not on faked claims for fees. Nearly every sheriff in this state applauded your action. And some of them that had been leaning a little too far toward the same practices got out their spectacles and went over their accounts a second time. But you didn't quit there; you went right on suing other sheriffs. How many are you going to sue before you quit?"

"I file suits as rapidly as the audit of accounts develops fraud. I don't know how many there will be."

"Has it occurred to you that almost immediately after the first suit was filed you had brought about a wholesome reform and didn't need any more?"

"I am recovering money stolen from the state, Mr. Weaver. That is my duty under the law."

"What do you think these sheriffs are going to do to you when you run for governor?"

"Many of them have praised my administration highly both in letters to me and in public statements."

"Of course, Mr. Randle. How could they do otherwise? But wait until your campaign opens."

"I have done my duty, Mr. Weaver, and they can't face me on the platform and criticize that record."

"They're not going to, Mr. Randle. They'll ambush you. And that's one reason why I'm not going to support you."

"You have decided not to support me then?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have other reasons too?"

"Yes, sir. You sound to me like a half-baked school kid who absolutely believes every campaign speech he ever heard. You take things too much to heart. When you banged that big sheriff over the head I thought you were the coming politician of this state, because he's been ripe for a fall at least four years. That's been a wonderful chance all this time for any attorney-general who wanted to run for governor, but what you've been trying to do is chase down the state's lost nickels and dimes and quarters. There's nothing in that."

Weaver rose from his throne and walked across the room to a small serving table. On it were glasses and two silver pitchers. He placed cubes of ice in two tall thin glasses, then carried them and a frosted silver pitcher to the larger table in the center of the room. Randle watched him, fairly boiling with anger. Finally Weaver produced from his hip pocket a pint flask and began pouring its amber contents into one of the glasses.

"What are you doing?" Randle demanded angrily, at the same time rising.

"I'm doing just what you see me doing," Weaver drawled without looking up.

"Do you think you are going to drink that in my presence?" Randle demanded.

"Well," Weaver faltered, "I had intended to. You're not going to take it away from me, are you? I'll let you have some too, if you want it. I certainly don't recommend it, but there's plenty here for both of us. I had intended to offer you water."

"What kind of a frame-up is this?" Randle was now both angry and suspicious.

"Frame-up?" Weaver queried.

"Yes, frame-up."

"What makes you think that, Mr. Randle?"

"You invite me here to discuss my campaign. We discuss nothing. You merely tell me that you are not going to support me because I have done my duty instead of playing ward politics. Then you begin pouring whisky into that glass in my presence. Do you realize that I am the attorney-general of this state? I think there is something back of all this."

"Well, that's too bad," Weaver commented, and began to stir the contents of his glass. He had poured nothing into the other.

"I'm going to call an officer," Randle announced. "You are not going to frame me in any such manner as this. Somebody is concealed around here. People are going to walk in and find us drinking—that's your game. But it's not going to work. I know you, Mr. Weaver. You'll just consider yourself under arrest. And don't touch that glass or bottle."

"Just as you say," Weaver agreed wearily.

Randle stepped to the telephone and made good his threat. The police station was half a block away. Five minutes later two policemen strolled through the lobby of the hotel.

"Hell's bells!" exclaimed Bob, the house officer, and followed them.

"Well, well, well," said Jimmy Furlong of the News, and joined the procession.

"Arrest that man!" Randle commanded as soon as the officers opened the door of seven-o-five.

"What the devil's going on here?" Jimmy asked. "What's he charged with?"

Randle pointed to the bottle and filled glass. "I'll file charges," he assured the officers. "I want all of you to see the evidence. The officers will now take possession of it," he commanded. The officers did so. "And now," Randle continued, "I will bid all of you good night."

"But wait a minute," Jimmy protested. "I want a statement."

"Very well," said Randle. "Mr. Weaver invited me here to discuss my candidacy and then tried to turn the conference into a drinking bout. I promptly had him arrested—that's all." He turned abruptly and walked out.

"Well, what do you know about that?" Jimmy exclaimed, and began to laugh. "Why, Mr. Weaver, doesn't that crazy lunatic know that you don't ever touch a drop?"

"I don't know what he knows, Jimmy," Weaver answered. "You can sample the stuff for yourself though. And I want these officers to sample it too. It's cold tea; it's got a little of that medicine that I take in it. It's the same stuff I was taking last year when I was up here. I put it in cold tea so I can't taste it."

"Did you explain that to Randle?" Jimmy asked.

"Didn't get a chance. He took one look at the bottle and howled for the police. He didn't want anything explained to him, anyway. He thinks he's got me framed and out of the next campaign. He was mad at me. He came here to ask me to support him for governor and I told him I wouldn't. That made him mad, so he thought he'd pull some dirty politics and have me arrested. I'm supposed to be a ruined man now."

"Can I use that?"

"Sure you can use it. It's the truth."

"Oh, what a wow of a story!"

"Darned foolishness, I'd call it," Weaver grumbled.

"Of course," Jimmy agreed. "But the attorney-general of the state! Oh, baby! Why, there must be at least a thousand politicians who know that bum cold-tea bottle of yours! I'll bet five hundred of them have swiped a drink out of it—and then spit it out. This state will howl tomorrow. And Randle was well on the way to giving somebody a hot race for governor too! What a bust!"

Jimmy hurried away.

"What are we going to do with this junk?" one of the policemen asked, grinning.

"Better take good care of it," Weaver advised. "I'm charged with a crime and that's my hope of liberty you fellows are holding. Don't lose it."

The two policemen, carrying the evidence, walked out, followed by Bob; a moment later Carlton Hudson walked in and closed the door.

"Well, you framed him beautifully, chief," he said. "Neat work."

"He framed himself," Weaver grumbled.

"Yes, chief, he certainly did help you."

Weaver did not permit himself the luxury of even a smile; he continued to register puzzled resentment of Randle's conduct.

"Are you boys satisfied with the decision?" he asked.

"I should say we are," Carlton answered. "We had a close call there, chief. Why, that fellow's likely to get all heated up with patriotism and bite himself any minute!"

"Pretty fine fellow, though," Weaver remarked. Now that all was well in his own camp, he could drop the mask.

"Sure he is," Carlton agreed. "I like him. Just no good for our kind of politics—that's all. But it's enough."

The telephone bell rang and Weaver answered.

"Yes, mother," he said. "I'm sorry I kept you up so late. I was busy. Just this minute got through. I have good news for you, mother. Larkin will be elected. We're going to let Randle run, but he won't go anywhere. He's rich, anyway, and doesn't need the job."

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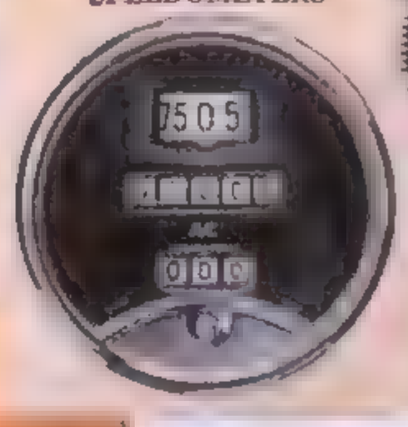

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DE PAOLO	A. A. A. National Automobile Racing Championship
MYERS	New York to Spokane Air Derby
SCHLEE and BROCK	World Tour
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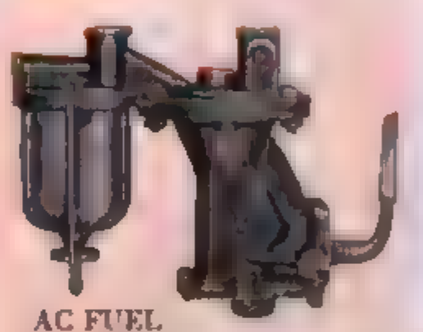
You, too, can have the same spark plugs as were used in establishing these victories.

All spark plugs in time deteriorate and need to be changed.

By insisting on AC Spark Plugs and installing a new set every 10,000 miles you can be sure of perfect spark plug performance.



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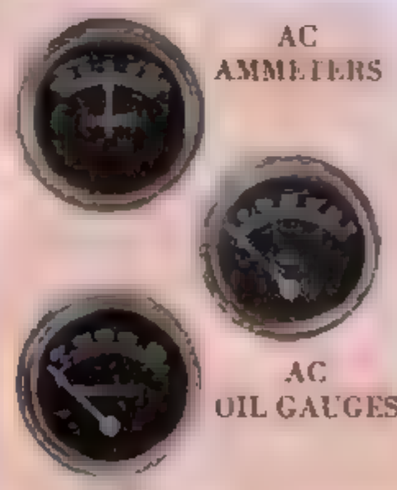

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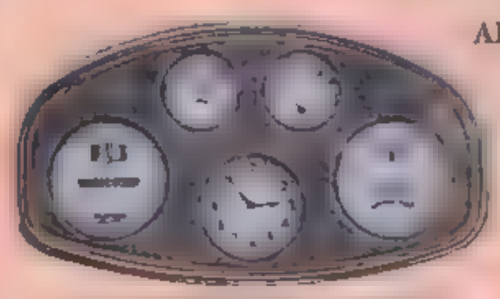

AC INSTRUMENT PANELS

AC-SPHINX Birmingham *ENGLAND*

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN Clichy (Seine) *FRANCE*

The Fisk "Time to Re-tire" Chorus
wishes you a
Merry Christmas
The use of Fisk Tires will add success
and enjoyment to your New Year

JIM'S COW

Continued from Page 13

They're smart. It seemed to me a dandy idea. They had at least a million acres in the ranch, sufficient to accommodate everybody without leasing any adjoining sections. Why, they could build ring-side seats for ninety miles!

So I telegraphed Jim, assuring him we were all set to go and only awaited word from him to launch a publicity campaign. Here's what he answered:

PANSY NOT THAT KIND OF A GIRL

Sentimentality is the curse of this country.

October wore away, and I headed southwest to be in at the kill. The cow had been shipped, and the boys would start the first week in November.

"Well, how is she?" I inquired of Jim at his home station.

"Great! We've been practicing, and, ol'-timer," he said feelingly, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars cash money for that cow. No, sir! Not a thousand dollars on the barrel head."

It developed that they were now practicing in Jim's garage. At first they had tried the cow step outdoors, but within ten minutes the dog population of the neighborhood had grown from one to a hundred and fifty-seven, and it took the fire brigade to clear Fred's lawn; after which the fire chief told them frankly that, though he was as good a sport as anybody and could take a joke with the next man—heh-heh—if he ever caught them up to any more monkeyshines they'd laugh on the other side of their mouths, see, and what sort of a boob did they take him for, anyhow?

The incident stirred up a lot of talk, of course, and the day after my arrival a deputation of ladies waited on Jim, headed by a famous club woman who has tracked down practically every artist and musician of note roaming our great open spaces and made them eat out of the hand.

"We understand, sir," began this spokeswoman, "that you contemplate disguising yourself as a cow in order to kill some harmless geese. Is this report correct?"

"Surest thing you know," answered Jim jovially. "Want to have a look at Pansy? She's out in the garage."

"No, sir, we do not. I am here for an altogether different purpose, and I speak as the mouthpiece of millions of our sisters throughout the length and breadth of this our beloved country."

Jim was scared for a minute, I could see that. Jack Dempsey couldn't do it, but something in the grim lines of the phalanx had him buffaloed.

He sparred for time.

"What's on your mind, ladies?"

"This is on our minds—have you stopped to consider the effect of this deception on the geese?"

"I reckon we have, sure enough," replied Jim, scratching his head. "Why, that's the whole idea. That, you might say, is the milk of the coconut—yes, ma'am."

"Don't you know," continued his interlocutor, "that those poor geese'll never trust another cow as long as they live? Perhaps we can't legally stop you from this imposture, but we hoped an appeal to your better nature ——"

"You mean it's like these geese'll never let another cow get within gunshot of 'em again, don't you?"

"That is what I mean."

"To tell the truth, sister," said Jim penitently, "I never had thought about that. But maybe next year we could dress up like a sheep or something."

It was sunshiny and warm the next two days, but on the third afternoon a norther struck us as we were teeing off at the short sixteenth, and at the same moment we heard a honk high up, and there against the sky was a huge irregular wedge of geese, winging toward the Gulf.

"All bets off!" bellowed the opposition, waving frantically to the caddies. "We gotta go down to the lake." And off they started toward the clubhouse.

"Yeh, that's a dandy trick, that is—when you're four down!"

Players were streaming in the same direction from all parts of the course. To be first on the spot meant choice of blinds, and within ten minutes the clash of gears and roar of motors were deafening. Fred and Jim and I watched this stampede with superior smiles. We weren't going down to sit and shiver in a blind on the remote prospect of a stray goose or duck stopping off at a puny pond on the way south. No, sir. We were headed where they wintered—where they fed in thousands. And we aimed to stalk them instead of waiting for a few to come to us. We felt like big-game hunters watching the antics of small boys out after blackbirds.

Yet this madness that comes upon men with the first cold snap is a strange thing and deserves more attention than it gets from psychoanalysts. I have heard an earnest and devout pillar of the church lose all vestige of Christian humility and cuss like a taxi driver when the ducks were quacking above his roof and an illness held him in bed. And I have known a man who ordinarily couldn't be dragged out of the blankets before eight A.M. to leap up like a joyous stag at two o'clock of a freezing morning in order to drive twenty-six miles through biting wind and sleet to lie in wait in a blind, and he was shaking like a bird-dog pup They were good men as men go, too—faithful and kind to their wives, indulgent toward their children, hard losers at golf—in fact as upstanding specimens of American manhood as one could wish. Yet at this season a fierce primordial instinct drives them to a sort of frenzy, and they will lie to their wives to get away, they will cheat and bully and browbeat the helpmeets of years, they will grow sulky and morose and mean if balked. Now that isn't right! You know that isn't right!

Like everything else in life, most of the fun in an organized hunting or fishing trip lies in anticipation, which important fact women are generally inclined to overlook. They decry what they call the foolish and wasteful expenditures on these trips whereas a thoughtful weighing of all aspects would surely convince them that the big lummoxes get their money's worth out of the silliest purchase.

"How many geese," inquired certain wives on this occasion, "do you-all figure on shooting?"

"Well, let's see now—we ought to get fifty—the whole bunch of us."

"Fifty? I bet you don't get a one! Last time you went deer huntin' ——"

"Now, mamma!" entreated a husband.

"Yes, you don't want me to tell what happened! If I couldn't tell a buck from a doe—tee-hee ——"

"It was this way," he began desperately, but she wouldn't let him explain. My opinion is, he was lucky.

"All right," she swept on triumphantly, "let's say you'll shoot fifty geese. Have you stopped to figure how much each of those geese is going to cost you? Fifty dollars—that's what it's going to cost—each single goose! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why, I could get that new fur coat with half ——"

"Money isn't everything," somebody murmured.

"Isn't it? When I think of all we wives might do with that money! I saw the darlingest ——"

"Come on, boys," said Fred, "let's finish that packing."

"Yes, you're afraid to listen. You know I'm right. All right, go and pack; but you'd best telephone for another truck then—ha-ha!"

This was a dirty crack—and just because a certain amount of luggage had piled up on us. You know how that is. We had planned to take only one touring car, and two trucks for the bedding and camp equipment and cook, but later a need of a third truck appeared imminent.

"If we've got to haul enough food for those truck drivers, we'll need a fourth or maybe a fifth, the way I got them sized up," mused Jim.

"Let's do the best we can, and see," we exclaimed, putting brave, smiling faces on our predicament.

Cheerfulness is the first requisite of a hunting trip—cheerfulness and unselfishness

I remarked cheerily to Fred, "I don't see why you need all that junk."

"Ho, don't you? A lot you care whether I freeze to death or not! How about your own pile? Hey? You got everything there but a lipstick."

Jim had been eying the equipment thoughtfully. He inquired, "Do you reckon we'll use these pneumatic mattresses much?"

"Why, they're the very things for the hard ground, Jim! That country out there is full of sand burs, too, and ——"

"Shucks, who's going to blow 'em up every night? We'll be changing camp once a day, remember. I vote we leave 'em behind. The last time we took 'em along, Charlie blew his up regular, and when he got home everybody thought he had mumps. Never has got over it either."

We put the mattresses to one side. We also put about eight hundred dollars' worth of other equipment to one side. It had looked great in the store, but there was no denying its uses were subsidiary.

"Clint says we got enough chow here to feed the A. E. F. thirty days," Jim announced. Clint was the cook

"All right, let's leave some of it out then. I thought you fellows were buying a lot of things we didn't need, there in that store."

"You did, hey? Then we'll make a start by throwing out all these olives."

"But olives," I protested, "are an essential. They give zip to a meal. When you come in tired and thirsty after a hard day's work, a coupla olives with ——"

"They're out!" Jim declared.

"Have it your own way," I assented, placing a dozen tins of pears alongside them. I never did care for pears on a camping trip.

Fred yelped, "Here, you leave those pears alone! Between meals ——" And he put them back with a thud of each tin.

However, Jim sided with me: "I think Pat's right. We've only got a certain amount of space and we're going to need all we can spare for the peaches," he pointed out.

"But I never eat peaches," Fred retorted. "Never could."

It took two hours to settle these points, and then we left it to Clint. This was where we made our first mistake, but we didn't learn that until too late.

Finally we were all ready for the start. We cut our caravan down to two touring cars and two trucks, but in my opinion we left behind us a great deal of necessary equipment. Even so, Jim thought we had too much.

"If it wasn't that I want to try for some deer, too, I'd junk a whole lot more of this stuff," he told us. "After all, the important things are the guns and Pansy."

He opened the box for another fond look at the animal. She was folded up with her head on her shoulder and a simpering expression on her face.

"I wouldn't take," said Jim, "two thousand dollars for that cow, right now. No, sir!"

The trip down to the border country became a sort of triumphal progress. We were too old at the game to lose sight of the trucks—they have a way of vanishing for days on end and then turning up with lamentations about engine trouble. One year we had a colored gent disappear for nearly a week with all our bedding and food. The bedding came back intact but aromatic, and we were shy ninety dollars' worth of canned goods. The driver said he had bogged down in a crossroad for three days, but there was no sincerity in his tone and he looked like a couple of weddings and three picnics to me.

At the head went one of the touring cars, then the trucks, and the other car in the rear. Every time we struck a town, the drivers would turn loose the sirens and we sailed through like a trade delegation. People ran out to look, wondering what was up. It gave us a fine feeling of importance.

Nevertheless, there came nearly being a slip-up in one county seat. We planned to eat lunch there, and Jim, at the head of the parade, swung his car in a wide curve around the square and drew up at the restaurant with a blare of triumph. The trucks and second car trailed close behind, and all the townspeople piled out to gape. Quite a crowd collected in front of the restaurant, among them the town marshal, who wanted to know where we boys were headed.

Of course, that had to be the moment for something to happen. A fat guest got stiffly out of his seat and started to stretch his legs. And then, right in front of the town marshal, a bottle dropped from his hip pocket and splintered on the sidewalk.

The officer gazed at it thoughtfully.

"That's too bad," he said. "That stuff's hard to get—that gun oil is."

"How hard?" Jim asked in a low voice.

"It depends on how much you want," answered the marshal, his back to the audience. "I'll see you boys later. Well, *adiós*. What time do you aim to pull out?"

"In about an hour."

"I'll ride a piece with you."

It was long after dark of the second day out when we reached the ranch. The weather had turned colder. There was promise of a freeze, and the Mexican we had engaged as guide reported that flocks of geese had been arriving for a fortnight. If we made an early start ——

"Any hour you say," Jim told him. "We're all set to go. And listen, Manuel—get this, hombre—those geese're in for the surprise of their lives, see?"

We made everything ready that night and warmed up the motors two hours before dawn.

Pansy was shaken out and put together; then we tied her on the running board of the pilot car, and with our guns close beside us and Manuel on a seat built on the other running board, we set out.

Gee, it was cold! And the land seemed full of strange, ghostly shapes. Every so often we would hear a snort and crash of limbs, as a startled cow broke from sleep and fled through the mesquite. For twenty miles our way led over a well-defined wagon trail, then we switched across country and the going became rough. At last, just before dawn, Manuel placed his hand on my arm and said, "This'll do. Stop here."

We were in lee of a low rise topped with a single scrub bush. Manuel and Jim crept to the crest and presently returned.

"I can't see a thing," Jim reported. "But Manuel says they're in a marshy place about half a mile over there, and there's hundreds of 'em. Come on, let's go. Get hot, get hot!"

He and Fred peeled off their coats and eased into the cow. Perhaps it was because of the cold - perhaps it was nervousness—but they did not do it so expertly as in practice and there was considerable fumbling Their talk was lurid, too, and by the time both were set it was almost daylight.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" exclaimed Jim in a strangled voice, and he began to sniff the air

"What's the matter now?"

"That ain't cow—it's camel. Yes, sir, smells like camel to me."

for Christmas Jim Hill Apples

the World's finest

from "Nature's Chosen Apple Land"

Do you like Jonathans, Delicious, Spitzenbergs, Rome Beauties, Winesaps and Staymans? The famous Jim Hill Brand brings you these and other choice varieties at their finest. Order a box for Christmas. Their crisp, juicy flesh adds a new zest to jaded winter appetites.

Jim Hill apples are grown in the rich, sun-warmed Wenatchee valley, watered by melting snows from the Cascades. Here, say experts, the world's choicest apples are produced—and apples boxed under the Jim Hill Brand are from the orchards of a selected list of growers in this great apple district.

Each Jim Hill apple is individually wrapped. Each box is stamped with the grower's name, the variety, and the number of apples. Your grocer has Jim Hills or can get them if you insist!

Below—From an actual photograph of a growing branch of Jim Hill Apples. These choice apples come to you boxed and individually wrapped as shown below.

Wenatchee District Co-Operative Association,
Wenatchee, Washington
New York Office: 204 Franklin St

A strictly co-operative organization of growers operating 7,000 acres of mountain-guarded orchards

"What're you talking about?"

"Either this cow is wrong, or it's you. Don't you smell it too? I swan I can't locate it—sort of comes and goes."

"I don't smell anything," Fred protested.

"Then it's you. You been using that hair tonic again? Say, lemme out of this suit. I just can't stand it." He gave an upward heave and his head emerged. This enabled him to see his partner clearly.

"I might've known it!" said Jim bitterly. "It's that sweater you got on. Camel's hair, huh? I'll tell the world it is. They never even bothered to wash that animal."

"It got rained on yesterday," Fred explained, "and maybe ——"

"Well, you can bet your bottom dollar on one thing, ol'-settler—that's gen-u-ine camel and no mistake. Phooey! If those geese ever get a whiff of that, they'll never stop this side of the Panama Canal. Take it off! Take it off right now!"

"Gee, you're fussy!" Fred grumbled, but he shed the sweater. That done, they took a few deep breaths of ozone and donned Pansy again.

"Maybe we'd best walk round here a minute to make sure we got the hang of it, huh?" Jim suggested. They pranced around behind the slope, testing their legs. "How does she look, boys?"

It seemed to me the imitation was too effeminate and —— "Holy mackerel, she's got fallen arches too!"

"Sh-h-h! Those geese'll hear you."

It was the dog-gonedest-looking cow I ever set eyes on. Fred walked with short mincing steps, under the delusion he was accommodating his gait to his partner's, and Jim, who could not see a foot in front of his nose, lifted his feet high and wide like a hen on hot rocks.

"What you-all oughta have is roller skates. Then ——"

The drone of a motor cut me short, and almost before we had time to feel concern another car drew up alongside and stopped with engine purring. There was only one man in it.

"Howdy, gents?" was his casual greeting.

Then he glimpsed Pansy cavorting in the dim uncertain light. He stared a minute. Jim waggled the tail and indulged in a playful kick and the stranger reached down for a rifle in the seat beside him, but stayed his hand.

"Do you gentlemen ——" he began with careful articulation; then barked: "Do you guys see what I do?"

"What's that? I don't see anything unusual. We're just waiting here ——"

"Dadburn, I've been afraid this might hit me!" he muttered. He shut out the sight for a second, then looked again. And there was Pansy facing us, with a horrible rolling of her glass eyes. "Well," he said in the tone of one who has reached the end, "I can't say she didn't warn me plenty. She sure enough warned me." And letting in the gears, he whirled around in a furious arc and disappeared.

We now became aware of another addition to the ensemble. A calf had wandered up from somewhere and was attentively engaged in a scrutiny of Pansy's legs. He stood with his own wide apart and his head thrust forward, gazing spellbound at the tawny Holstein as she ambled back and forth. Now and again he made a tentative step forward, then halted with an unbelieving shake of his ears. At last he kicked up his heels, made a short run and took a playful butt at the air.

"Look out, boys!" we warned. "He's up to no good, that sucker."

But it was too late. Before we could interfere, the calf made a bee line for Pansy, evidently persuaded against appearances that all was well.

"Hey!" Jim yipped, blindly kicking right and left. "Get away from there! Get away from there! Shoo!"

Fred, all unaware of the menace, lost patience.

"What the tarnation's the matter with you, anyhow?" he cried. "How do you expect me to hold this thing straight and walk good if you keep on that way? Let's get down to business."

"He's nibbling at my laigs! He's nibbling at my laigs! Turn round, Fred, and run him off. Take that, you ——"

With marvelous dexterity Jim landed a right on the calf's ribs, but it seemed simply to add to the calf's conviction. He pressed in again. It promised to be a riot.

"If we don't run him off, they'll scare those geese!" exclaimed Manuel, and made a swift descent on the unsuspecting creature. Grabbing it by the tail, he steered the calf away from Pansy and ran it off at a lope. At every twist the calf would bellow and let out another notch. "He won't come back," Manuel opined, returning out of breath. "I think maybe you better go shoot now. Yes. Right away."

"I'm so dog-goned tired already ——" Fred snorted, but his partner cut in, "Come on. It's only a piece over that rise. Your gun all right? Then let's go. And for the luva Mike watch where you step, Fred!"

It was broad daylight now. They twisted about and started up the rise, swinging and jerking.

"Well, good-by, boys!" I called. "If you don't come back ——"

A muffled reply reached us: "You stay here till you hear our guns and then you come a-runnin', see?"

"O. K. And if this thing works, do you know what I aim to do? I aim to get a minnow suit and go swimming round Georgian Bay next summer and catch me a few black bass."

There was no answer. Pansy meandered over the crest of the ridge and disappeared on the other side with a defiant flap of her tail.

We waited tensely. Not a sound for a couple of minutes, then we heard a thundering rumble there was no mistaking, and a frenzied cry from Jim: "Turn round, Fred. Turn round and run him off! Bust him!"

"Bust nothin'!" he yelped. "Here he comes! Whoops, let's go!"

There was dirty work afoot beyond that rise. We deserted the car and dashed to the crest.

A herd of young bulls stood below us, guarded by a couple of cowboys. Out in front was an older bull, with his head down and tossing dirt over his shoulder. The whole bunch was at the gaze, but they were staring beyond their leader, not at him—for there was Pansy, shimmying as Fred and Jim tried to get out from under. Perhaps it was accidental, but Pansy flipped her tail again, and as though it were a challenge, the giant Hereford shut his eyes and charged.

And then Fred and Jim rose to heights. No heroics, no posturing—without a second's hesitation, they shed that cowskin and beat it, one skimming toward Mexico, the other eating up the miles between there and Canada. In that moment of crisis they were superb, their every movement showing the simple earnestness of strong souls. Happy is the land whose sons —— Well, anyhow, they sure did leg it away from there.

The bull failed to see this departure, because he had his eyes shut, and he went completely through and over the wreck with a quaking rumble of rage and triumph. Then he snorted and wheeled to rend his enemy. A couple of side-swipes with his horns and he paused to sniff. A puzzled look came over his face. It changed to a baffled expression, and when he glanced questioningly at his pals, fright showed plainly in every lineament.

Next instant he uttered a low moan of despair and started off at an agitated trot. He wouldn't even look back. The trot developed into a lope—grew to a mad gallop. A cowboy let out a warning whoop and spurred frantically to hold the others, but it was too late. They had seen it all. With agonized, broken-hearted bellows, they stampeded and took out after their leader, and the drumming of their hoofs was almost drowned in a thunderous rush of wings. The geese were in flight.

EPILOGUE

Comes now Cash Buckner, cattleman and plaintiff in this action, who alleges upon information and belief:

1. That on the fifth day of November, 1927, this plaintiff was and still is the owner of divers registered bulls, to the number of forty of the breed, species, family and or bovine or racial group commonly known, designated and described as Hereford.

2. That on or about the said fifth day of November, 1927, the said forty bulls of this plaintiff were in the full enjoyment of boundless physical vitality, high spirits and all the natural animal exuberance appropriate to their kind, age and sex, and that said bulls were worth not less than two hundred and fifty dollars each on the hoof, as will be well and convincingly attested by expert testimony to be called by this plaintiff as witnesses at the trial of this action.

3. That on or about the said fifth day of November, 1927, these bulls of this plaintiff, under the care, custody and guardianship of two experienced and faithful servants of this plaintiff, were peacefully crossing or grazing in the easterly end of the west pasture of the Lazy L Ranch, this county, when suddenly appeared a so-called cow.

4. That immediately upon the appearance of this so-called cow the forty bulls of this plaintiff naturally and, it is submitted, not unjustifiably, perked up and became aware, and that the oldest and largest of these forty bulls of this plaintiff, a bull by the name of Big Boy, did promptly move in the general direction of the so-called cow while the eyes of the remaining thirty-nine bulls remained riveted upon him.

5. That as the bull, Big Boy, attained a position within twenty yards or thereabouts of this so-called cow, strange muffled cries suddenly burst from its front and rear, and this so-called cow did part in the middle and run rapidly away in two different directions, its front end moving southerly and its rear end moving northerly, both ends emitting disconcerting noises.

6. That, as has been subsequently ascertained by this complainant, this so-called cow was not a cow at all, but merely these two defendants willfully, deliberately and negligently disguised as a cow.

7. That the appearance of these two defendants in such disguise was in deliberate contrariety to, and contrary to, and constituted a breach and violation of, Chapter 649, Section 2001 of the Revised Statutes of this state, the established principles of the great body of the English Common Law and of every accepted standard of human dignity and natural decency.

8. That the phenomenon of a cow dividing into two before their very eyes and each part running away in a different direction was the occasion for a profound agitation instantly possessing Big Boy and the rest of this plaintiff's bulls there present, all of which promptly as one bull set up a great bellowing and broke into a stampede, whence they were slowed down only by a great expenditure of time and effort on the part of the two good and faithful servants of this plaintiff hereinabove referred to.

9. That since and by virtue of the excitement and distress occasioned them by the negligent and unlawful appearance of these defendants before them in the simulacrum of a self-dividing cow, those bulls of this plaintiff have not been themselves. Gone are their high spirits hereinabove referred to; gone their natural animal exuberance. In place of these are the unmistakable symptoms of mental depression and nervous systems so shattered and so deranged by shock as to be beyond the peradventure of a possible recovery. Those bulls of this plaintiff now flee from their own species with piteous moans, so that this plaintiff has been advised by an eminent authority, who will be called to the stand at the trial of this action, that said registered bulls will never be any good to this plaintiff again except for beef, and not much good for that, what with worry and consequent loss of weight.

Wherefore this plaintiff demands judgment against these defendants for the sum of ten thousand dollars, together with the costs of this action, and for such other and further relief in law and in equity as may be just in the premises, and will ever pray.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby Brush *For baby's teeth and baby's tender growing gums—this brush is best. It cannot harm—yet it cleans as well as the larger sizes. White, pink or blue handles*

Pro-phy-lac-tic Small *For dainty mouths this brush is best. Young people and women prefer it. Made in three bristle textures and with a variety of colored transparent handles.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult. *For grown-ups. The brush more people use than any other. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft—with a variety of colored transparent handles.*

A Different Size for Each
—but all use Pro-phy-lac-tic

YOUR AGE? No matter. There's a tooth brush made by Pro-phy-lac-tic which exactly suits your mouth.

Baby's teeth are tiny—baby's gums are soft—but the Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby Brush is made to clean each little tooth without harming growing tissues. Bristles are just the right texture—size is perfect.

For youths—for girls—for dainty mouths of women—the Pro-phy-lac-tic Small is just the brush. It fits the smaller dental arch—it reaches and cleans each tooth.

Grown-ups like the Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult. More people use this brush than any other. More dentists recommend it. If your mouth is normal size, this brush will keep teeth sparkling clean.

Whatever the size of the Pro-phy-lac-tic you buy, it will always have the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic features. The end tuft—the serrated bristles—the scientifically curved handle—all are found in *every* Pro-phy-lac-tic. It is the brush that reaches and cleans every part of every tooth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes are packed in individual sanitary yellow boxes. Baby size, 25c; Small, 40c; Adult, 50c; and a special Adult brush with four bristle rows sells at 60c. Made in America by Americans. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

A Hint for Whiter Teeth

Use two Pro-phy-lac-tics. One in the morning—the other at night. Different colored handles—red, green, orange and white—make it easy to tell your two brushes apart. And there's a good reason why you should.

Bristles need twenty-four hours to dry thoroughly. Then they regain the elasticity that enables them to clean and polish your teeth perfectly. Using two brushes is economical, too. They will last much longer than if you buy only one at a time.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

3 DIFFERENT SIZES • 3 DIFFERENT BRISTLE TEXTURES

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Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

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For newest wall effects
. . . at lowest cost

The exclusive Beveled Edge. Insures smooth, seamless, keyed-in joints.

IN addition to ease of application and saving of labor, Beaver Bestwall offers entirely new possibilities for beautiful wall effects. In the plans of many expensive homes it is now being specified.

The exclusive Bestwall Beveled Edge eliminates the heretofore unavoidable panel joints. Even experts cannot discover where two Bestwall panels come together. Thus—

BESTWALL—makes smooth, seamless walls. It overcomes unevenness of studding or variance in board thickness.

BESTWALL—due to the special, *cream*-colored Beaver *fibre facing* (made in our own mills), takes any kind of decoration: wall paper, calcimine, paint, or the beautiful, modern, rough plastic effects.

BESTWALL—because of this same extra tough *fibre facing*, is tremendously strong. Like the cover of a golf ball, this tougher facing greatly increases the strength of the gypsum plaster core.

BESTWALL—naturally, is a fine insulator. Makes warmer rooms in winter. Saves fuel. Its fireproof properties are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Bestwall costs no more. To avoid misunderstanding, be sure that each panel bears the Beaver Bestwall name and has the *cream*-colored surface. For samples and literature address our Dept. 1012.

Bestwall is still made with the square edge for those who prefer it

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc., *Buffalo*, N. Y.
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Manufacturers also of Beaver Board, Gypsum Lath, Gypsum Block, Thermocrete (Cellular Gypsum), Varnishes and Enamels, Beaver Vulcanite Asphalt Shingles, Mineral- and Smooth-Surfaced Roll Roofing, Asphalt Paints and Cements

BEAVER

BESTWALL

with the BEVELED edge

THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

(Continued from Page 24)

Nurmi spoke no English and read no newspapers. He was a simple, democratic citizen of Finland. His only information was derived from perusing forwarded copies of the Abo Turun Sanomat, or some other Finnish paper printed the morning after an Arctic six months' evening.

Paavo didn't know a thing about the terrible Indian competition and therefore wasn't worrying. So I had to send another press agent East to do Nurmi's personal worrying. This publicity man sent news back to Los Angeles telling how Nurmi was enjoying sleepless nights after reading of the ruthless red avengers who ran with tomahawks in one hand and scalped their defeated rivals at the finish line. Meanwhile the ticket sale opened. The next item was that Nurmi dreaded the trip over the Western deserts. The intense heat would sap his vitality, making him easy prey for Indians used to running under a boiling sun and an equally blistering moon. That press agent got too enthusiastic and did everything but quit for Nurmi.

A Lesson for Pedestrians

We discovered that it would be impossible for the Finn to obtain his favorite diet of black bread and fish in California. That was a problem; but we figured one way of overcoming Nurmi's fear of the heat. The manager of a big cold-storage plant offered to put a bed in an ice box. Nurmi could live there during his stay in California. Don't forget that the newspapers were printing this stuff every day. We played the heat wave up so strong that the fireproof Indians were made favorites for the race.

I forgot to inform the Californians that this taciturn Finlander had won Olympic contests on one of the hottest Parisian days known in history. While Italians, South Americans, Greeks and other tropical athletes keeled over under the blazing skies, this puzzling northerner, from the icy detours, branched out in full bloom. He ran the greatest of all his contests and took quinine at the finish line to ward off a chill. I didn't think it was necessary to impart this information to Californians, as I considered it to be a secret between myself and the government weather bureaus.

A week before the race we brought the Sherman Indian students to town to try out the cinder track. After trotting a few feet on hostile cinders, the barefooted lads decided to wear shoes. We gave them the best rooms in the hotel and that started another ballyhoo. They refused to live indoors. We could only pacify them by erecting tribal tepees on the roof of the hotel. All of which made fine news photographs. A survey of the first week's meal checks convinced Will H. Pickens that his aborigines had canceled their ancestors' diet of pemmican and jerked meat and were investigating the calories and vitamins in sirloin steaks, saddle of lamb, ham and eggs, artichokes hollandaise and other kinds of expensive foodstuffs. When one of them ordered a meal he simply pointed his finger at the sixty items on the menu and said "And coffee."

Los Angeles was right in the throes of what the citizens called a foolish law. All street corners had been marked out in white lines like tennis courts. Pedestrians were forced to stand on the curbs until the traffic officers blew a whistle, the signal for them to scurry across the street. Up to this time the native Californian had been accustomed to do his own thinking when crossing rivers, oceans or boulevards.

I hired a lot of motion-picture extras, dressed them in running suits and sent them all over the city in crews. Each crew of seven was chaperoned by an official starter with a cap pistol. These runners would line up on the curb with their hands on the ground like champion athletes. When the traffic officer blew his whistle, the starter would fire his cap pistol and the runners would run like a congress of idiots across the street. Then they would line up and get ready to sprint in the opposite direction.

This was great fun for pedestrians and newspapers alike, and also amused the police. Remember that we were getting all this nonsense into the daily papers. No ballyhoo is useful if it is kept a secret. And every one of those cross-street leapers had a sign on his back advising readers that Nurmi would soon appear at the Coliseum.

These crews were augmented by an auxiliary team of ten young Indians, also dressed up in athletic uniforms. They were scattered all over town, with instructions to keep running. These Indians had no signs on their backs, but they were Indians, and by this time everybody knew that Nurmi was going to be defeated for the first time by the red men. You couldn't go anywhere in town without spotting a young Indian, plodding along seriously. Each one of these lads received five dollars for a union running day of eight hours' duration.

It was now within a week of the Rainbow Division's big day at the Coliseum. So we sped up on production. Every bottle of milk delivered in Southern California during those seven days had a tag hung on it. This tag read: "What makes the slim Finn win? Milk!"

Hotels, clubs and restaurants were startled when real rubes walked in at all hours of the day and night. These rural visitors were escorting sixteen-year-old boys dressed in running trunks and jerseys. They told the world that they were from Bird Center, Ioway, and that they were in town to match their boys against Nur-Mi.

I will say that these rubes worked hard. They would ask foolish questions of policemen, go into banks at the rush hours, squeeze ahead of a long line of depositors and ask for change for a dollar, mostly in nickels. They were willing to bet anything up to fifteen cents that their boys could whip Nur-Mi, their only proviso being that they be permitted to hold the stakes.

This was all supplemental to the twenty-four-sheet advertising, other printed matter in store windows, banners on street cars and the invaluable spreads on sporting pages of newspapers. There were also twenty big banners across main streets, telling the Western world that Nurmi was on the way.

Trick Photography

Nurmi was now making the perilous trip over the dreaded desert. My man kept California informed of his progress. His first sight of an Indian was obtained at Albuquerque, New Mexico. We had enlisted the support of a New Mexican publicity man. When Nurmi alighted on the platform to stretch his legs he found himself in the middle of a dozen Indian braves, naked except for breech clouts. They circled around Nurmi, ran around the train, looped around the station and galloped out over the flat distance in ever-widening circles, whooping and yelling like sea lions.

I don't know what effect this had on the Finn, but my press agent was exceedingly worried. We got plenty of publicity with this stunt, even though Nurmi never gave it a rumble. His face was what showmen call a dead pan, with no more expression than an artificial lake.

During all this time I had been asleep at the switch, for I had overlooked a most important detail. This fact was brought home to me by a newspaper man. I scurried into his office one morning with a picture of an Indian breaking the world's record for a nose dive into a California grapefruit. Ray told me that I had worn out the Indian racket, and if I wanted to keep up my reputation I would have to get a picture of Nurmi posing with a girl.

This was a tough job, as Nurmi was known as a woman hater. During his entire time in America, no newspaper had snapped a picture of Nurmi talking with a flapper. I met Nurmi's train out at Barstow and made a proposal to Hugo Quist, who was Nurmi's manager, that we try to get this snapshot. Quist told me there wasn't a chance. I had my photographer with me, and when we got to Pasadena I asked Nurmi to pose with Quist during the ten-minute stop. The photographer placed Quist and Nurmi side by side, about two feet apart. While he was ostensibly focusing his camera, a beautiful girl came walking up from the rear, elbowed her way into the space between Nurmi and Quist and then said "Pardon me."

Nurmi turned his head to see what it was all about, the beautiful girl fluttered her eyelids and smiled, and that's when we snapped the picture.

I gave the picture to all the Los Angeles papers and it was a riot. The first picture ever taken of Nurmi suggested a budding romance and the rumor that Nurmi was a woman hater was dissipated. Fortunately, Nurmi confined his reading efforts to the Abo Turun Sanomat. Otherwise he might have refused to run.

An Elimination Contest

Only three days remained until the date of the race and further ballyhooing took care of itself. Nurmi was there with his black bread and fish and the managing editors turned loose their star reporters. However, I got one good smoke-up in those three days. The first question asked by Hugo Quist was about the distance to be run. I told him that the Indians wanted to run from sunup to sundown. Quist asked for a two-mile race, otherwise Nurmi would refuse to participate. Then the Indians agreed to come down to ten miles. Quist held out for two. The Indians chiseled their bid down to seven.

No champion fighters ever squabbled more over a referee than Quist and the Indians did over the distance. It was meat for the sporting writers. The Californians, knowing the Indians were distance runners, denounced Quist's stand as unsportamanlike. The Indians made a final slice to five miles and stuck there. By the time the newspapers ran out of space it was the evening before the race. Then Quist and the Indians compromised on three miles, which, by some strange coincidence, was the exact distance stipulated in the contract signed by Nurmi two months before as the only distance that Paavo would run in Los Angeles.

It was careless of me to forget that contract, but it earned plenty of shillabering in the newspapers. You already know the size of the crowd. There were ten Sherman Indians lined up on the tape, ready to run Nurmi into the ground and then pat him in the face with a spade. Nurmi came out of the arched tunnel again and took his place on the line. He had doffed his baggy shirt and trousers and looked pale and chilly.

The race was good at the start, the mob roaring cheerfully as eight of the ten Sherman lads leaped ahead of Nurmi, who ran along looking at his wrist watch like a doctor feeling his own pulse. There were only four Indians left at the end of the race, with Nurmi winning by 300 yards. But the crowd had got its great thrill, for Nurmi didn't pass his last Indian until the race was almost three-quarters over.

Of the eleven starters, Nurmi was the only man running at his right distance. The four Indians who remained to the end were real distance men who could make no kind of showing under five or ten miles. The ones who dropped out were sprinters, who ran their string out and then collapsed. Showmanship had been injected into the staging of the contest as well as into the ballyhoo.

Those sprinters made Nurmi look very dumb when they jumped into the lead at the gun, but when one poor old 100-yard Indian got to 110 yards you couldn't have

(Continued on Page 89)

Famous Figures

Look for the familiar figure of MR. PEANUT when you feel hungry. He stands for the biggest, tastiest peanuts in the crop. Crisp as ice. Fresh as winter air. The price is a famous figure, too. 5c everywhere in glassine bags. "The Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

"Oh, what a soft towel!"

NO girlish skin is too tender for Boott Towels. Girls like them, too, because they are so absorbent and so bright-white.

The boys of the family are "for" them as well. They like them for face towels, for hand towels and for the brisk rub-down after the bath

Buy Boott Towels from your dealer in packages of six or singly. Or send 25 cents (stamps or check) for a full-sized sample. Boott Mills, Dept. S1224, Lowell, Mass.

Makers of Boott Scrim and Scrim Curtains

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
WIPE DRY

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

LEE of Conshohocken

You find, as you grow up, that after all, the best thing about Christmas is *giving*, rather than getting. The pleasure you get largely depends on the pleasure and benefit you give.

We here of Lee of Conshohocken try to put so much honest care, and careful workmanship into our product, that it gives us a sort of Christmas feeling toward the people who use our tires. We've given something more than rubber and fabric; we've put a little of ourselves and our spirit into them.

When you ride on Lee Tires you're riding on good will towards men; it's in the tires.

If every car given as a Christmas gift could be equipped with Lee Tires, the gift would have a new quality

But we choose not to bid for equipment business. Lee Tires are "owners' choice". Some day, maybe, the manufacturers will see the wisdom of—

Oh well, let's forget that—Merry Christmas to you.

LEE *Shoulderbilt*
"Heavy Duty" Balloon tire of unquestioned merit, to fit any rim and any car. The Lee dealer will show it to you.

Lee Tire & Rubber Company, Conshohocken, Pa.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

(Continued from Page 87)

started him on with a cannon. The rest of the sprinters went the same way, but continued on until hopelessly distanced.

The sequel to the Nurmi-Indian contest was written in Los Angeles in May, 1927, just two years after the Rainbow Division meet. Another meet was held and its star was Edvin Wide, Swedish runner and conqueror of Nurmi. The meet was held after six weeks of conservative advertising, with no rough, manly ballyhooing. Wide was opposed by two great middle-distance runners and was defeated in an exciting race. He got plenty of newspaper publicity before the race, but it lacked the kick of the genuine shillaber. The result was an anæmic crowd of only 2000 people.

My handling of an amateur tournament was considered scandalous by the delicate amateur athletic officials. But you cannot knock the public cold by whacking them over the head with a chocolate éclair. You have to sandbag them. Still another and greater shock was administered a few months later. C. C. Pyle, known better as Cash-and-Carry, gumshoed on golden heels into the sacred halls of the University of Illinois and stole Red Grange from under the very beaks of the Simon-pures. Cash-and-Carry saw the possibilities of Red while operating a movie in Champaign, Illinois. They became friends, with the result that Red got the nodding privilege at Cash-and-Carry's show house. The nod meant that Red could crash the gates of the movie show without digging down into his kick for the usual price of admission. In England the nod is known as the proud horse and gets the same results as the nod in America. Now this was a very important item in Red's life, for he was a poor boy, receiving absolutely no help outside that given by his father, in his efforts to work his way through college.

While the Iron Was Hot

Red played an All-American brand of football for Coach Bob Zuppke, who is himself a professional tutor of athletics, and it was Red's efforts that helped to build the magnificent Illinois stadium.

Yet a hue and cry went up when Red leaped straight from college football into the professional game without waiting to get a much-coveted diploma. American amateurism had been trampled upon by Cash-and-Carry. The flood of adverse criticism shook Red's nerve, but the imperturbable Cash-and-Carry carried the boy on to cash and fame.

Now Red is so rich that he can afford to go back to college again. If he had waited six months for his diploma the ballyhoo would have worn off and he wouldn't have been worth a dime as a professional attraction. And by the way, that ballyhoo was steamed up by the indignant college faculties themselves. They whooped, raved and ranted until newspaper editors awoke to the news value of Red's enormous offense and gave his switch its proper ratio of daily space. This gave professional football its initial impetus, which culminated when Ernie Nevers, of Stanford, got $25,000 for one season's work. I got the fever myself and managed George Wilson, who was known as Wildcat Wilson when playing with the University of Washington.

An example of the drawing power of these boys was demonstrated in Los Angeles on January 17, 1926. Red's team played against Wildcat's professional eleven and drew $145,000. Which, as we would say in showdom, is quite a take.

The End of One Good Racket

Cash-and-Carry is a new type of professional promoter who triples the box-office take of his celebrities by his uncanny manipulation of by-products. He is fortunate in that he gets his ballyhooing free from his intellectual enemies in amateur athletic circles. If Cash-and-Carry wanted to make some acknowledgment of his debt to the University of Illinois, he should bequeath the college a dormitory and call it Shillaber Hall.

The methods I used during my short trip in amateur athletics were no different from the hokum I employed to put over my professionals. The handling of the Sherman Indians was no attempt to fool the public. It was aimed to arouse interest through the medium of amusement. I would have been in a tough spot if the Indians had failed to give Nurmi a contest for three-quarters of the distance.

I took even a greater chance with Lieutenant Locklear, of the United States Army. My fleet of airplanes was worth nothing after the war, for the Government dumped a lot of planes on the market at a few hundred dollars each. Where I used to get from $1000 to $4000 an afternoon for a loop-the-loop aviator, it was now possible to hire an all-day looper for fifty dollars a week. I knew more of the exhibition possibilities of trick flying than any other promoter and realized that the racket was over. Every small town had its returned war flyer with his secondhand government

"Mrs. Jones, Meet My Husband"

Week of December 26th

WOULD you bid Hearts or No Trump on Mr. Smith's hand (South) below—Clubs or Spades on Mr. Work's (West)? See if you can bid this hand like the experts The Declarer makes game. Can you? Try it your way; then be ready with your players to hear this game as scheduled below.

John H. Smith, Ridgewood, N. J., dealer, South
Spades Q, J, 7, 4
Hearts A, K, J, 6, 3
Diamonds K, 10
Clubs K, Q

Milton C. Work, New York, West
Spades A, K, 8, 5, 2
Hearts none
Diamonds 9, 3
Clubs 10, 9, 8, 6, 5, 2

Ralph J. Leibenderfer, New York, North
Spades 3
Hearts 10, 9, 7, 4
Diamonds J, 8, 7, 6, 5
Clubs J, 4, 3

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, East
Spades 10, 9, 6
Hearts Q, 8, 5, 2
Diamonds A, Q, 4, 2
Clubs 7

Tuesday, December 27, 10 P. M., Eastern Time

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMG, WWJ.

Tuesday, December 27, 8:30 P. M., Pacific Time

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co.	Phoenix
KFUM	Grey Mt. Highway	Colorado Springs
KFYR	Hopkins Motor	Bismarck
KGBX	Foster Hall Tire Co.	St Joseph, Mo
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KOB	Coll. Agr & Mech. Arts	Albuquerque
KPRC	Post Dispatch	Houston
KSL	Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City
KTHS	Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs Nat'l Pk
KVOO	Southwestern Sales Corp	Tulsa, Okla
KWCR	Ray Brolsky	Sioux City
WCOA	City of Pensacola	Pensacola, Fla
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp	Fargo
WDBO	Orlando Broadcasting Co	Orlando, Fla
WFAA	Baker Hotel, News Scurs Roebuck	Dallas
WFBM	[illegible] PAT Co	Indianapolis
WHEC	Hickson Electric Company	Rochester
WJAX	Municipal Station	Jacksonville
WJBO	Times-Picayune	New Orleans
WKY	Radiophone Co	Oklahoma City
WNOX	Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.	Knoxville
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
WRVA	Larus & Bro. Co.	Richmond, Va
WWNC	Chamber of Commerce	Asheville N C
CFAC	Herald	Calgary, Can
CJC	Radio Ass'n	Prescott, Can
CJGC	[illegible] Sask	Saskatoon, Can
CJNS	Northern Electric Co	Halifax, Can
CJCA	Journal	Edmonton, Can
CJCA	Free Press	London, Can
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons	Moose Jaw, Can
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal, Can
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver, Can
CKCL	Daily Star	Quebec, Can
CKCO	Radio Ass'n	Ottawa, Can
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.	Toronto, Can.
CKY	Manitoba Tel System	Winnipeg, Can

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., Windsor, Canada

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BETWEEN THE ACTS

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Lots of it!

Deduct your own big commissions. Added bonus paid to real workers. Additional profits possible. Working equipment supplied. No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Find out today about selling some of your spare time. You win if you like our plan. If you don't, you lose only a postage stamp! Take the chance.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mail me your offer. I'll look it over.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ *Age* _____

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

plane, and trick flying was as common as eggs for breakfast.

I managed to sell my twenty prewar planes for a total of $6000 and dropped down to Texas to look over the oil wells in 1919. I was in the lobby of the Westbrook Hotel in Fort Worth, watching the oil gushing from the armchairs and oozing from the conversation of the wildcat promoters. Tex Rickard and Jess Willard were also down there at the same time for some oily reason easily explained by mysterious pawings over blue prints and maps. Tex brought over a young fellow in an army uniform and said, "Bill, here's a young fellow you should grab. Mr. Pickens, meet Lieutenant Locklear, who changes planes in the air."

During the introduction, Tex was indulging in slow, solemn winks, thereby giving me the office that Locklear was a bug. Nobody had ever changed planes in mid-air up to 1919. If they had, Will H. Pickens would surely have heard of it. Anyway, I knew it couldn't be done.

They Were Only Playing Leapfrog

"Glad to meet you, lieutenant," I said. "I've heard about that changing business." I hadn't, but thought it best to humor the bug before he demonstrated on my lapels. I was getting too old to have any athlete doing the giant swing on my necktie. "How do you manage to do the stunt without breaking your neck?"

"Well, I can't tell you," Locklear said. "It's a little secret. But here's some other tricks that I do." And he pulled some tiny pictures out of an inside pocket. These thumb-nail photos showed a man hanging by his knees from the undercarriage of an airplane, perched astride the tail of the plane like a clown on the rump of a circus mule, and standing upright on the upper wing. I didn't know whether the man was Locklear or not, but I can assure you that it was the first time I had ever seen evidence of acrobatics in the clouds. We later coined a ballyhoo for Locklear which he used with good effect. He became the world's first aerobat, a blending of air and acrobat.

He invited me out to Baron Field the next morning and I met Lieut. Milton Elliot and Lieut. Shirley Short, who were indispensable to Locklear's stunts. The only one now left of the trio is Short, who was recently cited by the Aero Club of France as being the most valuable mail pilot in the world. He flies the night air mail from Cleveland to Chicago.

Locklear went up with Short and did his aerobatic stuff, with Short at the stick. Then they came down to talk things over. Locklear went aloft in one plane and Elliot in another to play tag in the clouds. They showed me something I had never dreamed possible—the air kiss, two planes flying along with their wings overlapping.

That was eight years ago, and it's still good for a thrill at any state fair in the country. They are the only two men whom I have seen perform this feat. They played leapfrog in the skies, Locklear bringing his landing gear down until it rested on Elliot's top wing. Then Locklear stole a ride, a stunt exactly like a boy hitching his sled to a hay wagon. He brought his plane up from the rear until his fuselage rested on the tail of Elliot's plane. Not bad handling of aircraft at the rate of seventy miles an hour and no direction to fall but down.

Locklear was star instructor at Baron Field, a natural birdman like Beachey, who wasn't satisfied unless he was doing something new. Even when Locklear was a kid on a motorcycle, he invented motorized ski jumping, speeding his machine up an incline and shooting off the end in an effort to cover Texas with broken gears and spare parts. He built himself a homemade plane and flapped around his native state like a crow with rheumatic wings.

When Mr. Wilson decided that he had kept us out of war long enough, Locklear went into the army flying school and flashed a brand of overhead calisthenics that caused colonels and majors to rush for the cyclone cellars. His value as an instructor kept him from being sent across to the war zone, and I imagine that the monotony of camp life drove him to his amazing capers in the air.

After Elliot and Locklear had landed, I realized that they could do anything in the air and asked them to demonstrate the sensational business of changing planes in the sky. Locklear explained that he could do it all right, had often accomplished it before, but the commandant of the field threatened to court-martial him if he did it again. So I took his word for it and signed him up on the dotted line with special ironclad dots. Then I hustled up to New York, grabbed the Sheepshead Bay Speedway for Decoration Day, 1919. I had enough cash to buy four planes at $2000 apiece. There was no plunder left in the cash box to purchase twenty-four-sheets, but I promoted a printer to make me up a line of printing, total value $30,000. That's some printing bill, but we used up $5000 worth plastering New York alone.

Locklear made application for discharge from the Army. So did Short and Elliot, and they were out in thirty days. In the meantime well-authenticated billboards testified to the fact that a man could change planes in mid-air. When the triumvirate of aerobats reached New York I hustled them to Atlantic City to give their first exhibition. Locklear would travel nowhere without Elliot and Short. The three went into the air over a crowd of aeronautic scientists who were convening at the seashore town. The wind was strong and kept blowing the rope ladder out of Locklear's reach. On the fourth attempt Locklear caught the ladder, and climbing it safely, changed planes for the first time in history.

When I say the first time in history, it seems that I have forgotten Texas. Well, that evening Locklear, Short and Elliot were laughing and romping in their dressing room. I asked them what the gag was, as I wanted to laugh also.

What Self-Confidence Can Do

Elliot said, nudging Short, "You tell 'im."

Short poked Locklear in the ribs, saying, "You tell 'im."

Locklear had nobody to poke but me, and he knew that I couldn't tell 'em, because I knew nothing about it. He looked sheepish and finally admitted: "We always knew we could do it. But this is the first time we ever did it."

It was the truth. The three flying bugs had never changed planes in the air before. They had talked it over many times in Texas and were confident of their ability. Anyway, I didn't scold them, for if they hadn't accomplished the stunt I would have been on the nut for $50,000 in printing, airplanes and ground rentals of hippodromes.

Glenn Curtiss saw Locklear change planes that day in Atlantic City. So did Eddie Stinson, builder of the Stinson-Detroiter round-the-world plane piloted by Brock and Schlee. Incidentally, Brock flew for me in Chicago and other cities, piloting the plane which picked Lillian Boyer out of a speeding motor car by way of the usual ladder route. It was the outstanding feature of big state fairs for two years. Stinson, who was an expert stunt pilot, was amazed at Locklear's performance, if we can judge from an article written by him for the Aerial Age and quoted by the Literary Digest of June 28, 1919:

> I have seen some nice balancing and daring driving of airplanes, but Lieutenant Locklear and the other pilots have shown us something new. While Locklear was swaying back and forth on top of the Short machine Elliot swooped down from above, and so much confidence did these two fliers have in each other that the machines actually kissed each other, making it necessary for Locklear to flatten out on top of the plane. When coasting safely stopped upright again and grabbed for the ladder as they pulled away. It was one of the most daring bits of game flying I have ever seen.

Stinson, himself the leading aerial aerobat of Southwest army training fields during the war, is voucher for the fact that Short and Elliot had so perfectly synchronized their machines, nerves and confidence that they felt no fear in causing their planes practically to lock 1000 feet above the ground. Locklear, in his short career of thirteen months, flew with no other pilots than his two pals of Texas flying days. But he lasted long enough to cause a golden renaissance of the Flying Circus. If he were alive today, his stunts would still be a sensation.

He was killed in a night flight over Hollywood while engaged in making the last scene in a movie thriller in which he was the star. Movie fans who enjoyed having their hair pompadoured by the chills-and-fever flying of the hero of the Great Air Robbery are indebted to Locklear for that celluloid thrill. He was one movie star who required no double to play his dangerous rôles. Elliot was with him at the same time, and of that daring trio, there remains only Short, flying his lonely vigils on the night air routes.

A Boon to Flyers

Locklear's crash left me with many bookings at state fairs and it was up to me to get a substitute. You can get plenty of volunteers for any post provided it is dangerous enough. I signed up a young Y. M. C. A. athletic instructor named Tex McLaughlin. I first saw Tex in an Elks parade on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago. Tex wasn't marching with the Elks. He was twenty feet above them, hanging by one hand and chinning himself on the landing gear of an airplane. Anybody with nerve enough to do that had nerve enough for anything. Tex lasted six weeks after having evolved the idea of hanging upside down from a swinging rope ladder and changing planes while in this position. He performed this dazzling stunt twenty times and then made the single mistake which is allowed a man in the air.

That day Short gave the greatest exhibition of flying I have ever seen. The ladder was swinging from Short's plane and Tex was merely doing a preliminary stunt of standing on a lower plane and climbing the ladder to Short's machine. As he grasped the ladder the wind swung him against the propeller of the lower plane. He hooked his arm through the rungs, feebly motioning to Short that he was seriously injured. Short flew around in circles, leaning out of the fuselage to keep an eye on Tex, in the hope that Tex could climb into the car. But Tex was rapidly getting weaker and Short saw that he would have to land with a badly injured man dragging on a ladder beneath the machine.

The longer Short flew, the weaker Tex became. Finally, in desperation, Short headed the nose of the plane for the ground. By superskill, gliding and throttling his motor in an evolution known as pancaking, Short glided to the ground like an autumn leaf. The wheels of his landing gear touched lightly, the plane didn't run twenty feet over the ground, and Short was out of the fuselage in a minute, bending over the unfortunate Tex.

Although I ballyhooed that my circus flyers were contributing to science, I can look back and see that changing planes in mid-air didn't mean anything. It was a wonderful thing to look at—which let it out. However, a stunt by an eighty-two-pound girl forced the recognition of the parachute pack which is now one of the essentials in flying equipment.

In 1912, in San Francisco, Sky-High Irving made a parachute jump each day from a tractor biplane piloted by Roy Francis. Sky-High was an old-time hot-air balloon parachutist who never thought there was anything to the stunt except to thrill a crowd. He used an old-fashioned chute, which was carefully folded inside a huge tin cone fastened under the landing gear. Sky-High crouched alongside the chute on the landing gear. He made no pretense of adding to science. He was merely jumping for Mrs. Sky-High and the little Sky-Highs.

(Continued on Page 94)

Don't provide his Christmas dinner

Fire will have his usual hearty meal this Christmas. He will lick his hungry chops over many a home.

Don't invite him to your Christmas party; do everything you can to prevent his intruding. Light your tree with safe lights. Watch the decorations about the fireplace. Don't take chances by putting candles in curtained windows. See that the excited children do nothing to give Fire's red tongue a single taste, for even a taste may lead to a feast of your home—your whole neighborhood.

But your personal care is not enough. You must also protect yourself from the carelessness of others. The only way to do that is

to insure. Insure your home, your furnishings, your car. Insure yourself in a strong, sound company against all chance of loss by fire.

The Hartford agent in your neighborhood will sell you the sort of insurance you need — insurance that will completely protect you from financial losses.

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GOOD TIMES

The sheen of fine linen, the sparkle of newly polished silver, a table heaped high with delicious, appetizing food—these are reminders of holiday good times.

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Rich in vitamines, with other health and muscle building qualities, Hart Brand Canned Peas, packed in many varieties, should be regularly served to both children and grown-ups. Be sure to keep a stock of Hart Brand Canned Foods on hand for cold weather appetites. For sale at leading grocers'.

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY, *Grand Rapids, Michigan*

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

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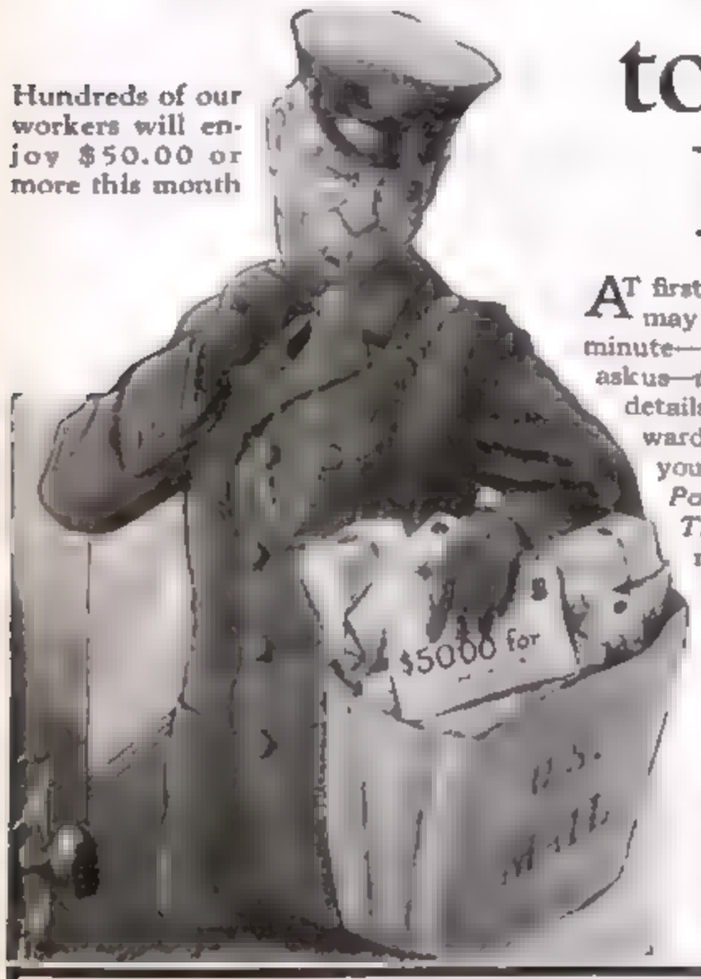

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit: (1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*; (2) securing new subscriptions, and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon.

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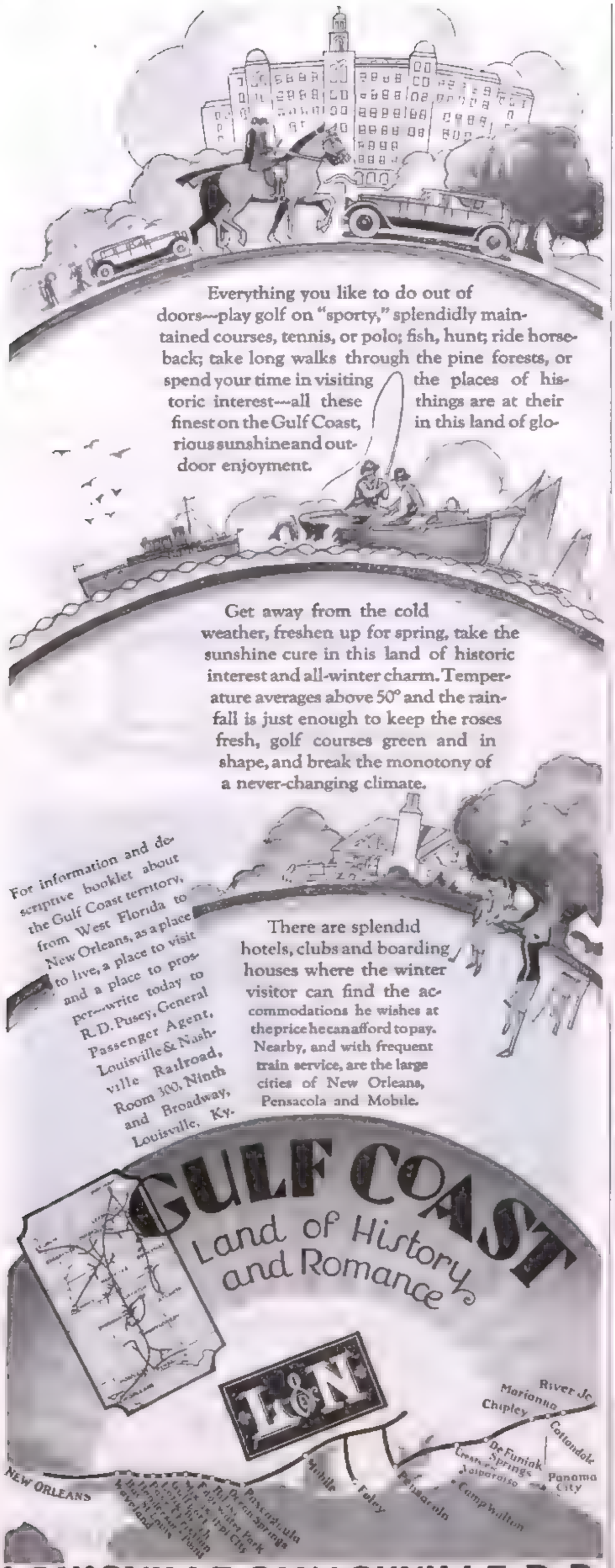

Everything you like to do out of doors—play golf on "sporty," splendidly maintained courses, tennis, or polo; fish, hunt; ride horseback; take long walks through the pine forests, or spend your time in visiting the places of historic interest—all these things are at their finest on the Gulf Coast, in this land of glorious sunshine and outdoor enjoyment.
Get away from the cold weather, freshen up for spring, take the sunshine cure in this land of historic interest and all-winter charm. Temperature averages above 50° and the rainfall is just enough to keep the roses fresh, golf courses green and in shape, and break the monotony of a never-changing climate.
There are splendid hotels, clubs and boarding houses where the winter visitor can find the accommodations he wishes at the price he can afford to pay. Nearby, and with frequent train service, are the large cities of New Orleans, Pensacola and Mobile.
For information and descriptive booklet about the Gulf Coast territory, from West Florida to New Orleans, as a place to live, a place to visit and a place to prosper—write today to R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Room 300, Ninth and Broadway, Louisville, Ky.
GULF COAST
Land of History and Romance
L&N
NEW ORLEANS
Pensacola
Mobile
Foley
Pensacola
Deer Park
Pass Christian
Gulfport
Biloxi
Pass Christian
Pearlington
Bay St. Louis
Waveland

"I tried some of it once . . . I didn't use it all"

How printing can help you quicken repeat sales

Behind the cluster of familiar cartons on your pantry shelf you'll find a few dusty packages of partially used goods. They were bought, tried, and, for one reason or another, were not used again.

To your wife they are simply "dead"—not useless enough to throw out, not sufficiently tempting to cause her to use them up and buy again. But to their manufacturer they are dangerously alive—an active barrier to future sales whenever their name is mentioned.

"Have you ever used Brown's Soup, Blue's Soap Flakes, Black's Corn?" queries the neighbor.

Your wife now becomes the domestic science expert in all her glory. "Yes, I tried some of it once . . but I didn't use it all."

Manufacturers *sell* merchandise, but people *buy* satisfaction. The difference between your most enthusiastic customer and the woman firmly set against your goods is the amount of satisfaction each can get from their use. For every one who uses your product as it was meant to be used, there are probably ten who do not. As your business grows, as customers increase, you should use more good printing to teach the public how to get full satisfaction from each purchase.

What a good printer producing good printing can do for your business is really a twofold job. First, he is equipped to produce the printed literature that creates prospects and brings them to the buying stage.

And secondly—often more important—he can help you see that your goods are intelligently used during that dubious try-out period after the first sale.

What new and attractive printing have you ready *now* that can be packed with your merchandise or sent through the mails or passed out over the retailer's counter to

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

For years the S. D. Warren Company has studied ways to make direct advertising doubly effective. The results of this work are contained in a series of books on various phases of direct advertising. Copies of these books as issued may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

nurse the precious trial-user into the woman who says:

"I've used it for years . . . It's just splendid!"

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper — better printing}

Peace on earth ~ good will toward men

DOWN through the ages, Peace has been the ultimate goal of human striving. Peace and Protection . . . they have always gone hand in hand. They still do. Without the means of affording individual protection when desperately needed, the head of a family is leaving that greatest of his responsibilities to Chance . . . . . .

SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

✳ A sepia print of the above painting, ready for framing, size 10½ x 16 inches, will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents to cover postage and handling. ✳

There's a way to spread Christmas

all · · over · · town

TO DO IT RIGHT Santa Claus needs help. Will you be the goodfellow in your block? No pay except in shining eyes, joyful shouts and catch-breath "Thank you's."

But no expense except a handful of *nickels*.

Your district is your own fireside, your neighborhood, the nearest orphans' home or that street where children wait—and wait —and wait for Santa Claus.

As for gifts, there's one favorite—remembered from the days when it came *only* as a holiday treat—holding for us always the spirit of Christmas as no other fruit can do. Raisins! You buy them in 5c packages, in cartons of 24.

Just fill your pockets with these Little Sun-Maids and set out on the happiness trail.

Not ordinary seedless raisins, these. The little red packages now are filled with Sun-Maid Nectars, plumper, tenderer, with a flavor vineyard-like in its perfection, holding even the fragrance of grapes. They are the kind that all the Mrs. Goodfellows use, from larger packages, in cooking. Mothers know they're healthful, the finest sort of confection for youngsters on Christmas—and whatever the season, there's no sweet that pleases children more.

If you take the rôle of assistant Santa Claus right now, two things will likely happen:

There will be smiles in your dreams on Christmas Night. And you'll find yourself still being a goodfellow on the Fourth of July, or even on plain ordinary days, buying a package of Little Sun-Maids for yourself and one for the lucky youngster nearest by.

Put a bright red box of Little Sun-Maids in every Christmas stocking. Have an extra supply of them for small visitors during the day. And do not stop with Christmas; let the children have these raisins frequently! An energy food, easily digested, they are the ideal sweet to eat between meals the year around

From the Sun-Maid Nectars that come now in 5c packages you'll get a supply of quick energy to help speed you through a lagging afternoon—any day. And you'll find much to your liking their ripe grape freshness of flavor—new in seedless raisins. Keep a package handy; you can get them anywhere

Sun-Maid 5¢ packages now hold SUN-MAID NECTARS + *at any confectionary counter, cigar store, grocer's or druggist's*

"He said 'Acidosis' — Drink lots of Orange Juice"

"I thought that funny—*acid fruit* for acid condition—but the doctor said, 'That's right. Although called acid fruit, oranges have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and are, therefore, a corrective of the trouble.' That's what the Scientists refer to as the orange-lemon paradox."

"I HAD A NOTION for a long time that something was the matter with me, but I couldn't put my finger on the trouble. I just seemed to be held back in some baffling sort of way. Concentration was an effort. I couldn't lose myself in work. Always knew what time of day it was and always wished it nearer time to close up and go home.

"Every other day or so I had a headache or a sour stomach, or was 'bilious.' Mouth was acid. I was nervous, didn't sleep well, eat well, or properly digest the food.

"Not very apparent, all this—just conscious that I wasn't right. Therefore, body nagging at the brain—enough to keep the gray matter from functioning with freedom and the best results.

"Thousands are that way. Don't think they're sick enough to see a doctor, yet know they aren't as well as they should be. Bad personal economics if nothing else, I call it.

"Why be under par and among the 'also rans' because of that, when you have as good a brain as others and could run up there with the leaders or ahead, if you'd only clear the body and thus take it off the mind?

"Thing to do is just what I did—go to your physician if you suspect that you're not absolutely well.

"I was amazed to find out how well I could feel. I thought the orange-juice advice was funny if I had an Acidosis, but you've got to leave these paradoxes to the doctors—they are usually right. Ask yours. He probably will prescribe it for you, too."

• • • • •

Sometimes people with Acidosis need more vegetables, milk and other alkaline-reaction foods in addition to the orange juice. Your doctor will know. In other cases an adequate amount of orange juice alone greatly increases the efficiency.

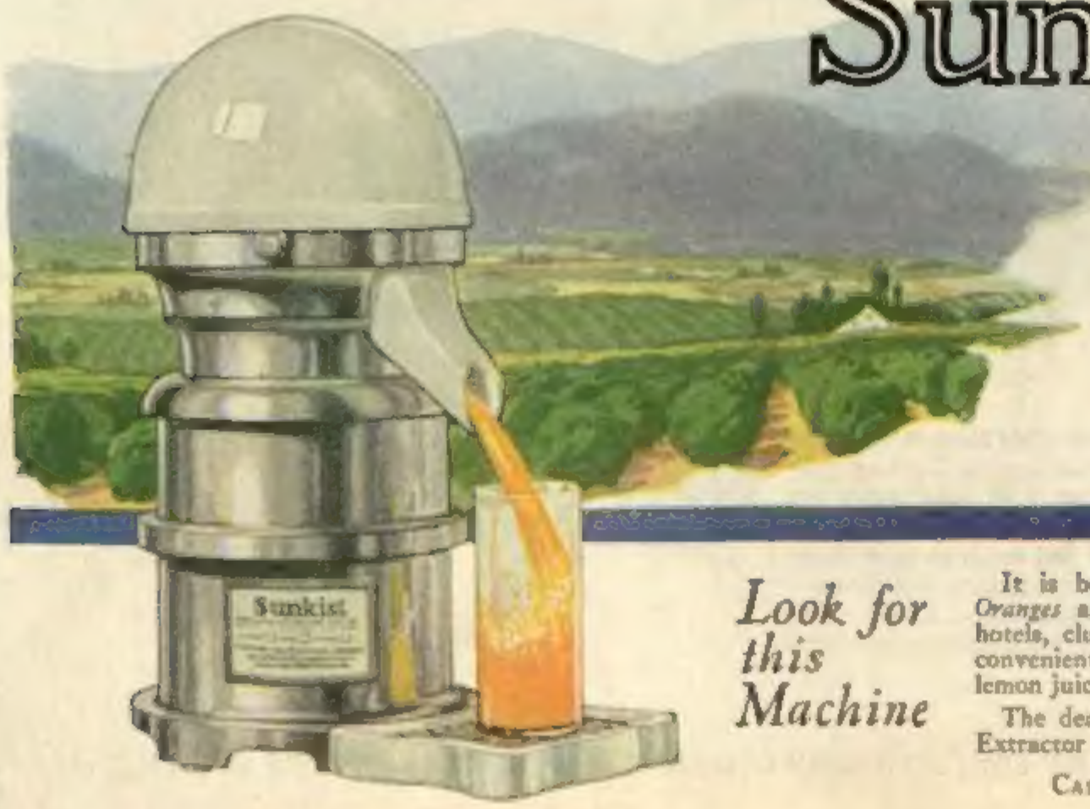
Write to address below for free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining Acidosis in detail.

© 1927 C.F.G.E.

TO BE sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice
Finest Flavor



Look for this Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 112, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California